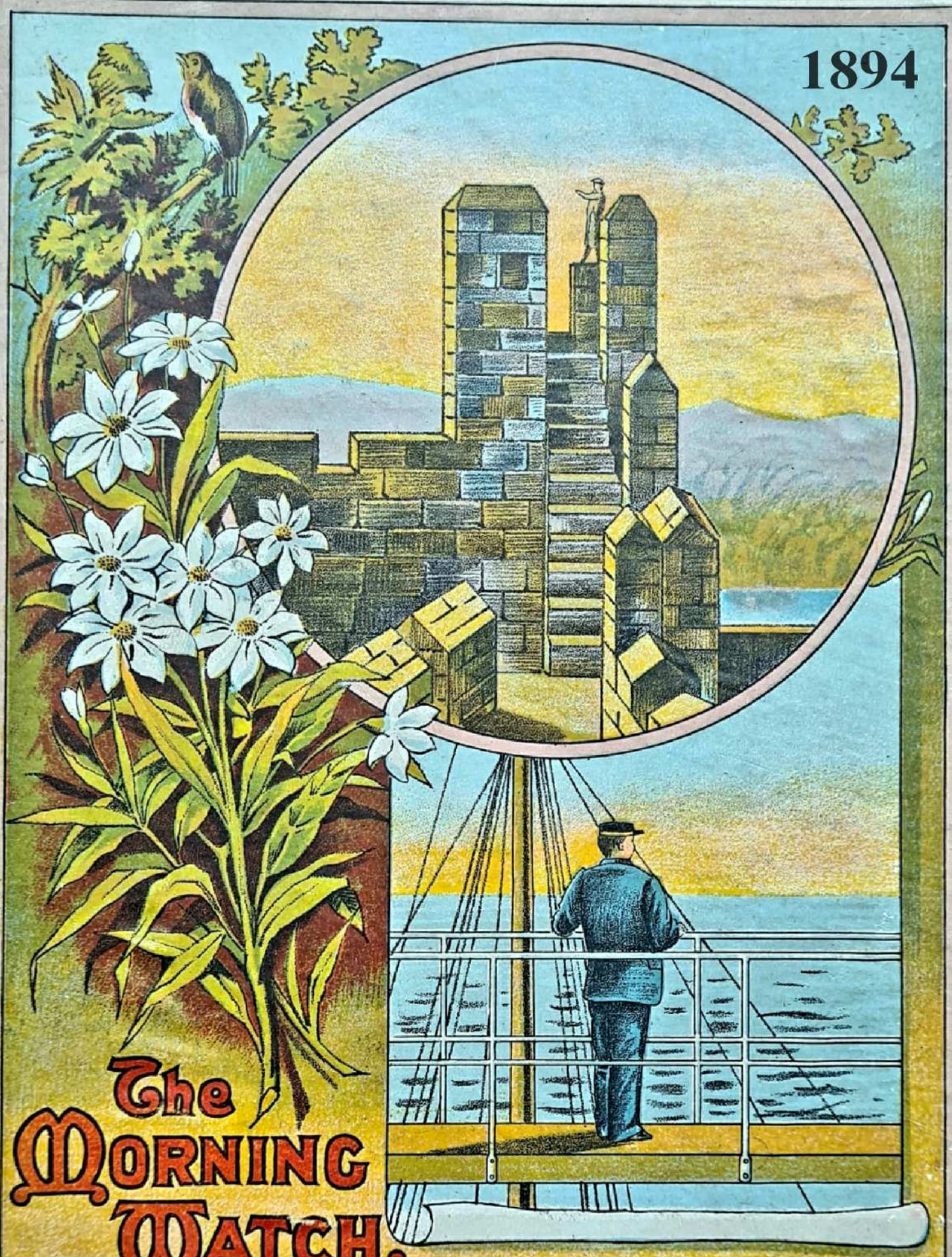

1894

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS LTD., LITHO.

The Morning Watch, 1894.

VOLUME VII.

GREENOCK:
JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: J. MENZIES & CO.

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January, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

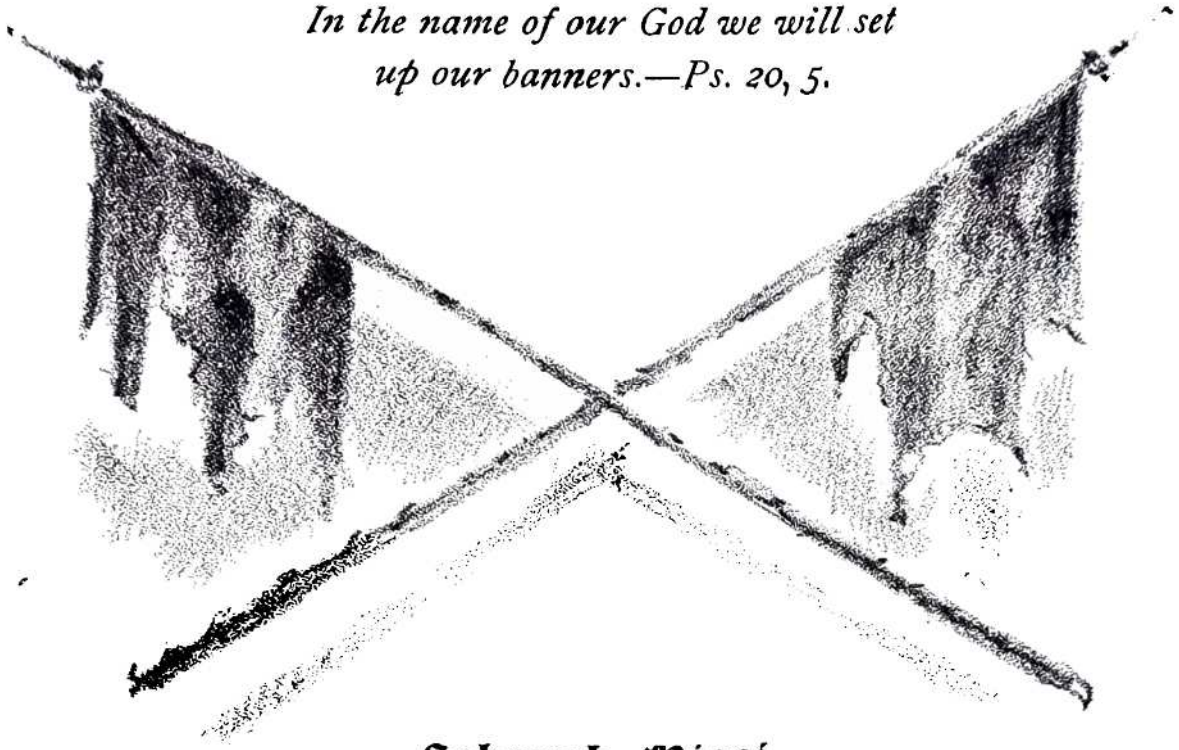
Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Sir John Franklin.

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

—*Tennyson.*

In the name of our God we will set up our banners.—Ps. 20, 5.



Jehovah Nissi.

ON the evening before Von Moltke's ninetieth birthday, three years ago, the young Emperor of Germany gave orders that the colours of all the regiments in Berlin, which were brought to the Imperial Palace every night, should be carried to the old warrior's house and placed in the ante-chamber of his bedroom.

It was a graceful and touching compliment. These colours, tattered, torn by shot and shell, bleached by sun and wind and rain and snow, represented the history and glory of the Empire. On the flags themselves there were the names of famous battlefields, and on the staff of some of them there were the silver rings on which the Germans put the names of those who are killed in action with the colours in their hands. By sending them to Von Moltke's house the Emperor meant to show that they were as safe in the old man's keeping as they could be anywhere.

Now, Boys and Girls, who are only beginning the Battle of Life, God puts His Banner in your room this New Year Morning—the Banner of His Glory, of His Love, of His Righteousness, the Banner of all His attributes, the Banner of His Truth, for which the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble army of Martyrs have fought, the Banner which the Three Persons of the Godhead set up from everlasting, the Banner for which our Lord and Saviour died. That Banner God entrusts to you—that Banner is HIMSELF!

Will you, each one, be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth?

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from Vol. VI., p. 135. Begun, Vol. III., p. 15.)

At the age of 60 — The late Dr. Andrew Bonar wrote in his diary: "Sabbath, May 29, 1870. My birthday. 'To me to live has been Christ' is what I wish I could say, but cannot. So much of self. The Lord has held me up from any open stumbling these three-score years. He will do more for me still, and my song will be Jude 24, 'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling.'"

60

See at twenty years
Man's bones, the columns that uphold his frame
Not yet cemented, shaft and capital,
Mere fragments of the temple incomplete.
At twoscore, threescore, is he then full grown?
Nay, still a child.
God is still
The Father of this helpless nursery brood,
Whose second childhood joins so close its first,
That in the crowding, hurrying years between,
We scarce have trained our senses to their task
Before the gathering mist has dimmed our eyes,
And with our hollowed palm we help our ear,
And trace with trembling hand our wrinkled names,
And then begin to tell our stories o'er.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

61 — Sir Walter Scott died, Sept. 21, 1832. "On the last morning of his life he asked his nurse to help him to the window; he gave one last look on Tweed and said, 'To-night I shall know all.'"

61 — Algernon Sidney, grandnephew of the famous Sir Philip, was executed, 1683. He was one of those political martyrs to whom our country owes many of its liberties. When he was brought up for sentence, one of his judges, who seemed to be drunk, interrupted him while he was speaking and gave him the lie. "I have lived," said Sidney, "above three-score years, and have never received or deserved such language, having never asserted anything that was false." Being interrupted again, he said, "I must appeal to God and the world. I am not heard." When the Chief-Justice, the infamous Jeffreys, had pronounced the sentence, Sidney said, "O God, O God, I beseech Thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, and impute not my blood to the country, nor the city through which I am to be drawn." Then, Jeffreys having insinuated that he spoke in a distempered state of mind, he held out his hand and said, "My lord, feel my pulse, and see if I am disordered. I bless God, I never was in better temper than I am now." He was brought to the scaffold on Tower-hill twelve days afterwards. When he came to the foot of it, he said, "I have made my peace with God, and have nothing to

say to men." He then pulled off his hat, coat, and doublet, saying that he was ready to die, and would give them no further trouble. He gave three guineas to the executioner, but, perceiving the fellow grumble as if he had got too little, bade his servant give him a guinea or two more. He then kneeled down, and having paused "while one might tell twenty," calmly laid his head upon the block. Being asked by the executioner, as was customary, if he wished to rise again, he answered, "Not till the general resurrection;—strike on."

He left a paper behind him, vindicating himself, addressed to "Men, Brethren, and Fathers; Friends, Countrymen, and Strangers." His sentence was reversed and repealed six years afterwards by William and Mary, and all proceedings relating thereto were ordered to be "defaced or obliterated to the intent that the same may not be visible in after ages."

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, afterwards Lord Clyde, wrote:—"10th July, 1854. My name appeared in the orders yesterday as a major-general, after a service of forty-six years and one month. This rank has arrived at a period of life when the small additional income which it carries with it is the only circumstance connected with the promotion in which I take any interest." In less than four months after he wrote these words, he was the hero of Alma and the "thin red line" at Balaclava; and there was still to come the glory of the final relief of Lucknow, 1857.

To a man of sixty-one it seems a little thing to be made a major-general. When the late Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Robert Lowe, was fifty-seven, he attained the height of his ambition in entering the Cabinet. What does he say about it? "Dec. 5, 1868. I have this day accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. I am almost angry with myself for not being more pleased. One gets these things, but gets them too late. Ten years ago I should have been very differently affected; however, it is something to have done what I said I would."

"Success has come, the thing that men admire,
The pomp of office and the care of state;
Ambition has naught left her to desire;
Success has come; but ah! has come too late."

But titles and honours and success always seem to come too late. We are made for something greater than anything on earth. God in His mercy will not suffer us to be satisfied with anything less than Himself. Nansen was only eight-and-twenty when, first of all men, he crossed Greenland. "We had reached the goal, and what were our feelings now? Were they feelings of triumph or exultation? For my own part I must confess that mine were not of this lofty order; to no other feeling could I attain than a sense of gross repletion. As for our goal, we had been kept waiting too long;

At the age of 60	there was too little surprise about its eventual attainment for us to give much thought to it." Always a something! *Surgit amari aliquid.*
61	SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, one of the greatest of Scotchmen, died at St. Andrews, March 20, 1661. When he was dying the Parliament summoned him to appear at Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. "Tell them," he said, "I have got a summons already before a superior Judge and Judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day come I will be where few kings and great folks come." Shortly before his death, when some one spoke of the diligence and faithfulness of his ministry, he said, "I disclaim all that; the port that I would be at is redemption and forgiveness through His blood."

The Quarrels of the Birds.

No. 1.—About the Prices of their Eggs.

OUR Museum birds were often quarrelling. They would have fought if they could. No wonder: they had nothing to do, no nests to build, no young ones to rear, no food to gather. Their faces even were cleaned for them, though not nearly as often as they would have liked. So they disputed about any thing and every thing; about their powers of flight, how high they could go, and how far without a rest; how many times, or how few, they could flap their wings in covering a mile; how much they could eat, and how long they could do without eating. The songsters, particularly the second and third-rate ones, were the most quarrelsome of all. The other birds never knew how to please them. They were constantly complaining that no interest was taken in them, yet they resented criticism; "they were not appreciated," and yet compliments irritated them even more than suggestions or advices.

The birds had a hot dispute a few weeks ago about the market value of their eggs. They had often argued about their shape and colour and so on. Their value was a new subject which they had picked up from the conversation of some visitors, who had been speaking about the egg of a Roc, the gigantic long-lost bird of Madagascar, that had been found floating in the sea. It had probably been disinterred from some sandhill by a storm. It was thirteen inches long and nine broad, and, it was understood, had fetched a high price.

This subject greatly excited them, but the clamour, which was deafening, was stilled at last by the Eagle, who said, "This is not a matter of opinion, Birds, but a matter of fact. Let us all find out, before the new moon, what money people give for our eggs, and let us have a regular orderly meeting to hear the results."

The proposal was at once approved of, and the Eagle was asked to act as Judge.

On the day of the new moon all the birds in the Museum that could come were present. Some of them like the Auk and the Ostrich looked

very conceited; but a good many seemed crest-fallen.

The Eagle made a noble Chairman. The slightest movement of his head brought the most unruly to order. No nobler beak was ever seen on a bench.

I need only tell you a few of the things that happened.

The Eagle had scarcely uttered his first sentence, "Is there any bird present whose egg is valued at a penny?" when a Robin hopped out, and then followed the House Sparrow, the Starling, the Wren, the Blackbird, the Swallow, the Chaffinch, the Linnet, and so on.

When "Twopence?" was called, the Jackdaw came forward, followed by the Crow, the Tit, the Magpie, the Lark, the Wagtail, the Partridge, and the Lapwing. The Pheasant, the Coot, the Guillemot, the Landrail, answered at "Threepence?" The Teal, the Grebe, and our old friend the Puffin, were Fivepence.

When the Nightingale said "Eightpence," the Eagle could scarce believe it. "Eightpence? only eightpence? that egg in which

There sleeps the music of the moon!

Eightpence? and mine is five-and-twenty shillings!"

When "Eighteenpence" was called, and the Cuckoo came out, there was a storm of hissing which the Eagle made no attempt to check.

The Raven was one-and-ninepence; the Great Snipe, the Emeu, the Woodcock, the Osprey, and the Pelican, four shillings; the Vulture and the snowy Owl, five-and-sixpence; the Chough two shillings more.

When the Ostrich appeared at sixteen shillings, there was great uproar, and several of the birds affirmed that three-and-sixpence was the proper price. The Ostrich explained that an egg of hers had been raffled at a church bazaar, two days before, for the money she had mentioned. "Even an honest raffle," said the Eagle, "is a sinful thing; this must have been a dishonest one; but, of course, you are not to blame for that; only there is nothing in this for you to boast of. Three-and-sixpence is your price."

"But there was a picture painted on it," said the Ostrich.

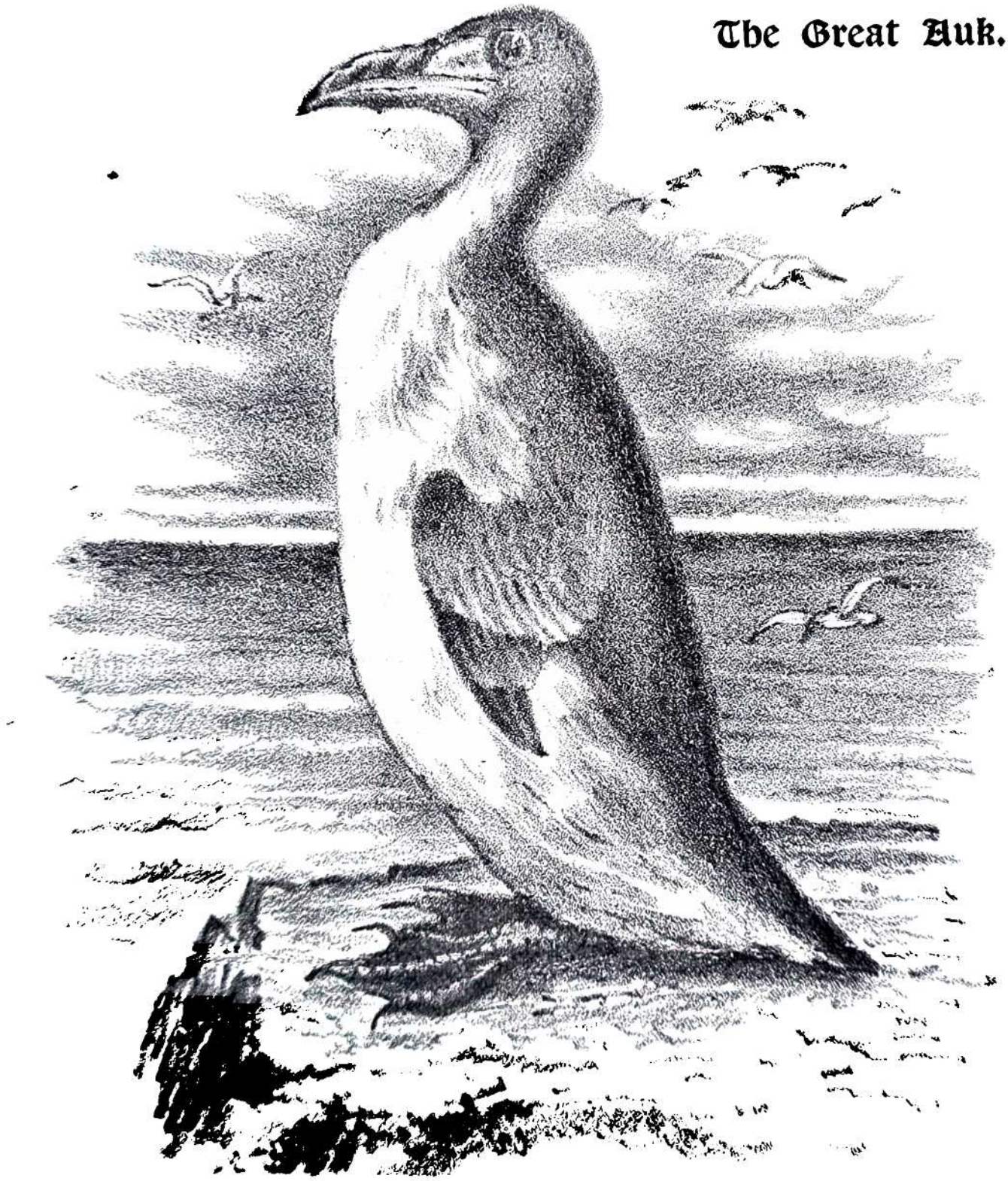
"Did you paint it?" said the Eagle. "Three-and-sixpence is your price; go and stand below the Snipe, this moment!"

So the trial went on till far on in the day and only four birds had not been priced: the Knot or Arctic Sandpiper, the Roc, the Auk, and another common looking bird that was hiding its head in shame.

The Knot, having asked if it might speak, said that none of its eggs had ever been found; explorers had caught some of its little ones an hour or two after they had been born, but had never succeeded in getting the egg itself. "I wish," said the Eagle, "that we could all say the same, and yet we should all like to see one of your eggs. Perhaps Dr. Nansen will succeed in this, as we hope, in all the objects of his expedition, and I am sure you will not grudge him *one* or *two*, one for his wife, and one for the rest of the world."

The contest for the first place, it

The Great Auk.



was well known, would rest between the Roc and the Auk. Of the Roc's eggs there are only six or seven in existence. Of the Auk's—though the bird itself lived in Scotland less than ninety years ago—there are only sixty-nine. One man in England owns seven of them and keeps them in an iron safe!

The two birds were greatly

excited; each seemed unwilling to be the first to speak. After a pause, during which the silence was almost painful, the Roc being called on said, "My last specimen was sold for £100!"

Then the Eagle beckoned to the Great Auk.

"One of mine," was the proud answer, was sold in 1887 for £160; but since that, one has fetched £228!"

These last statements caused a great sensation in the Court, the Judge himself being visibly astonished. Presently he called for silence and then asked the strange-looking bird that was still standing in front of him, near the Auk which was too proud to take the slightest notice of it, to hold up its head. It was a common little black hen! "Why aren't you in your proper place?" said the Eagle.

"The lowest price you mentioned," replied the poor bird trembling, "was a penny, but the last twelve eggs I laid were all sold to a poor widow for sevenpence."

"I don't know how much that is a-piece," said the Eagle, "but certainly it is much less than a penny; yet I think it is more than a ha'penny."

"Oh, sir," cried the hen, "but they are only worth that when they are fresh and full of meat; the shells themselves are worth nothing. There's no place for me in this assembly."

"Yes, poor bird," said the Eagle much moved, "there is a place for you. What is lying idle in a rich man's safe compared with making a poor widow glad and feeding her hungry and fatherless children? You are the noblest bird amongst us all; your place is — *first!*" "And, behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last."

The Night before a Battle.

THE night before the first day's fighting at Shipka, in the Balkans, in 1877, everything pointed to an important day on the morrow, and one had the same feeling as I remember having had on the evening before St. Privat and Sedan. An indefinable something passes through the mind of everybody, and the importance of every minute is felt, for each one says to himself that those hours may perchance be the last. This uneasiness could even be noticed among the sleeping soldiers, for every instant a cry was heard or one of them spoke out loud in his sleep. Frequently one of those stretchers which are only too well known to every soldier was carried past, on which a body wrapped up in a soldier's greatcoat could be seen; now and then a low moan would come from the body, but more frequently it was perfectly still. These were the dead and wounded being carried back from the outposts to a shed which had been turned into a field hospital.

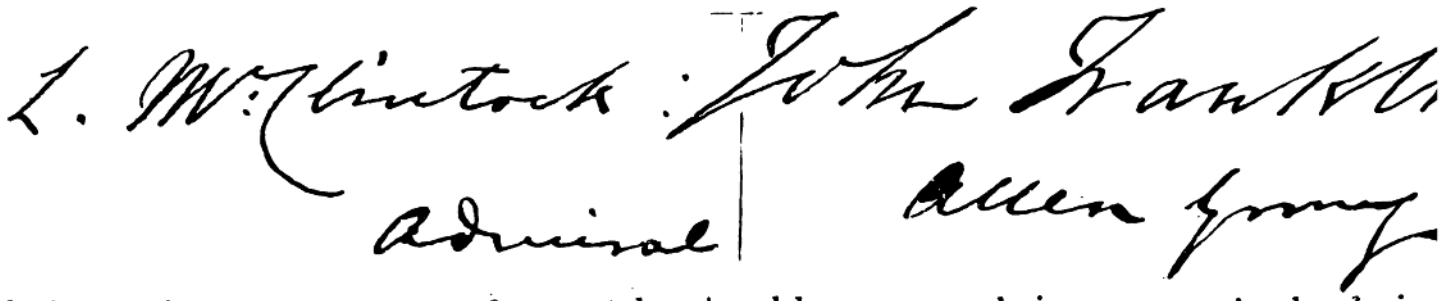
In a word, one felt the presence of the Angel of Death, who was spreading his dark wings over the plains, the snow-covered fields of which were in a few hours to be red with blood.- *Captain Von Pfeil's Experiences of a Prussian Officer.*

Jane, Lady Franklin.

THE lines on the front page are the epitaph on Sir John Franklin's monument in Westminster Abbey. They were written by Lord Tennyson, who was his nephew by marriage. They are very beautiful. But underneath them on the monument are a few words written by Dean Stanley about Lady Franklin, which I think are even more beautiful.

Lady Franklin at the Age of 24.
(From Markham's Life of Franklin.)

She was a Miss Griffin, and was married in 1828, she being then thirty-six years of age and her husband forty-two. He set out on his last and most famous voyage on May 19, 1845. The expedition consisted of two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with 134 officers and men. The ships were last seen, two months afterwards, by a whaling ship in Baffin Bay. No further tidings of them being heard, expedition after expedition was sent by England and America in search of them—fifteen expeditions in all, of which no less than five were fitted out mainly, if not entirely, at Lady Franklin's own expense. Several of these found traces of the missing ships, but the sad honour of bringing home decisive news of their fate was reserved for the gallant McClintock. The *Fox*, a little screw steamer of 177 tons, left Aberdeen, 1st July, 1847, under his command, with a picked crew of twenty-three volunteers. Two years afterwards they found a record in a cairn, which stated that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, after being beset in the ice for nineteen months, had been abandoned by their officers and crews, who then numbered only 105 souls; and that Sir John Franklin had died June 11, 1847. Further



information was got from the Eskimos, which made it certain that the crews were all dead, "most of them," as a woman told McClintock, "having fallen down and died as they walked."

Thirteen years ago a United States expedition found a number of skeletons and other relics of Franklin's men. The bones of one of them, a Lieutenant Irving, were identified from a medal found beside them, and being sent home were buried in Edinburgh amid the wonder and reverence of a generation that had been born after he was dead.

Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, the Captain of the *Fox*, and Sir Allen Young who was his sailing master, are happily still living, the years that have passed since 1859 having only added fresh laurels to their brows.

Lady Franklin's last work was the completion of her husband's monument. It was unveiled a fortnight after her death, and this is what Dean Stanley wrote: "Erected by his Widow, who, after long waiting and sending many in search of him, herself departed to seek and to find him in the realms of light, 18th July, 1875."

IN Seager's "School of Vertue," published in 1557, children are told, when they sit down to table at meal-times, to look their parents in the face, then to hold up their hands, and say this

Grace Before Meat.

Give thanks to God
With one accord
For that shall be
Set on this board.
And be not careful
What to eat;
To each thing living
The Lord sends meat.
For food He will not
See you perish,
But will you feed,
Foster, and cherish.
Take well in worth
What He hath sent,
At this time be
Therewith content,

Praising God.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal. 6, 2.

WHEN the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was leaving his office one afternoon, his secretary, seeing him packing up a number of letters and other Government papers, asked him to leave them and have them forwarded to him by post the way other Ministers did. "No," was the answer; "the fact is, our postman has plenty to carry. I watched him one morning coming up the approach, and I determined to save him as much as I could."

JAMES VI. of Scotland and I. of England had a little daughter Mary, born in England, and therefore the first Princess of Great Britain. She died at the age of two years and a half, 16th December, 1607. Her death was a very touching one. The little creature kept repeating, "I go, I go"—"Away I go;" and again a third time, "I go, I go."

We're Cold!

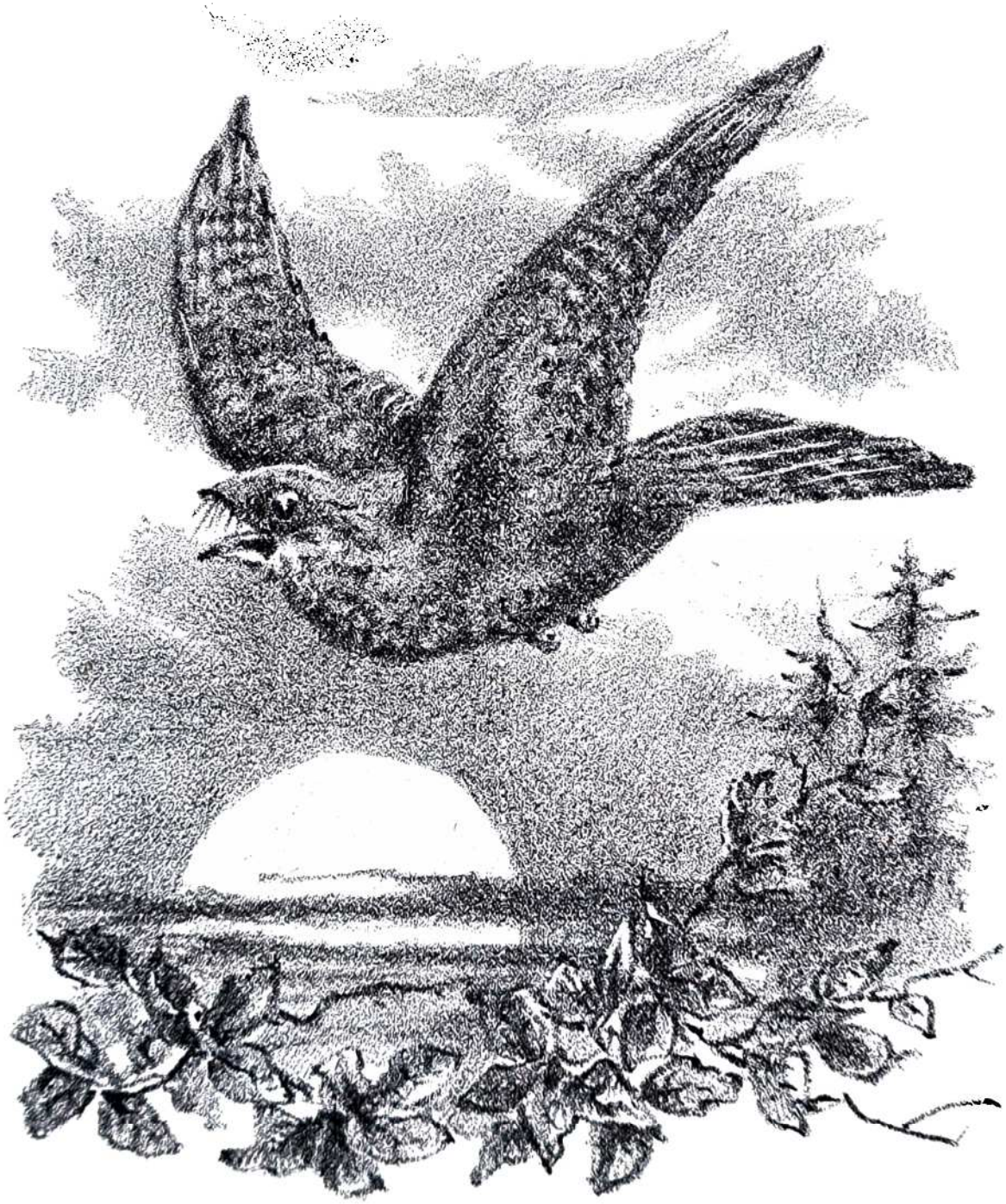
1	M	LAY HOLD ON THE LIFE ETERNAL.—*1 Tim. 6, 12 (R. V.).*
2	Tu	What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life.—*Mark 10, 17.*
3	W	The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus.—*Rom. 6, 23 (R. V.).*
4	Th	Ask, and it shall be given you.—*Matt. 7, 7.*
5	F	They do it to obtain a corruptible crown.—*1 Cor. 9, 25.*
6	S	I therefore so run, as not uncertainly.—*v. 26.* 100 years ago to-day, Nelson, then captain of the Agamemnon, wrote to his wife about his running into a calm when a French ship of superior force was on the point of striking its colours to him. "I would have had great credit. Now, of course, nothing can be known of that business, and I have to look out for another opportunity, which is very scarce here."
7	S	Not far from the kingdom of God.—*Mark 12, 34.*
8	M	We will hear thee concerning this yet again.—*Acts 17, 32 (R. V.).*
9	Tu	When I have a convenient season.—*ch. 24, 25.*
10	W	I pray thee have me excused.—*Luke 14, 18.*
11	Th	The door was shut.—*Matt. 25, 10.*
12	F	There is a great gulf fixed.—*Luke 16, 26.*
13	S	Would ye also go away?—*John 6, 67 (R. V.).*
14	S	Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.—*Psalm 140, 7.* The text written on the fly-leaf of a Bible given to Sir James Outram, 1843.
15	M	This is God's host.—*Gen. 32, 2.*
16	Tu	Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.—*John 2, 5.*
17	W	The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it?—*Isaiah 14, 27.*
18	Th	The disciples said to Jesus, Why could not we cast him out?
19	F	Because of your little faith.—*Matt. 17, 19 (R. V.).* "We must search in the conduct of the generals for the reason why a project of Napoleon's, to be executed by 60,000 French veterans, should have ended as idly and ineffectually as if a Spanish Junta had concocted it."—*Napier's Peninsular War.*
20	S	If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, nothing shall be impossible.
21	S	The sword of the Spirit, the word of God.—*Eph. 6, 17.*
22	M	Jesus said, It is written.—*Matt. 4, 4, 7, 10.*
23	Tu	Jesus said, Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures.—*Matt. 22, 29.*
24	W	Jesus said, Did ye never read in the scriptures?—*ch. 21, 42.*
25	Th	Apollos, mighty in the scriptures.—*Acts 18, 24.* "Anyone wearing a sword ought to be ashamed not to be proficient in its use."—*Admiral Farragut.* "An officer's sword should be light but sharp."—*Lord Wolseley.*
26	F	From a babe thou hast known the sacred writings.—*2 Tim. 3, 15 (R. V.).*
27	S	The ignorant wrest the scriptures unto their own destruction.—*2 Peter 3, 16.*
28	S	The river of Thy pleasures.—*Psalm 36, 8.*
29	M	If any man thirst, let him come unto Me.—*John 7, 37.*
30	Tu	The water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water,
31	W	Springing up unto eternal life.—*ch. 4, 14 (R. V.).* "As a rule, to be twelve hours without water in the desert during the hot season kills a man."—*Sir Richard Burton.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

February, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



The Nightjar.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1893 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

The Old Orange-Peel Man.

NO; he did not sell oranges; nor was he like Dr. Johnson, who gathered peels at his club and took them home, "and scraped them, and let them dry, but what he did with them next he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell." He was simply an old man who lived in a town I knew, and used to knock orange-peels off the pavement with his foot or his staff. How he came to live amongst us I have not time to tell. But he was a stranger, and lonely, the last of his race, and not far from the end of his days. He was past work, but he had no need of it. He had no less than £60 in the Bank, a sum more than enough to keep him the few years beyond which he felt he could not live. And if more were needed, was not He faithful Who had promised?

In his youth he had asked God to make him willing to do His will; to keep him from seeking great things for himself; but specially to keep him from being idle and useless. As he got old he often prayed, "Give me something to do for Thee, for Christ's sake. Amen." God heard him, and many will bless that man at last who never saw him or heard of him in this world. When he came amongst us his memory was almost gone, and he looked so poor and feeble that some of the people in the church to which he joined himself were afraid he had only come to be a burden to them and advised him for the sake of his health to go to a church that was a little nearer his lodging. He smiled but said nothing.

It was not long before we noticed his habit of knocking the peels off the pavement. Most of us now and again had knocked off large yellow bits ourselves, but it is the dirty pieces and the little pieces that are dangerous, and it was with those that he concerned himself most. Nor did he ever leave a piece. The oftener it resisted his attempts, the more he persevered. Many a laugh passers-by had at him. Boys plagued him most, specially one Friday when they strewed the road before him with pieces they had been gathering for two days for the purpose. There were so many of them watching him that he was beginning to suspect a trick when he slipt on one of them. He was taken home and lay for three weeks. "I hope it will be a lesson to you," his landlady said. "Yes," he answered, "I must be more careful to knock them off than ever, if I am spared; I had no idea how easily they could make one fall."

"There's that poor daft old man again," people said, when they saw him, after his recovery, at his old task. For the sake of those who believe in nothing unless statistics can be produced, I may say that from observations and calculations I have made, taking one season with another, I reckon he dealt with fifty pieces, on the lowest possible computation, every day,

that is, over 15,000 every year. One of our magistrates asked me if I could prove that any one of these would have broken a man's leg, and when I said that was a question I could *not* answer, replied, "Then your statistics are defective?" "Very defective," I answered.

But you must not think that that was all the old man did. Many a poor man he waylaid on Saturday afternoons and urged, not always unsuccessfully, to go straight home with all his wages to his wife. Before the year was out he had earned his third name, and people now called him "that good old man."

I remember the day of his burial. "Did you know him?" I asked a boy who was peering into the grave. "Ay, sir, he used to mend my whip." "And who will keep my man out of the public-house now?" I overheard a woman say. She was John Turner's wife, and she got her answer the next afternoon, and every Saturday afternoon till her husband died, a godly man, eight years after. He was on his way home that first Saturday, and when his mate and he came to their favourite public-house, they both halted. His comrade turned to go in, but John Turner stood irresolute. "Come on in," said his companion, "wha are ye feart for? Do ye no ken he's deid?" "Ay," he said, "I ken he's deid, and I'm no feart for him, but I'm feart for myself, and I'm feart for you, and I'm feart for the devil, and I'm feart for God, and I'll NO go in!"

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 4.)

At the age of 62

Donald Cargill, one of the greatest of the Covenanters, was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, 27th July, 1681. After his execution his head was hacked off and stuck on the Netherbow Port. He was born in Perthshire in 1619, it is believed, though the date of his birth is a little uncertain. He was minister of the Barony, Glasgow, the parish, in our own day, of Norman Macleod. During the persecution he was a famous preacher at Conventicles, and had many narrow escapes, a price being set on his head. In 1679 he was wounded at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. In 1680 he excommunicated Charles II. at Torwood, near Bannockburn, for his breach of oath. For the last twenty-five years of his life he was a lonely man, his wife, Margaret Browne, the widow of one Andrew Betham of Blebo, having died in 1656, within a year of her marriage.

On the morning of his execution he wrote: "This is the most joyful day that ever I saw in my pilgrimage on earth. It is near thirty years since He made my interest in Him sure; and since that time, though there has fallen out much sin, yet I was never long out of sight of His presence. I have been a man of great sins, but he has been a God of great mercies." When he came to the scaffold,

At the age of 62

he sang Psalm 118, 16-29; then, looking up with a smiling countenance to the people who crowded the windows on both sides, begged them to compose themselves while he said a few words. The soldiers repeatedly interrupted him by beating their drums. When the last moment came, and he was commanded to go up the ladder, he said, as he set his foot on it: "The Lord knows I go up this ladder with less fear and perturbation of mind than ever I entered the pulpit to preach." After praying a little within himself, he lifted the napkin from his face, and said: "Farewell, all relations and friends in Christ; farewell acquaintances and all earthly enjoyments; farewell reading and preaching, praying and believing, wanderings, reproaches, and sufferings. Welcome joy unspeakable and full of glory. Welcome Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit." Then he prayed a little, says *The Cloud of Witnesses*, and the executioner turned him over praying.

There is a delightful story told of him which shows, one is glad to know, that God had richly endowed him with the gift of humour. Fleeing from his persecutors, he leaped the linn of Ericht, near Blairgowrie. Some one long afterwards referred to his wonderful jump. "Ay," said he, "but I took a long race to it—I ran a' the way frae Perth!"—fifteen miles.

62 DEMOSTHENES, the greatest orator of ancient times, died, by his own hand, to avoid falling into the hands of the Macedonians, B.C. 322.

62 SIR HENRY HAVELOCK died 22nd November, 1857. He was a godly man and used to meet with the common soldiers for prayer. His men were called "Havelock's saints." "Yes," said Sir Robert Sale —'Fighting Bob' he was called—"and I wish the whole regiment were Havelock's saints, for I never see a saint in the guardroom, or his name in the defaulter's book." On one occasion in Burmah, when an outpost was attacked by night, some of the troops being unfit for duty through drink, the General in command said, "Get the saints, you can depend on them, they're always sober." Havelock's fame is so much bound up with the relief of Lucknow that the hard work and brave deeds of the earlier part of his life are apt to be forgotten. His first epitaph was simply the letter "H" cut in the bark of a mango-tree under which he was buried in the Alum-bagh, a walled garden two miles from Lucknow on the Cawnpore Road. There is a monument there now with a long inscription. I remember, as I stood reading it, that it seemed to me the longest I had ever read on a grave. But it proved this, that to die gloriously one must live gloriously. The man who wins fame must work for it and wait for it. Havelock remained a lieutenant for three-and-twenty years! His conduct in the Indian Mutiny made his name a household word in this country, but he died without knowing it, God having provided some better thing for him. He had been dead three

At the age of 62

days when he was made a baronet, but the rank was given to his widow, a daughter of Dr Marshman, one of the famous Baptist Serampore missionaries.

62 JOHN THADEUS DELANE died in 1877. He became Editor of the *Times* newspaper when he was twenty-three, and for both good and ill, for nearly six-and-thirty years, ruled our country as really as any Prime Minister ever did. He was a man of great energy. Once, when the French Government, annoyed at the clever way in which the *Times* got news from India, refused to send on the *Times* despatches from Marseilles, Delane organised a dromedary express from Suez, hired a special steamer to Trieste, and beat the mail-boats by fourteen days.

I have an interesting letter of his in my possession which gives one a glimpse of newspaper work behind the scenes. It was written to a writer on his staff: "Pray be ready with a biography of Sir Frederick Pollock. Baron Martin, his son-in-law, tells me he is rapidly failing, and his career is so long and in some respects so distinguished as to deserve a good notice. Lord Clarendon is getting very old and weakly. The gout from which he has long suffered seldom leaves him, and every attack is worse than the last."

Lord Clarendon lived seven weeks, and Sir F. Pollock fifteen, after that letter was written. There is not a distinguished man or woman now living in the country whose "life" is not already written, lying ready in the newspaper offices. So true is it that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after death the judgment." "The feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out."

I hope you all read the newspapers, but I also hope you will never take your opinions from them.

62 DARIUS, King of Persia, died, B.C. 485, five years after the defeat of his army of 100,000 men by 10,000 Athenians under Miltiades, on the plain of Marathon. Of the Persians, 6,400 men were killed. The Athenians lost only 192, and these were buried under a mound which may be seen to this day. Marathon was one of the decisive battles of the world; it kept Europe from being crushed by Asia. After the battle the Persian fleet set sail, hoping to surprise Athens before the Athenian army could get back from Marathon, which was twenty-two miles distant, but Miltiades, having noticed the flashing of a shield on a distant promontory in the rays of the setting sun, discovered their design and arrived in Athens before them.

This Darius is not the Darius mentioned in the Book of Daniel, but the Darius of whom Ezra and Haggai and Zechariah speak. It was in his time and by his encouragement that the Temple at Jerusalem was rebuilt. He was succeeded by his son Xerxes or

At the age of	
62	Ahasuerus, the man who fought the Greeks at Thermopylae, and afterwards married Queen Esther.
62	ROBERT BURNS' FATHER died, 1784. When his last hour drew on, he said there was one of his children of whose future he could not think without fear. Robert, who was in the room at the time—it is his sister who tells the story—came up to his bedside, and said, "O father, is it me you mean?" The old man said it was. Robert turned to the window, with tears streaming down his cheeks and his bosom like to burst. Twelve years after he was dead, aged only thirty-seven.

"Come."

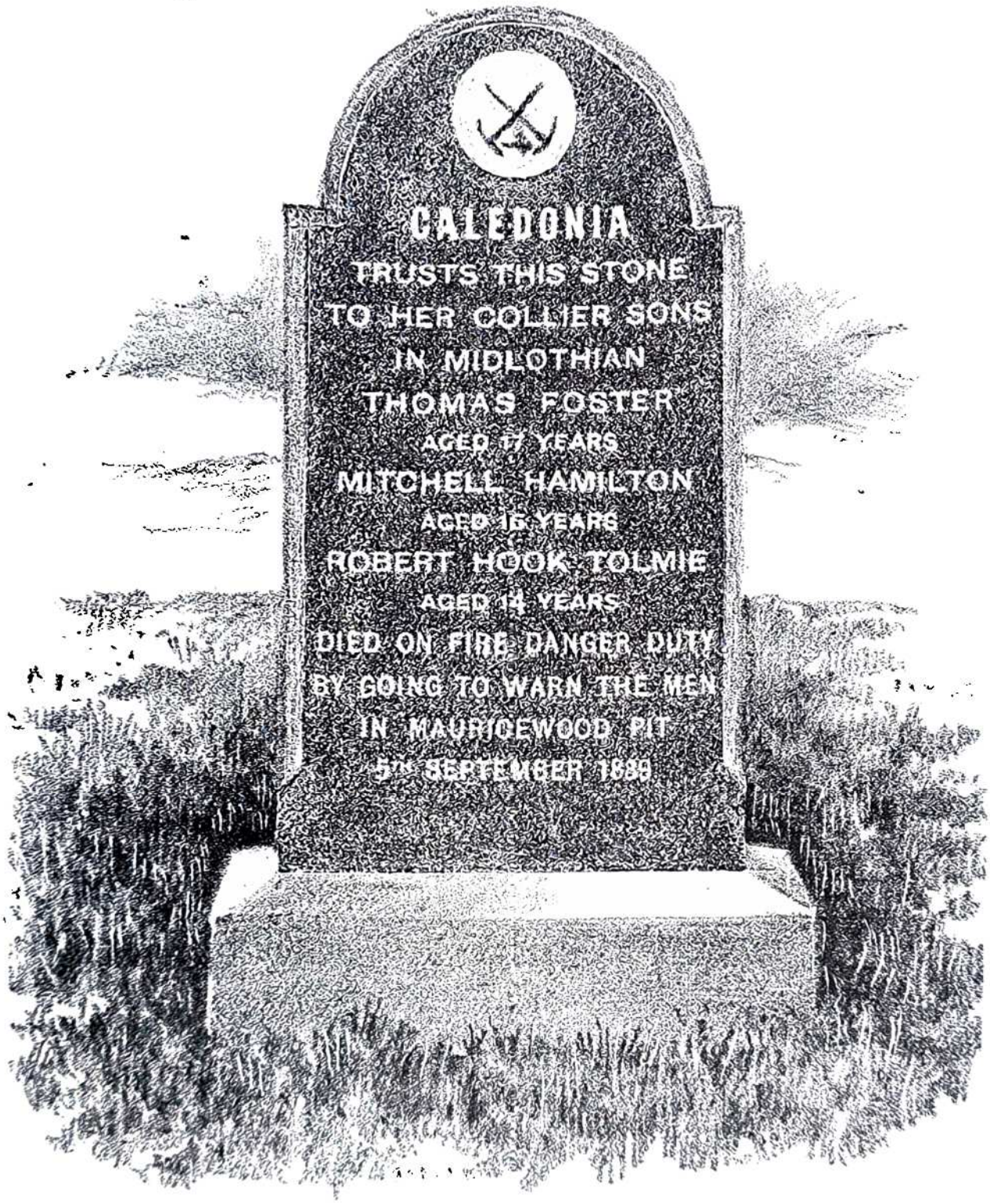
FOR more than thirty years some of the best scholars in our country have been preparing, under the guidance of Dr. Murray, a New Dictionary of the English Language. They have published ten volumes of their work, but they have not yet reached the letter F! "It will be finished," said a librarian to me lately, "when you and I are under the sod."

Why are they taking so long to it? you will ask. Because they are giving a complete history, a biography, of every word, for words have histories as well as men. There is no simpler word than "Come," one would say. Yet in this Dictionary there are twenty-three big columns of small print about it. To begin with, this is how they define the word. "Come — an elementary intransitive verb of motion, expressing movement towards or so as to reach the speaker, or the person spoken to, or towards a point where the speaker in thought or imagination places himself, or, when he is not himself in question, towards the person who forms the subject of his narrative. Come is also used merely of the accomplishment of the movement involved in reaching or becoming present at any place or point, and sometimes the entrance upon motion, involved in issuing from a source, is alone, or at least chiefly thought of."

Now, I am sure you didn't know that before, and if you had, to think all that out every time "Come" was said to you, you would be like the centipede which couldn't make up its mind which foot to move first and so died in the ditch.

We all know what "come" means in every day life, and we do it. Yet when God says "Come," we treat it as if it were a different word. We think of all the difficulties and complications it involves; we don't look upon it as the most loving and simple command, and most beseeching cry, of a Father Who means what He says, and is, with the command, offering us the power instantly to obey it.

"MOTHER," said Dr. Livingstone once when he was a boy, "if you'll bar the door I'll scrub the floor for you."



From a Photograph by William Brown, Kirkhill, by Penicuick.

OF the seventy men and boys who were in the pit on that fifth of September only two escaped. The three boys whose monument is in Penicuick churchyard, ten miles from Edinburgh, were pony drivers. They might easily have escaped, but they turned back to warn the men.

Some one, I know not who, wrote

the following simple but vigorous and easily remembered lines about them at the time. The allusion at the beginning is to the famous advice given to Glaucus by his father, "always to be the best and to be distinguished above others"—the Greek line I remember was always printed on the prizes in our school—

"Aye afore others put yersel,"
So spake the Grecian sire.
"Duty, bairns, must aye be mindit,
Duty through the fire"—
Is a' that's teacht to collier laddies,
By working unpretending daddies.

Another writer pictured an imaginary meeting between the Three Boys and the Three Hundred men "of mature age," as Herodotus describes them, who died in the pass of Thermopylæ, fighting under Leonidas against the Persian hosts—

Three Hundred men
From the Grecian glen,
All clad in shining brass,
Were standing by
With Spartan eye
To see Three Laddies pass.

A Slave-Trader's Epitaph.

"And their works do follow them."

THE headman of an ordinary caravan is generally buried in a very respectful manner—his hat, umbrella, cooking pot, and powder barrel being invariably placed on the grave. Over all a rude hut is built, open at the sides; while near by a rough seat is erected, lest the spirit of the departed should get tired wandering up and down—as they suppose it does—and, returning to the spot, it might be gratified by this mark of consideration for his comfort on the part of his friends, and so refrain from haunting or troubling them.

But in the Cisangi country we passed by the wayside the grave of the headman of a slave caravan, and found that the natives had, with grim satire, erected a monument to his memory by stringing some twenty of the wooden shackles, with which he used to fasten the feet of his slaves at night, on a pole, and sticking it up at the head of the mound where the tyrant was buried.—*Dr. Johnston's South Central Africa.*

The Quarrels of the Birds.

No. 2.—About Their Names.

BIRDS were called *birds*, or *bridds* long ago, because of the *breadth* of their wings. But how each kind of bird got its own particular name is another question, and it was about that the Birds in the Museum were disputing keenly one day. The curlew and the peewit had discovered, almost at the same instant, that their names were imitations of their cries. One discovery led to another, and presently there was a perfect Babel. The rook was croaking, and the crow was cawing, and the owl, wakened out of its sleep, was howling, the nightjar was churring, and the chough, which told us till we were tired that it used to be called keo in England, was kae-kaeing, while every

twenty seconds above all the uproar, we heard, though it was winter, the cuckoo calling from its corner. Other birds were explaining, though no one was listening, that their names were expressive of their movements. The northern diver was eager to dive, and the dabchick was saying, "If I only had a pond to fly over, you would see at once from my dipping in the water that my right name is dapchick." The pheasant was telling all and sundry that it came from the river Phasis in Asia Minor, and the turkey was fuming because people thought it had come from Turkey, when in reality it came from America in the time of Sebastian Cabot 300 years ago. The din became so great that the Eagle was appealed to once more to act as judge.

He had barely taken his seat when the sparrow, which had found out two derivations of its name, hopped into the middle of the floor, and was with difficulty silenced. "We will begin," said the Eagle, "where we left off last time, with our friend the knot. Any of your eggs been found yet?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, I'm glad of it. But can you tell us the meaning of your name?"

"I was called after King Canute."

"Who was he?" said the Eagle.

"He was a King of England who was born exactly 900 years ago, who, when his courtiers tried to flatter him, rebuked them by sitting on his throne on the sea-shore and showing them that the waves rolled up against him though he bade them halt. 'The waves are stronger than I,' he said, and he would never put on his crown again. And they call me after him," continued the knot, "because I run lightly out and in upon the sand before the swelling rushing tide."

"It has often struck me as strange," said the Eagle," that a bird can do more in the water than a man."

"Oh no, Sir," said a petrel. "No bird ever yet walked on the water, though sometimes I almost seem to do it, but a man once did it, named Peter, and I'm called Petrellus, little Peter, after him." Then the petrel told the story of God becoming Man, and how He walked upon the stormy sea, and how Peter, loving Him, and knowing that his Master wished him to be like Him, and to live and reign with Him—'where I am, there shall also My servant be'—went to meet Him, and when he became afraid, his Master took his hand, and he came back, not swimming, but walking with his Lord.

As the petrel told all this, a great awe fell on the birds, and they came closer and closer together. There was a long and solemn silence, till at last the Eagle said, "Can it be true that God became Man, and did the birds see Him Who made them?"

"Yes," said the doves, "for we beheld His glory."*

Again there was a solemn pause. The birds were all thinking the same thing, but the Eagle put it in words, and said, "Will any of *us* ever see God?"

* Luke 2. 24.

But there was no answer. And great sorrow fell on them and filled their hearts. Then, after a time, a voice was heard, so sweet and gentle and humble that no one recognised it at first, but it was the sparrow's, and this is what it said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? He sees us if we don't see Him."

"Yes," said the raven, "and He hears us when we cry." †

"And we must sing His praise, for His name alone is excellent," § said the Eagle.

So I left them singing, but oh! how they would have sung if they had known that their Master not only thinks of them, but compares Himself to them when He speaks of man's salvation! ‡

SEVEN in the morning was the hour for beginning lessons in the Grammar School of Aberdeen three hundred and fifty years ago. Every boy on entering had to fall on his knees, and offer up this prayer in Latin: "Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for Thy goodness to me during the past night; and I pray that Thou wilt also be gracious to me during this day, for Thine own glory, and the safety of my soul. And do Thou, Who art the true Light that never sets, Eternal Sun, giving life, support, and gladness to all things, vouchsafe to enlighten my mind, that I may never fall into any sin, but under Thy guidance may attain to life eternal. Amen. O Jesus, be Thou a Saviour to me, and strengthen me by Thy Divine Spirit."

† 1 Kings 17, 4. Psalm 147, 9.
§ Psalm 148, 10.
‡ Ex. 19, 4 Deut. 32, 11. Psalm 91, 4. Matt. 23, 37.

The late Dr. ANDREW BONAR was a fine Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar. He was dux of the Edinburgh High School, at that time the first school in Scotland, when he was fifteen. In his diary he says, "I never learned a lesson on Sabbath but once, when I learned six words of the Latin vocabulary when at the High School for the second year, and it gave me great regret."

THERE is a pretty story which circulated throughout Europe a little over fifty years ago, of a Polish gentleman capturing a stork that built its nest on his roof every summer, and putting an iron collar on its neck with the inscription, "Haec Ciconia ex Polonia"—"This stork (comes) from Poland." When autumn came it flew away, but the following summer it reappeared with something which shone very brightly on its neck, and when the stork was taken again this was found to be a collar of gold, with which the iron collar had been replaced, and on it were graven the words, "India cum donis remittit ciconiam Polonis"—"India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts."—*W. H. Hudson*, "*Birds in a Village.*"

IN public affairs, as in matters eternal, the path of popularity is the broad way, and that of duty the straight gate, and "few there be that go in thereat." Principles alone are worth living for, or striving for.—*From a letter of Sir Henry Havelock.*

My Dolly.

1 TH Call upon Me in the day of trouble.—*Psalm 50, 15.*
2 F Neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear.—*Isaiah 59, 1.* When the Christians in Damascus were being massacred in 1860, Abd-el-Kadir, who then lived there, a famous Algerian hero, used to sleep at his own door, lest any poor Christian should knock seeking refuge, and for fear his servants, being Moslems, should turn a deaf ear.
3 S He shall give His angels charge over thee.—*Psalm 91, 11.*

4 S I, your Master.—*John 13, 14.*
"How sweetly doth 'My Master' sound! 'My Master'!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content,
An Oriental fragrancy, 'My Master'!"—*George Herbert.*
5 M Believing masters.—*1 Tim. 6, 2.* "I charge all my servants in my house, Beware of graceless masters; avoid them as what may turn to you destruction; seek to be with them that fear God."—*Halyburton, when dying, 1712.*
6 TU Rejoice before the Lord, thou, thy son, thy man-servant.—*Deut. 16, 11.*
7 W Remember that thou wast a servant.—*Deut. 5, 15.*
8 TH Thy stranger.—*Ex. 20, 10.* "You are the only mother the girl has," said Livingstone to a woman who was beating her slave.
9 F The Lord of that servant.—*Luke 12, 46.*
10 S A centurion's servant who was dear unto him.—*Luke 7, 2.*

11 S The eyes of the Lord run to and fro.—*2 Chron. 16, 9.*
12 M Jesus, knowing their thoughts.—*Matt. 9, 4.*
13 TU What was it that ye disputed by the way?—*Mark 9, 33.*
14 W A Man, Which told me all things that ever I did.—*John 4, 29.*
15 TH One of you is a devil.—*John 6, 70.*
16 F That thou doest, do quickly.—*John 13, 27.* Sir R. Walpole, having got hold of treasonable letters written by his enemy, William Shippen, sent for him, and burned them before his face.
17 S Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive.—*Psalm 86, 5.*

18 S God said, Let there be light.—*Gen. 1, 3.* "For many years (indeed, as many as I can remember), since my first discovery of the sinner's way to God by Christ, I have never been allowed to lose my way to the Mercy-seat for a single day. I have not always had bright *sunshine*, but I have every day had *sunlight*, and not darkness in my soul."—*Dr. A. Bonar's Diary.*
19 M Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.—*Mal. 4, 2.*
20 TU We saw His star in the East.—*Matt. 2, 2.*
21 W The true Light.—*John 1, 9.*
22 TH The city hath no need of the sun.
23 F The lamp thereof is the Lamb.—*Rev. 21, 23.*
24 S And there shall be night no more.—*Rev. 22, 5 (R. V.).*

25 S O Lord, Thy thoughts are very deep.—*Psalm 92, 5.*
26 M He opened to us the Scriptures.—*Luke 24, 32.*
27 TU They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters,—*Jer. 2, 13.*
28 W And hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. "What is the use of opening Aeschylus '(one of the greatest Greek authors)' when I know to a letter what is to come on the next page?" said Lord Sherbrooke, when his health was breaking down.

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

March, 1894. One Halfpenny.

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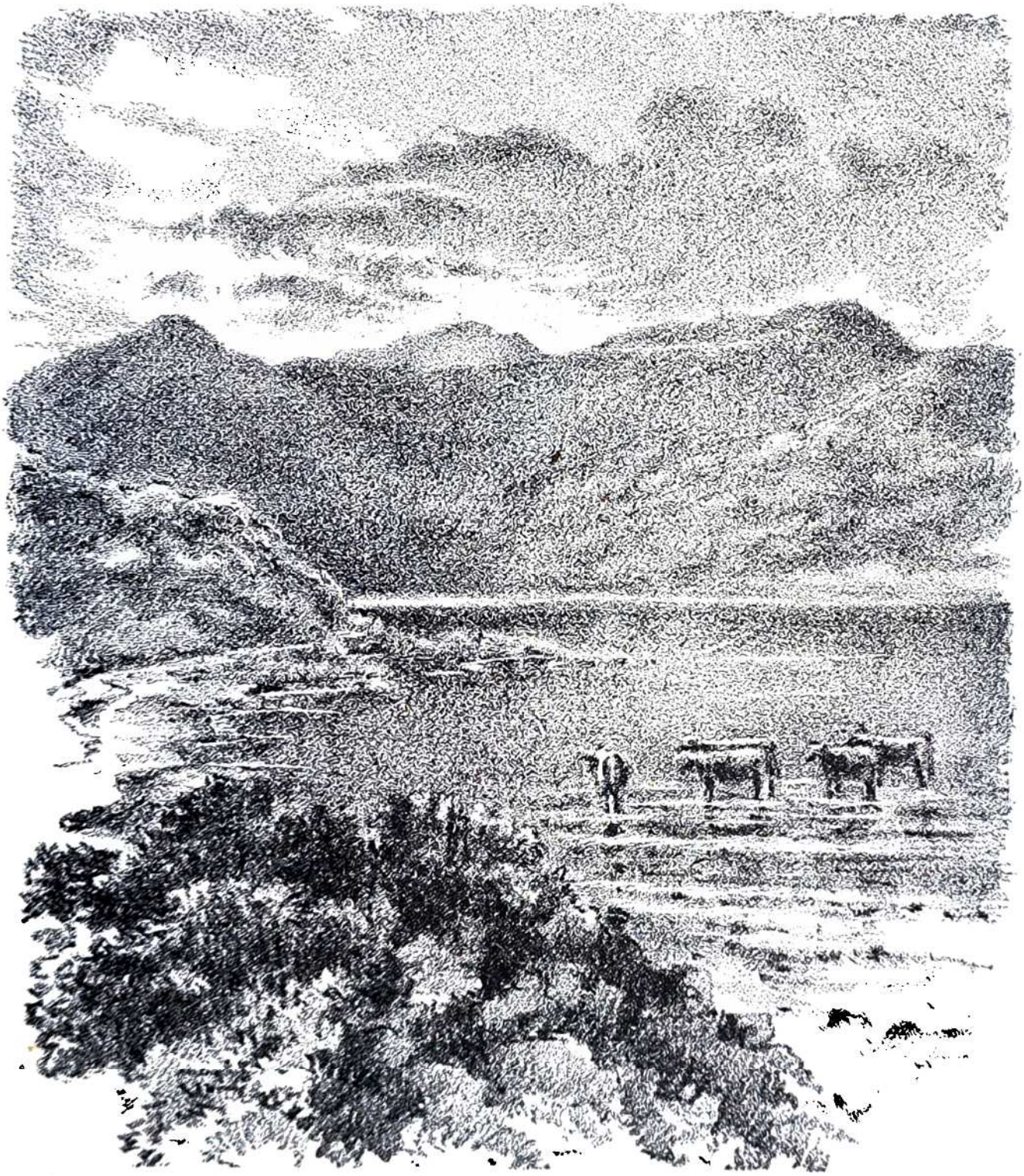


Praise the Lord, ye mountains and all hills: beasts and all cattle. –*Psalm 148, 9.*

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1893 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Should such a man as I flee?—Nehem. 6, 11.

WHEN Werner von Siemens, a great German engineer and electrician who has made the world his debtor by his inventions, was a boy five years of age, his sister Matilda who was eight came into the house one day crying. She had been on her way to school but had been stopped by a big gander that barred the way and snapped at her. Her parents urged her to try again, but she sturdily refused to go unless some one went with her. Her father thereupon gave her little brother his big walking staff, saying, "Werner will go with you; I hope he has more courage than you have." Then, turning to the boy, he said, "If the gander comes, go at him bravely and hit him well with the stick, and he will run away." And so it turned out. When they reached the school-house gate, the gander ran at them with outstretched neck, hissing furiously. Matilda turned tail shrieking, and her brother was sorely tempted to do so too, but he remembered his father's words and encountered the monster, shutting his eyes but hitting out lustily with the stick right and left. Then, cackling noisily, the gander turned and ran.

The memory of that victory, says Siemens writing nearly seventy years afterwards, many a time cheered him when danger threatened him, and helped him to confront and overcome it.

Now, lest any girl who reads this should feel hurt at being beat by a boy, let me tell you about the famous Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. When she was a little child in Haddington, she had to pass, on her way to school, a gate where a big turkey-cock was usually standing. He always ran up to her, gobbling and looking very fierce. He frightened her a good deal at first, and she dreaded having to pass the place. But after a time she hated the thought of living in fear, and when next she passed the place—all the more that there were some labourers and boys who seemed to enjoy the thought of the turkey running at her—she gathered herself together and made up her mind. The turkey ran at her as usual, gobbling and swelling. But suddenly she darted at him and seized him by the throat and swung him round! The men clapped their hands, and shouted, "Well done, little Jeanie Welsh;" and the bubbly-jock never molested her again.

When Sir Colin Campbell was going to relieve Lucknow, he made this speech to his men: "The enemy you are going to meet will stand and fire at you as long as you stand to fire at them. I must have none of that. There must be no hesitation, no halting, but a steady and constant advance, and whenever you get within charging distance, at them with the bayonet! and they'll never wait to meet you."

So, in like manner, give no place to the devil, resist him, and he will flee from you.

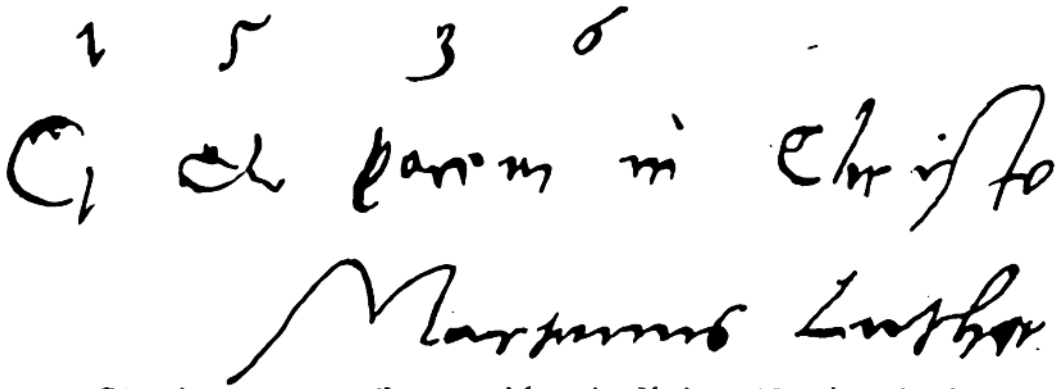
How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 18.)

At the age of 63 — Admiral Farragut, the greatest of American seamen, fought the battle of Mobile Bay against the Confederates, 1864. The night before the battle he wrote this letter to his wife: "My dearest wife, I am going into Mobile in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to His will, in that as in all other things." Shortly after the fight began, when one of his ships, the Tecumseh, was blown up by one of the torpedoes that had been placed in the channel by the enemy, Farragut offered up this prayer, "O God, Who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" And then it seemed to him as if a voice made answer, "Go on." As his ship, the Hartford, passed on, the sailors on board heard the torpedoes knocking against the copper on the bottom of their ship. Many of the primers, too, were heard to snap, but happily none of the torpedoes exploded.

It was during this battle, I have somewhere read, that a negro seaman, who had been stationed at a life-buoy on the poop-deck of the Galena in case of need, was observed, with his hands uplifted to heaven, singing hymns.

63 — Martin Luther died at Eisleben, the town in which he had been born. Shortly before his death he offered up this prayer: "O God, my heavenly Father, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I give Thee thanks that Thou has revealed unto Me thy Son Jesus Christ, in Whom I have believed; Whom I have confessed; Whom I have loved; Whom I have preached; Whom the Pope of Rome and all the ungodly persecute and dishonour; I beseech Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul. O heavenly Father, though I be taken out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet I know that I shall abide with Thee for ever, and that no man can pluck me out of Thy hands." Then, after thrice repeating Psalm 31, 5, he died, 18th Feb., 1546.



G(ratiam) et spem, Grace and hope in Christ.—Martinus Luther.

63 — Philip Melanchthon died, 19th April, 1560, at Wittenberg, and was buried there in the Schlosskirche beside Luther, whose fellow-labourer and dearest friend he had been for many years. He was a man of singular sweetness of disposition. "I," said Luther, "am the rough

At the age of 63

pioneer, who must break up the ground; but Master Philip comes along softly and gently, and sows and waters with all his heart." Yet he was a brave man, too, and, as Luther says of him, made the devil very angry by what he did for God. A few days before he died he wrote down his reasons for not fearing death. On the lefthand of the paper he wrote, "Thou shalt be delivered from thy sins;" and on the right, "Thou shalt go to the light, see God, and learn those wonderful mysteries which thou hast not been able to understand here." His last hours were spent in prayer. His favourite passages of Scripture were Psalms 24-26, Isaiah 53, John 1 and 17, and Romans 5. But the text he loved most was John 1, 12—As many as received him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. When he was asked if there was anything he wanted, he said, "Nothing but heaven."

Bene Vale, Farewell, Philippus Melāthon.

63 THE VENERABLE BEDE, the first and greatest of early English scholars and historians, died near Durham, 26th May, 735. Near the close of his life he began a translation of John's Gospel into Anglo-Saxon. On the day of his death, the lad who was writing to his dictation said, "Dearest master, one chapter of the book still remains, and yet it seems troublesome to thee to ask more of thee." "It is not troublesome," said the dying man, "get out thy pen, and prepare, and write quickly." When evening came, the lad said, "Dearest master, one sentence only remains to be written." "Good," he replied, "write it quickly." A moment or two afterwards, the boy said, "Now, it is finished." "Good," said he, "it is finished: thou hast said truly." Then he repeated the doxology, and as he uttered the words, "And to the Holy Ghost," he entered into his rest.

63 CICERO, the greatest orator of ancient Rome, and the man who, at the age of fourty-four, had been called "the father of his country," was killed by the soldiers of Mark Antony, December, B.C. 43, the year after Cæsar's death. Being outlawed he had put to sea intending to leave Italy, but landed again, saying, "Let me die in my own country, that country which I have so often saved." In the morning his faithful slaves forced him into a litter and carried him to the shore. They had gone but a little way when the soldiers, who had been directed by a lad whom Cicero had befriended, made up on them. The slaves wished to fight, but their master bade them set the litter down. Then, raising himself on his elbow, he put his head out and told his murderers to strike. His head and hands were cut off and carried to Rome and nailed up on the very tribune where he used to speak. It is said that in her rage Fulvia, the wife of Antony, drove her hair-pin through the dead orator's tongue.

At the age of 63 ARISTOTLE, the founder of Logic, the pupil of Plato, for three years the tutor of Alexander the Great, and for two thousand years one of the world's teachers, "the master," as Dante calls him, "of those that know," died B.C. 322, in the same year with Demosthenes. It would take the wisest man in Britain to tell you how much we all owe to him; he is, though we don't know it, one of the great influences in our lives.

63 MARGARET LAUCHLANE, a godly Covenanting widow, was drowned at Wigtown, 11th May, 1685.

"Murdered for owning Christ supreme,
Head of His church, and no more crime
But not abjuring Presbytery,
And her not owning Prelacy.
Within the sea ty'd to a stake
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake.
The actors of this cruel crime
Were Lagg, Strachan, Winram, and Grahame.
Neither young years nor yet old age
Could stop the fury of their rage."

It was of her as she was drowning, that her fellow-sufferer Margaret Wilson, aged 23, said, when she was asked what she thought of Margaret Lauchlane now, "What do I see but Christ wrestling there?"

DEUXBY and Annan were the best students of our time, and it was reckoned a pity that they should both have been competitors for the Cambridge Scholarship in the same year. Deuxby was a gentleman born. Annan lived with his mother and his elder brother in a "room and kitchen." The brother was a drunkard. Poor Annan had five hours' private teaching every day, and could easily have saved a little money had it not been for the heavy fines he had to pay to keep his brother out of jail. Many a night the student never lay down in bed, for a house with a drunkard in it is worse than a lion's den. The rest of us often laughed uproariously at our professor's translations of Juvenal--we knew it pleased him, and it helped to put off the time—but Annan would sit sad and silent. He was thinking about his brother.

On the first day of the examination for the scholarship, we all gathered at the foot of the stair that led up to the Examination Hall. As the two men went up we gave them a cheer. We knew that their whole career in life depended on the result. The contrast between them was very great. We could see the holes in Annan's socks over his shoes every step he took. When they came to the door Deuxby gracefully drew back, saying, "You first, Annan, and I second."

And so far as the first day went, that was how they stood. Prose in the style of Tacitus was the craze with examiners then, and it was said afterwards that compared with

Annan Tacitus himself would have been nowhere.

For the next day's battle Deuxby prepared himself by a twenty-mile ride on horseback. His rival had to sit up watching his mother, now bedridden. Her elder son, who had promised on the Sabbath before, with uplifted hand, on bended knee, to keep sober till the great examination was past, had come home drunk by mid-day, and after a short sleep had gone out again with one of his brother's books. The unhappy mother begged her scholar son to take her hand. "I'm going to ask a hard thing from you, James, but you mustn't say me 'No,' and God will make it up to you. Dinna go to Cambridge, but stay with your brother and with me." Her son's lip quivered, and she felt his hand shaking, but he said nothing. "I know," she added, "it's a great thing to ask; your heart has been set on it all your life, but so has my heart, too." Then there was silence again, and once more she spoke. "It would be an awful thing if you went to Cambridge, and your brother went to hell." And then the poor lad broke down, and said, "Very well, mother, I won't go."

In the morning she begged his pardon, and asked God to forgive her for being selfish. But James was firm.

At ten o'clock Deuxby went up the stair alone; at five minutes past, the door was shut. The papers set that day consisted of passages from Lucretius and Thucydides. When two o'clock came Deuxby rose up, put his papers in his pocket—and he had done them splendidly too—and walked out. He was willing to beat Annan in a fair fight, but he refused "a walk over." The professor was in despair. His class next morning spent three-quarters of an hour trembling, and the last quarter hissing. The student whom he treated worst that day used afterwards to explain his calmness in facing Chinese mobs by saying, "I learnt it at College."

The third day Deuxby pocketed again what he had written. No one knew where Annan lived; he had been afraid to let his fellow-students know, and no professor had ever thought of asking. The day for notifying the result to the Cambridge authorities had now come, and on the notice board we all read next day—

The Cambridge Scholarship.
Deuxby, F. G. D., } Equal.
Annan, J., }

Twenty-four hours afterwards there was another notice on the board—"Mr. F. G. D. Deuxby has been elected to the Cambridge Scholarship." Annan, having heard of the previous result and how it had been brought about, had written to the professors to say he had changed his mind as to his career, and begged respectfully to withdraw from his candidature.

Nine years had passed away, and Annan, having studied medicine and theology, was on board a steamer on his way to India. It was eight years since his brother had disappeared, but as he counted every drunkard

and waif a brother, he found brothers everywhere. He made friends with all on board, passengers, and officers, and crew. When the firemen came up on deck with their begrimed faces for a little air, even they were strangely drawn to the wise warm-hearted missionary. Without preaching to them he made them all feel that God was near—all except one who seemed to shun him and dislike him. John Graham they called him, but no one knew anything about him; the fact that he was a fireman in a ship that went to India proved he had not been all he should have been. No man would take that job in those days that could get another.

The ship stopped eight hours at Ismailia, and who should come aboard but Deuxby, now known as one of the coming men in the Indian Civil Service! He had been spending a short furlough in Egypt, and was now on his way back to his post in the North-West Provinces. It was a happy meeting for them both. The Sabbath after, public worship was held as usual on the upper deck under the awnings, the Bible resting on a table covered with the Union Jack. Everyone came that could—all but the fireman Graham. The text was Luke 15, 24—"And they began to be merry." The sermon was about the joy of God over a ransomed soul. Graham caught as much of it as he could from the ventilators that led to the stokehole, but otherwise made no sign. Nor did he even come up to thank the missionary for the little book he sent down to him, with a letter asking his pardon if he had done anything to annoy him, the day before they reached Calcutta.

But that night, as Deuxby was looking at the lightship where the pilot comes on board who is to guide the ship up the shifting channel of the Hooghly, the fireman sought a few words with him, and then, for the first time, Deuxby heard from Annan's own brother the story of the memorable three days. "But you must not tell him, sir, who I am. I mean to be a new man now; it will take me years to be what I would like to be, but I hope to be an honour to him yet. And if you can do anything for him in India, please do it, sir." "You may be sure I will," was the answer, and right nobly he kept his word.

Deuxby is a very big Sahib now, and if another mutiny came would be worth 10,000 men to Britain. He married the daughter of a Lieutenant-Governor, and Annan married her sister. They were married the same day and in the same Presbyterian Church. They arrived at the door together, and as the crowd of natives did their best to raise an English cheer, the old days came back to the minds of both, and Deuxby said, as he thought of the bride soon to be his, "Annan, I'm first this time, and you are second, but a closer second than I was then." And then Annan, smiling, answered—and let me say that all who know the two men and the two wives would agree with him in this—"I think, Deuxby, we should be bracketed equal."

"But you are not thinking of withdrawing this time, eh?"

I see from to-day's paper that the s.s. "Marquess of Dalhousie," of which Tom Annan is chief engineer, has beat the record with the Indian mails, and won't his brother James be glad!

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John 15, 13.

THAT was what Samuel Andrews, aged forty-two, and John Heath, aged twenty, did at Mr. Kempson's chemical works, Pye Bridge, Derbyshire, last November.

One of their fellow workmen named Greaves was at work in one of the stills used for distilling tar. These stills are cylindrical iron chambers cased with brick, having a diameter of about six feet, and the only way into them is by a "manhole" at the top. Looking down through this narrow opening, the little group of workpeople who had been brought to the scene by the cry for help, could see Greaves lying at the bottom overcome by carbonic gas, which had found its way

S. Andrews

From a photograph by W. H. Dodds, Norfolk Row, Sheffield.

into the still through the accidental removal of some packing from a tube. Without a moment's hesitation, Andrews, who was foreman, caught the rope and descended, Heath following instantly. Holding their breath as long as they could, they succeeded in seizing their comrade and were drawn up near enough for a man named Samuel Clay to grasp them. But the dead weight of the three men and the poisonous fumes were too much for his strength. He became insensible, and Greaves and his brave rescuers fell back into the still. Several other attempts were made to save them, but in vain, owing to the strength of the deadly fumes. When the bodies were at last drawn out with hooks, the three men were dead.

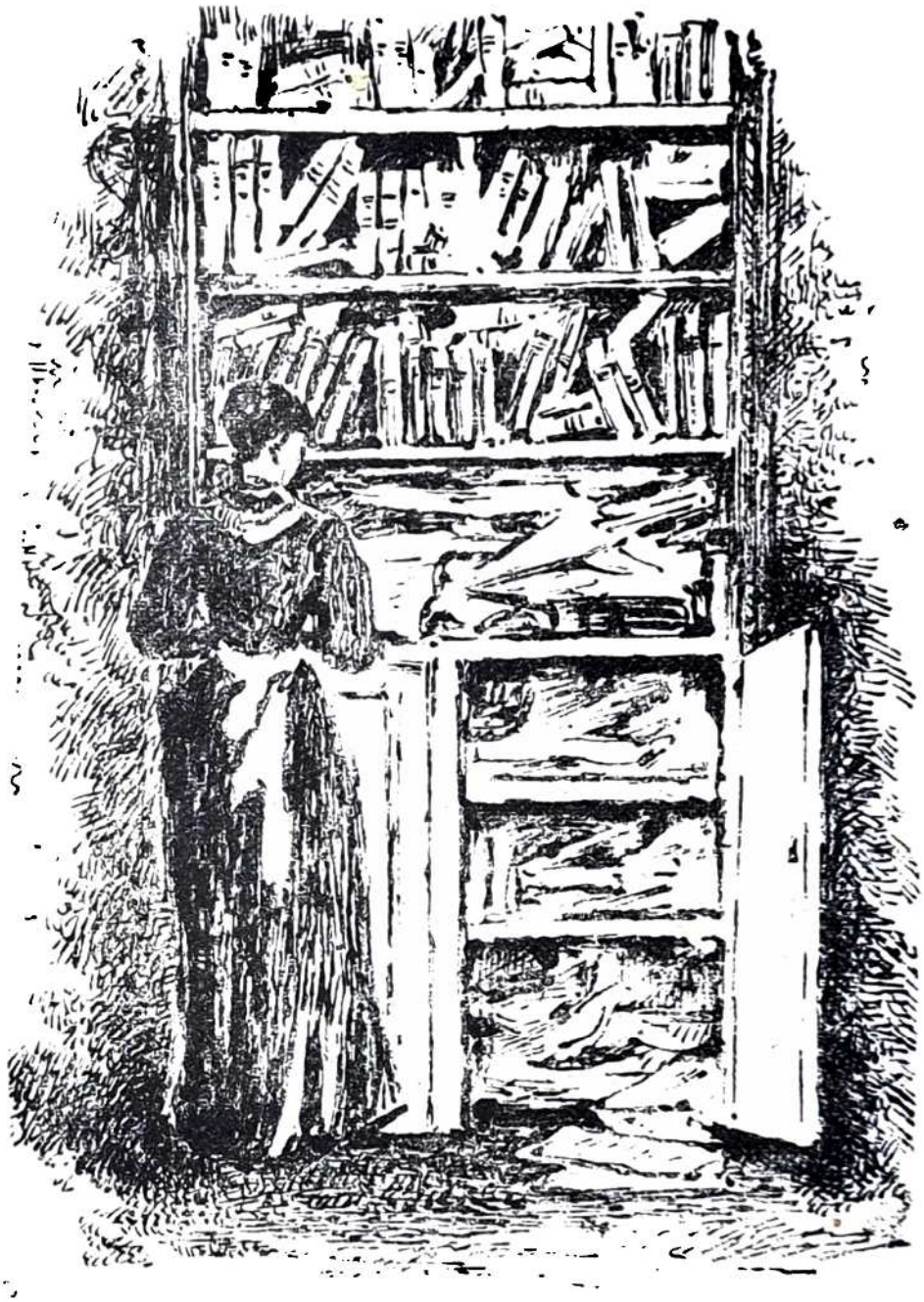
Happy the master that has such men! Happy the men that have such friends and comrades! Thrice happy they themselves that have such brave hearts!* Oh! all you boys who read about these two heroes, remember that if you are brave God will give you the opportunity to do brave deeds. Be ready for heaven; ready, always ready, with your loins girt and your lamp burning; and whenever and wherever Duty calls, or, as the Bible puts it, when the Son of Man cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning, with the whole world looking on, or only God and the angels round you, you shall not be found sleeping. And blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching. Verily, I say unto you, that He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that, ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

ONE day, towards the close of last century, word was brought to the Admiralty Offices in London that a French fleet had escaped from the harbour of L'Orient and put to sea. Mr. Yorke, the Secretary, sent for Captain Philip Durham, and said, "We want an admiral to chase the French. We have five sail of the line and two frigates at St. Helens. Will you go?" "Yes." "But when?" said Mr. Yorke. "Out of this room," was the answer. "If you do," said the Secretary, "it will be more than has been done yet. We have no difficulty in finding flag-officers, but they have always so many wants before they can sail!"

* *For the photograph and autograph I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. James Diamond the manager of the works. I am extremely sorry that I have not been able to get those of Heath as well.*

MANY years ago when our ship the Khiva was nearing Hong-Kong, I asked two Englishmen on board "when they were going to pack up their things;" I had been in their cabin and knew the confusion that was there. "All right," they said, "we don't take long to pack." Two or three times I spoke to them and got the same answer. But at last, wearied by my importunity, they said, "Well, come away, and we'll show you how we do it." I went with them and saw a wonderful sight. They tossed everything into the middle of the floor and made a great heap—clothes, pistols, native weapons, telescopes, photographs, boots, shoes, curiosities of all sorts, letters, slippers, writing material, ink bottles, medicine bottles, cartridges, and all the odds and ends they had picked up in the course of two years' wandering. Then they got a huge canvas bag, and put it with its mouth wide open on one side of the heap, and one of them sat down on the other side and rammed the things into it with his foot!



Three years ago I saw an officer of the Royal Engineers bathing. His clothes were lying on the bank as neatly folded as if they had just been sent from a shop and the paper taken off. I want you boys to be like that officer. When you come home from school, put your cap and your books in their proper places. When you take off your boots, put them neatly together, looking the same way, with their toes to the line! When you take off your clothes at night, don't let them lie in a heap on

the floor, or tossed here and there. If you know yourselves to be unorderly, tell your mothers that you wish to be taught, and ask them to punish you, make them promise to punish you, if you don't put things in their places.

Look at these two presses. Would that no press were any worse than the first one! Isn't the second one far more beautiful to look at? One would not be ashamed to leave the door of it open. Think, too, how much time is saved when one knows exactly where things are. I know a man who has to search his house from end to end for almost every book or letter that he wants. He has told me often that he loses at least six hours every week looking for things, and that is a very terrible thing to say. It means much sin and much suffering and much shame; it means more than I can tell you. So once more I beg of you to entreat your mothers to teach you tidiness; and you and they will bless God for it before ten years are past.

And I ask you girls to remember that the absence of orderliness in a woman is ten times worse than the lack of it in a man. It is a sin that never goes alone. God has given you beauty, and He loves

That beauty should go beautifully.

Remember that in that sublimest of all moments, when Christ rose from the dead, one of the first things He did was to fold the napkin that had been put round His head by loving hands when He was dead. He wrapped it together, not only because He was the God of order, but because He wished those who loved Him to see that He had risen, and risen calmly and triumphantly, and to show them that He knew how lovingly Joseph and Nicodemus had buried Him, and above all He did it to prove how glad He was that He had died for us.

1	TH	If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die.—*Rom. 8, 13.*
2	F	I buffet my body.—*1 Cor. 9, 27 (R. V.).* Henry V., who won Agincourt when he was twenty-eight, was described as "*Hostium victor et sui*," the conqueror of his enemies and of himself.
3	S	They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.—*Gal. 5, 24.*
4	S	I am meek and lowly in heart.—*Matt. 11, 29.*
5	M	Let your adorning be the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit,
6	TU	Which is in the sight of God of great price.
7	W	After this manner, aforetime, the holy women,
8	TH	Who hoped in God,
9	F	Adorned themselves.—*1 Pet. 3, 3 (R. V.).* The Hindoos used to have a room in their houses called the Krodhagara, the room of anger, where ladies bolted themselves in when in a temper.—*Ward's Hindoo History.*
10	S	He whose spirit is without restraint is like a city that is broken down and hath no wall.—*Prov. 25, 28 (R. V.).*
11	S	Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation.
12	M	There shall no evil befall thee. On this his last birthday 1873—he died, May 1—Livingstone wrote in his journal: "Let not Satan prevail over me, oh, my good Lord Jesus. May the good Lord help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honour to my children, and perhaps to my country and race."
13	TU	Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder.
14	W	Because he hath set his love upon Me,
15	TH	I will set him on high.
16	F	He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him;
17	S	I will deliver him, and honour him.—*Ps. 91.*
18	S	I am afflicted very much.—*Ps. 119, 107.*
19	M	Discouraged.—*Num. 21, 4.*
20	TU	I am weary with my crying.—*Ps. 69, 3.*
21	W	I am undone.—*Is. 6, 5.*
22	TH	My heart is overwhelmed.—*Ps. 61, 2.*
23	F	No man careth for my soul.—*Ps. 142, 4.*
24	S	My God, my God.—*Ps. 22, 1.*
25	S	He said with tears, Lord, I believe; help mine unbelief.—*Mark 9, 24.*
26	M	Increase our faith.—*Luke 17, 5.*
27	TU	Jesus saith, Wherefore didst thou doubt?—*Matt. 14, 31.*
28	W	Seeing Him Who is invisible.—*Heb. 11, 27.* "Faith is not weak reasoning, but strong sight."—*Illingworth.*
29	TH	Jesus said, O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe.—*Luke 24, 25 (R. V.).* "Faith is but hope grown wise."—*Lowell.*
30	F	I suffer . . . yet I am not ashamed;
31	S	For I know Him Whom I have believed.—*2 Tim. 1, 12 (R. V.).*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

April, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Cuper June 26
1632

Alexr Henryson

Alexander Henderson.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1893 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Godliness with contentment is great gain.—1 Tim. 6.6.

WE had a holiday in the village when the young laird was married, and things passed off so pleasantly that I felt certain that everybody would be pleased. We had a lovely park for our games, and a sandy shore for digging castles in; charming weather; a dozen swings whose ropes never once twisted; three donkeys with panniers for the children to ride in; there was no drinking, and therefore no fighting, and nobody was disgraced; we had barrels of apples and oceans of milk; dinner at twelve and tea at three; and when we parted after worship on the lawn at six, every child got a toy and a book, and every labourer's wife or grown-up daughter a piece of flannel and a pound of tea.

On my way next day to old Mrs Douglas's, I called in to see three of the cotmen's wives. I could see that the children had been crying and the mothers scolding. "Oh yes! they had enjoyed themselves pretty well. But they were glad it was over. Indeed, they hoped it was the last wedding treat they would ever be asked to. They might have known they weren't wanted, though they were as good as some there who thought a deal of themselves. The toys? Well, they supposed sixpence would buy any one of them, but they hadn't looked at them. The flannel? Somebody had got rid of a lot of remnants and ends of the web, any one could see that. And as for the tea—it was rank poison!"

Poor Mrs Douglas was very frail. She was sitting at the door in the sun. She had seen no one, and was wearying to hear how things had got on. She remembered the day the laird himself was married. Her man was living then, and there wasn't a straighter man in the field that day. And now it would be three-and-twenty years, come the 1st October, since he was taken away. But God had been a good God to her. And He had been kind to her yesterday, for she had gone to the top of the garden and was praying for the young people, and thinking about John and their own marriage day, when she lifted up her eyes and saw one of the flags flying. "Just think of that," she said, "*I saw one of the flags flying.*"

Then I gave her the sovereign the young laird had sent for her, and told her his message that hers was the first house that Lady Mary and he would come to when they returned from the honeymoon, and as I watched the tears running down her cheeks and remembered the three grumblers, I thought to myself that the people who are contented and happy *after* they get things are the people who are contented and happy *before* they get them, and that of contentment as of every other grace it might be said, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly."

How Old at Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 28.)

At the age of 63 MOHAMMED, the false prophet, died at Medina, A.D. 632. There are at the present moment 200,000,000 Mohammedans in the world, that is, one out of every seven of the human race.

63 ALEXANDER HENDERSON died at Edinburgh, 19th August, 1646. Professor Masson, in his "Life of Milton," speaks of him as "The greatest, the wisest, and the most liberal of the Scottish Presbyterians—the greatest man in the Church after Knox—a man of super-eminent composure, comprehensiveness, and breadth of brow—a cabinet minister without office—and yet a man who has never received justice in general British history."

He was Moderator of the memorable General Assembly at Glasgow. It was at the close of it that he used, with reference to the overthrow of Episcopacy, the famous words, "We have now cast down the walls of Jericho; let him that buildeth them beware of the curse of Hiel the Bethelite." 1 Kings 16, 34. It was Henderson who drafted *The Solemn League and Covenant*, which bound and still binds, and will bind till the end of time, the British nation to God. He was also one of the Commissioners to the Westminster Assembly of Divines which drew up the Confession of Faith and the Catechism. A few days before he died, he said to a friend, "There never was a schoolboy more desirous to have the play than I am to have leave of this world."

He was under the middle height, well formed, with small and shapely hands. The fac-simile of his autograph, *Alexander Henryson*—for so he always called himself—*Cupar*, January 26, 1632—is from a tracing, kindly given to me, of a letter in the possession of Sheriff Erskine Murray.

63 BARON CUVIER, the great French naturalist, died, 1832. His ancestors were Protestants who had been driven from the Jura by persecution, and he was himself a valiant upholder of the Protestant cause. Cuvier was the first to see that each part of an animal agrees with the rest; that certain kinds of teeth, for example, are always found in beasts that have certain kinds of feet; and he showed that if you have a few bones you can tell what the whole body must have been like. Few men have been harder workers. His end came very suddenly. He began a course of lectures on a Tuesday, and announced his intention of showing how the Divine Intelligence can be traced through all the operations of nature. The Sabbath after he passed through the thick darkness to where God Himself was.

Sir Richard Owen, who died last year, was another of those great comparative anatomists who "drew fish and bird from fin and claw." In 1839 he received a piece of a bone 6 inches long, with the

At the age of 63

ends broken off. He declared from its shape that it was a thigh bone, and from its structure that it was the bone of a bird like an ostrich, not quite equal in size to it, but of a heavier and more sluggish species. In 1842 a missionary at Poverty Bay, New Zealand, found some of the bones of an extinct animal called by the natives the Moa, and these bones, when brought home, were found to agree in every particular with what Owen had conjectured!

64 ANNAS presided at the trial of our Lord and Saviour, and sent Him bound to Caiaphas, the high-priest, his son-in-law. He had himself been deposed from the high priesthood by the Romans twenty years before, but he seems to have been still regarded by the Jews as the rightful high priest. No man in the world ever stood in a more solemn position. In virtue of his office it was his privilege to enter once a year into the Holy of Holies, and speak face to face with God, and if he had sought God's face with all his heart, God would have made known to him the secret of His Covenant, and it would have been His unspeakable joy and honour to have pointed out the Lamb of God to the world, and to have said, "This is the Great High Priest, the Priest after the order of Melchisedec, Whose Priesthood is unchangeable." It is God Who chooses our place in life for us, and when He gives us work, He offers us the grace we need. See how even Caiaphas was over-shadowed by the Holy Ghost, and proclaimed against his will the very mind and purpose of the Most High God. John 11, 50. Annas was a Sadducee and a bad man, and flung away one of the grandest opportunities God ever gave to man. At his door, first of all, lies the blame of the Crucifixion of our Lord. Acts 4, 10. He died an old man after seeing five of his sons high priests, one after the other.

64 BEN JONSON, the poet, died in 1637, and was buried standing upright. It is said that he once asked Charles I. to grant him a favour. "What is it?" said the king. "Give me eighteen inches of ground." "Where?" asked the king. "In Westminster Abbey." When his grave was covering, a man who was walking past gave the mason eighteenpence to write the brief epitaph which may still be read on a piece of blue marble about fourteen inches square: "O RARE BEN JONSON."

64 HANNIBAL died at Bithynia, in Asia Minor, B.C. 183, of poison which he had taken to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans, who had sent an envoy to demand his death or surrender. When he was a boy nine years of age his father made him swear on the altar undying hatred to the Romans, and to that oath he was faithful to the last. His greatest victory was fought at Cannae, B.C. 216, where, though they greatly outnumbered him, the Romans were defeated with the loss of nearly 50,000 men. "Only send me on with the cavalry," said Maharbal, one of the Carthaginian generals, to him, "and

At the age of 64 within five days thou shalt sup in the Capitol." But it was not so to be, and well for the world that it was not. Fourteen years afterwards he was defeated at Zama, near Carthage, by Scipio. The two rivals met later on at Ephesus, where Hannibal was living in exile. "Whom do you esteem greatest of all generals that ever lived?" said Scipio. "Alexander the Great," was the answer. "And the second?" "Pyrrhus." "And the third?" "Myself." "What then," said Scipio, "would you have said if you had beat me at Zama?" "In that case," said Hannibal, "I should have put myself before both Alexander and Pyrrhus." And, indeed, in spite of his defeat at Zama, that is the position it is said that most military men allot to him—"the greatest captain that ever lived."

64 DR. RAWLE, an English Church Bishop in the West Indies, wrote these rhymes, 27th February, 1876:—

The square of 8 is 64,
So I'm all square just now, though poor.
I've been so seven times before,
But, square again? no, nevermore.

He died in 1887. One day, when he was principal of Codrington College, Barbadoes, as he was addressing his students, his Bible, which he had bought as a student at Cambridge, fell to pieces, and in the binding there was a plan or picture, which then for the first time came to light, of the very building in which he was lecturing! From his youth he had been carrying about, unknown to himself, a picture of the place in which he was to spend eighteen years of his life.

Sir Robert Grierson of Lag.

THERE was a bairn that we cam' on by the gully o' the Crichope—a laddie o' ten. He was sitting by his lane in a bit bouroch when we cam' up till him, whistlin' like a lintie. He had a can o' the gude sweet milk and a basketfu' o' bannocks. He was close by the mouth o' the Linn. It behoved, then, that he was takkin' them to some cave whaur the outlawed Covenanting minister was hiding.

Lag gruppit him by the collar and shook him by the coat-neck ower the Linn, like a bit whaulpie that ye micht lift by the cuff o' the neck.

"Tell," he says, "whaur lies auld Tam Glen, or ower ye gang."

The bit laddie lookit doon, an'—O man, me that is an auld man can see the terror glint in the e'e o' him as he saw the great trees nae bigger than berry busses at the bottom. Syne he lookit up at us that sat oor horses ahint Lag and the Sherra.

"Hae nane o' ye ony wee laddies at hame that ye should let a bairn dee?"

* * * Then I canna tell whether the bairn's bit coatie rave oot o' his hand, or whether Lag let him drap; but when we lookit again, there was Lag's hand empty, and up the Linn cam' a soun' like a bairn greetin' in the dark his lane.—*The Raiders, by S. R. Crockett.*

Jeanie Callander.

Chapter I.

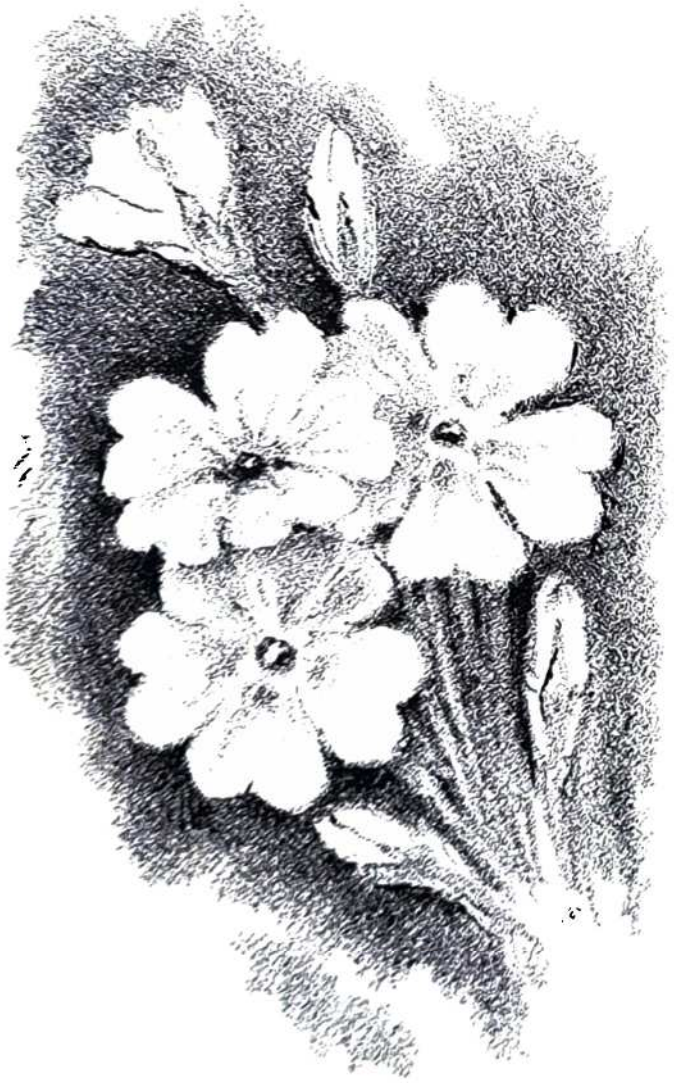
"IT'S Jeanie Callander this, and Jeanie Callander that; who is this Jeanie Callander?" That is what visitors used to say when they had been staying with any of the families in the village for a day or two. But if they stayed a month, or even a fortnight, they talked about her as much as we did, and when they went away, one of the last things they did was to tell Jeanie they would be glad if she would spend her holidays with them. It would not be easy to tell exactly what it was that made everybody love her. But everybody did love her, from the little children at school almost as old as herself, who asked her to tell them how to lift the stitches they had dropped in their knitting, to the old woman ten times her age whose errands she was always willing to run. It was Jeanie, Tom Drew the carter told me, that kept him from becoming a drunkard. He was going into the public-house for the third time one day when Jeanie came up and said: "Mr Drew, your Maggie is dux to-day, and is wearying for night for you to see her with the medal round her neck." (There was a medal with a blue ribbon in our school—it never occurred to us in those days to ask what it was made of, it was a medal and that was enough—which the dux carried home at night.) "Maggie is going to be a great scholar." Tom stood a minute and

then turned. He never entered a public-house again.

It was the same wherever Jeanie went. If she came into a railway carriage people who had been sitting gloomy and silent instantly brightened up and talked.

But it is one day I wish to speak of, a day in April long ago. She

and the other girls had done their sums in the play-ground before starting for home. The rest of their lessons were unusually easy that night. On her way a thought suddenly came into her mind. Her uncle from Glasgow was returning next day. He had been telling them one night about the dreadful High Street and the Infirmary, and the pale, sad faces he saw at the windows every time he passed to and from his work. There were no "flower missions" in those days, but it occurred to Jeanie that a basketful of primroses, of which the woods were then full, might please the patients. So home she ran and getting her own and their mothers' consent, went out with two of her companions, Annie Macfie and Barbara Gow. They were home by seven and then made up a hundred and one little nosegays. Next morning these were handed in to the porter with a line written by Jeanie's uncle — "From Jeanie Callander, with her love."



Chapter II.

Susie Mason was very ill. She came from a miserable home in Meuse Lane. Six weeks before, a snowdrop had somehow found its way into the ward. It was put in a cup. Every patient got keeping it half-an-hour as long as it lasted. Poor snowdrop! "You're dying too," Susie had said to it, and then one day it disappeared and the ward was duller. Susie had only had one other experience in connection with flowers, and it too had saddened her. She had once seen "the handsomest woman in Glasgow" step out of her carriage in the Cowcaddens, with a bouquet of roses in her hand. It was like a vision of heaven, and poor Susie, then only seven, had said before she knew it—"Oh—h—h, you might give me one!" but though "the handsomest woman" only glanced at her for the fraction of a moment, there was so much contempt in the glance that Susie blushed years after whenever she thought of it. And the lady, I am glad, blushed too.

The primroses made a wonderful sensation, and they seemed to know

it! For they looked brighter the second day than they did the first. It looked as if the sun were shining on every bed and every window sill in the room. Susie was specially glad. Nurse Ramsay had given her the little slip of paper—'From Jeanie Callander, with her love.' Who this could be, no one could tell her. The patients thought from the way the nosegays were made up that she must be a great lady. Susie thought no, but said only this —"If ever you see her, nurse, will you thank her for me?" A day or two before she died, when the nurse read to her the passage that says 'the city was pure gold,' poor Susie said, "Maybe it will be like the place where the primroses grew."

Chapter III.

Jeanie Callender, strange to say, had forgotten what her uncle had said about the Infirmary till she herself had lain in it nine weeks. Her sufferings had been very great. The operation for which she had been brought there had been successful beyond expectation, and her recovery was now only a question of time. One day as she talked with the nurse she asked her to tell her about all the people who had lain in that bed, and the nurse, only too glad to oblige one who had been the cheeriest and most grateful patient she had ever seen, promised to look up her diary—she was, fortunately, a most orderly woman —and tell her all she could. As she went through the list, she came to the name, "Susie Mason," and almost before she knew it, she had read out the words—"Desired me, if ever I met her, to thank Jeanie Callander for primroses." Then, in one instant, everything came back into the memory of both, and as they talked their eyes filled with tears.

That night at worship Nurse Ramsay gave out the 41st Psalm:

Blessed is he that wisely doth
  The poor man's case consider;
For when the time of trouble is,
  The Lord will him deliver.

God will give strength when he on bed
  Of languishing doth mourn;
And in his sickness sore, O Lord,
  Thou all his bed wilt turn.

The forenoon Jeanie left for home old Mrs. Gibson, whose bed was next to hers, who had been a different woman ever since Jeanie

came, said, "Good-bye, Jeanie, I'll see Susie to-day, and I'll tell her."

And before Jeanie was well past the Barony Church, as she went down the High Street waving her handkerchief from the cab to the patients who filled the windows, Mrs. Gibson had begun to fulfil her promise.

A THIEF once excused himself to Demosthenes by saying, "I did not know it was yours." "But you did know," said Demosthenes, "that it was not yours."

A GREEK philosopher once remarked that no man ever squandered a fortune which he had made himself; it was always that which was inherited from another that was wasted.

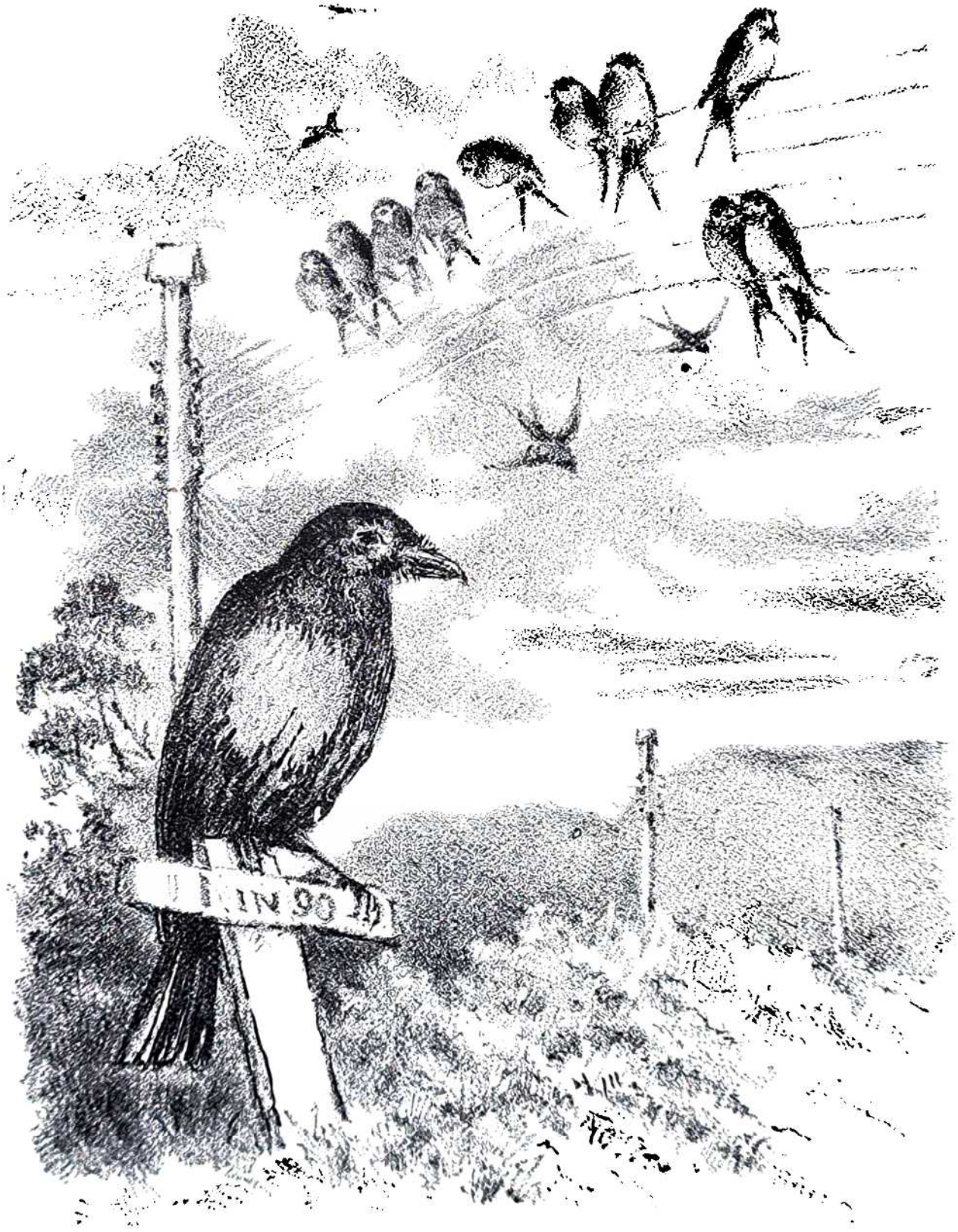
CHILON, who lived about the time of Daniel, 600 B.C., one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, said the three hardest things to do were, "To keep secrets, to make a good use of leisure, and to bear being wronged."

MRS ELIZABETH FRY, a famous Quaker lady, one of the best friends that prisoners ever had, was once asked what, in her experience, women under sentence of death seemed to think about most. Her reply was, "I grieve to say that commonly a woman's chief thought relates to her appearance on the scaffold and the dress in which she is to be hanged."

A SPARTAN woman had five sons who were serving as soldiers. Expecting the issue of a battle, she went out of the city to get the news as soon as possible. When the answer was given to her inquiry, that all her sons were killed, she exclaimed, "I was not asking about them, but how my country has fared." "It is victorious," they replied. "Then," said she, "I am content to hear even of the death of my sons."

AT Shiloh, where one of the most desperate battles of the American Civil War was fought, 6th April, 1862, victory inclined the first day to the side of the Confederates. Only one point was still showing fight—a hill crowned with artillery. "One more charge, my men," cried General Bragg, "and we will capture them all." But at that very moment an officer came from General Beauregard with this message: "The General directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete." "When was there a victory ever sufficiently complete?" demanded Bragg; but all in vain. The pursuit was stopped, and next day the Federals under Grant renewed the battle and forced the Confederates finally to retreat.

ONE of the Emperors of Delhi, having heard of the renown of Malik Muhammad, a poet, sent for him to Court. He came—a man of genius, but a weaver by trade—poor, mean in aspect, with a grotesque face and



eyes that squinted. The Emperor broke into a loud laugh of ridicule at the unprepossessing appearance of the man, upon which Malik Muhammad said, gravely and sweetly, "Do you laugh, oh my lord! at the Creator, or at what He has created?" *Sir E. Arnold—India Revisited.*

MOST of us have a "proudest moment" in our life; it lasts a moment and no more. Sir John Dodswell the great engineer's proudest moment was when he said "1 in 90" before a Parliamentary Committee. He had been under cross-examination all day, and had passed through it triumphantly. He had shown himself not only a great engineer, but a most capable witness. "One more question," Lord Redesdale had said: "your gradient at the summit will be——?" "1 in 90." "That will do, Mr Dodswell; the Committee are satisfied." He was only six-and-twenty then, but more than one great lawyer said as he left the witness stand, "That young man's fortune is made."

Often in later years when honours and fame had come to him he would tell that story to his friends. And sometimes his wife would say, as she watched him sitting by the fire and saw the little dimple of satisfaction that no other could have seen, "Confess, dear, that you are thinking of '1 in 90;'" and looking up and smiling he would say, "I *was* thinking of it, I must own, a little ago, but at present I am thinking of 'one in a thousand,' and that's you!"

Sir John is dead now, and his engineering feats have been all eclipsed. I thought "1 in 90" had been clean forgotten. But as I passed a band of plate-layers one day last autumn I heard the old familiar phrase, "1 in 90." "Ah," I said to the foreman, for I liked Sir John, "I hear you are talking about '1 in 90.' Did you know Sir John Dodswell?" "Never heard of him, sir. We were only saying that we never pass that board without seeing a crow on it. It's a favourite perch with them, sir." Yes, I thought, *sic transit gloria mundi*, so passes this world's glory.

And we know the present as little as we do the past. For example, those swallows on the telegraph wires were as happy as could be. Summer had come at last, and they were building castles in the air. A thought of sorrow never crossed their minds. Yet, even as they sat there, the messengers of evil were not far off. Along the lowest wire the news was speeding to Marjory Ballantyne that her sailor lover had been lost at sea; the wire above it was directing a Scotland Yard detective to apprehend at Southampton a widow's only son who had committed forgery; while the topmost one of all, at the same moment, was transmitting the names of ten soldiers killed in an ambush among the hills of Northern India.

An unseen world, past, present, and to come, is ever nearer than we think, and, if we only knew it, there is no spot on earth that has not a history and that is not holy ground.

1	S	In an hour that ye think not the Son of Man cometh.—*Luke 12, 40.*
2	M	Mine enemies are lively.—*Psalm 38, 19.*
3	Tu	Why sleep ye?—*Luke 22, 46.* Colonel Malleson says there are but two instances on record in which a surprised army defeated the surprisers.
4	W	Rise
5	Th	And pray.
6	F	Satan hath desired to have you,
7	S	But I have prayed for thee.—*Luke 22, 31.*
8	S	On the Lord's side.—*Ex. 32, 26.*
9	M	If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him:
10	Tu	If we deny Him, He also will deny us.—*2 Tim. 2, 12.*
11	W	Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom.—*Matt. 7, 21.* "After the battle of Mudki, 1845, when Sir H. Gough passed down the line, and the colours dropped and the men cheered, an officer commanding a native regiment, whose men had fled during the night and only just turned up, stepped out and said, 'Sir, these cheers of my men are not worth having; only a few of the regiment were with me during the fight.'"
12	Th	I never knew you.—*Matt. 7, 23.*
13	F	Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations,
14	S	And I appoint unto you a kingdom.—*Luke 22, 28.*
15	S	Making void the Word of God.—*Mark 7, 13 (R. V.)*
16	M	The letter killeth.—*2 Cor. 3, 6.* "A man who looks on glass On it may stay his eye, Or, if he pleases, through it pass, And then the heavens espy."
17	Tu	Understandest thou what thou readest?—*Acts 8, 30.*
18	W	Seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive.—*Matt. 13, 14.*
19	Th	Thou knowest not that thou art blind.—*Rev. 3, 17.*
20	F	I went and washed, and I received sight.—*John 9, 11.*
21	S	Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.—*Is. 33, 17.*
22	S	Rich toward God.—*Luke 12, 21.*
23	M	Durable riches.—*Prov. 8, 18.*
24	Tu	The unsearchable riches of Christ.—*Eph. 3, 8.* Anacharsis, a Scythian prince who came to Greece in search of knowledge, being asked what the Greeks did with their money, replied, "They count it."
25	W	Where thieves do not break through nor steal.—*Matt. 6, 20.* An ancient Greek, having received from a friend a large sum of money, lay awake two nights thinking of it. After this he returned it, saying, "It did not pay for the anxiety."
26	Th	Thy pound hath gained ten pounds.—*Luke 19, 16.*
27	F	He shall receive an hundred-fold.—*Matt. 19, 29.*
28	S	The things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?—*Luke 12, 20 (R. V.)*
29	S	Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone.—*Ex. 34, 29.*
30	M	Samson wist not that the Lord was departed from him.—*Judg. 16, 20.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

May, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

WE were at our Geography lesson, and had just drawn a map of France on the blackboard from memory, each one doing a little bit in his turn. Our master was telling us about Avignon, where the popes lived 500 years ago, and about the dungeon in which they kept their prisoners, and how one poor man had comforted himself in it by writing, in letters still to be read, the name of Christ—when a visitor came in. He waited till the lesson was over, and then, before going, offered a prize of two shillings to the best speller. He dictated about forty words, and then we changed slates with one another, and marked each word right or wrong as the master went slowly over the list. The word that puzzled most of us was "subtle." When the master bade those who had no mistakes stand out in the middle of the floor, only two went, Sally Macintosh and Jack Wotherspoon. When Jack's slate was looked at, it was found that he had "subtil" for "subtle," and further that it was Sally who had marked it right. "That is the way, sir, it is in the 3rd of Genesis." That was one of the chapters she had read with her mother, now dead, and she well remembered being told to be wise as a serpent, but never subtil. The rush of holy memories came over her for a moment, and the master, mistaking her silence, and annoyed at the failure of his pupils, ordered her to the foot of her class. Sally had written "subtle" all right herself, but her slate was never looked at, and the prize was divided between Wotherspoon and a girl whose only mistake had been in "ecstasy."

It was the only time in five months that Sally had not gone home dux, and the more vexing that it was her last day at school. For when she got home, there was her father from Calcutta, a week sooner than was expected! He was very proud and fond of his motherless daughter, and had spoken so much about her to his owners that they, guessing his wish, had, contrary to their rule, gladly offered to let her go a voyage with him. And now to think she had left school booby! and all because she knew so much, and remembered her mother's words.

It was wonderful how many people asked her what her place in school was when she left it, and nobody ever allowed her to explain! The last greeting her father got as he parted from the senior partner was —"now mind, Captain, that you give Sally some lessons every day; with no other in the class she should have a chance of getting to the top!"

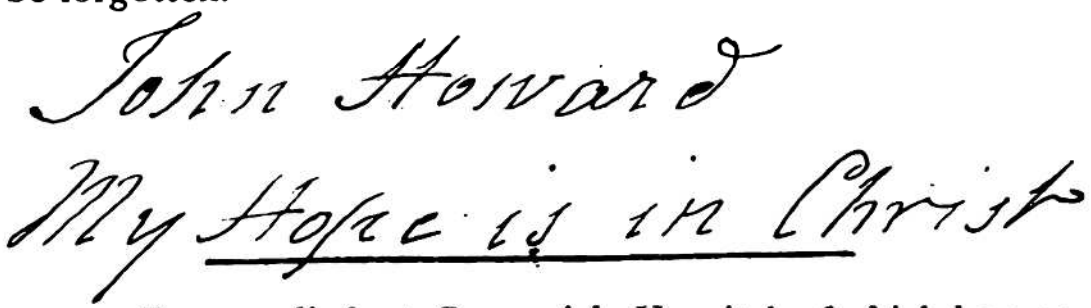
Sally was married last year to the junior partner's eldest son, and they were a handsome couple. The most of the crowd who watched her going off were silent with wonder and delight. But I heard Kate Brock, who married, with her eyes open, a lazy ne'er-do-well, say, "My! to think of Sally Macintosh getting a captain, and when she left the school she was at the bottom of our class." So the serpent and his brood are as cruel and subtil as ever, and never less to be trusted than when they literally speak the truth!

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 41.)

At the age of 64

JOHN HOWARD, the philanthropist, died, 1790. Before his time our prisons were the abodes of disease and wickedness of every kind. Gaolers had no salaries, and made their living by the fees they extorted from the prisoners, and the drink they were allowed to sell them. In the course of the inquiries which he made, at a cost of £30,000 to himself, he travelled over 50,000 miles, note-book in hand, visiting prisons, hospitals, lazarettos, workhouses, in every country in Europe, and exposing himself voluntarily to every kind of risk by sea and land. Before setting out on his last journey, he wrote these words: "Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious and deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrow circle of a retired life. The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London." And so he found it. For while attending a lady suffering from typhus fever in Southern Russia, he was himself stricken by it, and so "died a martyr after living an apostle." "Give me no monument," he said, "but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."



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SIR W. EDWARD PARRY died at Greenwich Hospital, of which he was lieutenant-governor, Sabbath, 8th July, 1855. He was one of that illustrious band of Arctic explorers whose names you will find far north in your maps of America. When he was five years old he was discovered one day sitting astride a large globe in a friend's library. "What, Edward," said his hostess, "are you riding on the globe?" "Yes," he said, "and *how* I should like to go round it." When he was twenty-seven, the postcript of a letter he had written about his desire to engage in exploring work—"Hot or cold is all one to me, Africa or the Pole"—attracted the attention of the Admiralty and led to his first expedition northward. He made five voyages of discovery in all, and though he was not permitted to unfurl at the North Pole itself the silk ensign which his wife had worked for him before their marriage, he added much to the world's knowledge, and did many brave deeds. He was from his earliest youth truthful and accurate in all he did and said. He refused, when he was eighteen, to imitate

At the age of 65

the example of some of his companions, who overstated their ages by a few months, and so allowed them to be made lieutenants before him. He was methodical in all he did; priding himself, for example, in being able to tell his wife, when he set sail in the Hecla in 1827, that, in spite of all he had had to do, he had not left a single letter unanswered. But he was above all a godly man, serving Christ night and day, and striving by all means, wherever he was, to bring his men to the knowledge of God. He was full of fun, too, and played the violin well. A few hours before he died, he was overheard saying—"The chariots and horses!"

Rear-Admiral Sir W. Edward Parry.

At the age of 65

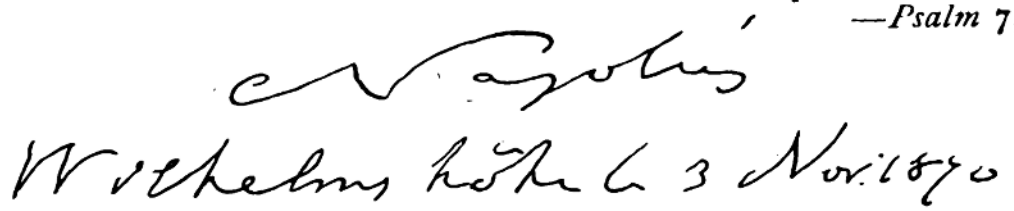
NAPOLEON III. died in exile, in England, 9th January, 1873. His life is as strange a chapter in the book of Providence as can be found in human history. By perjury and murder he became Emperor of France in 1852. For eighteen years Europe listened, trembling, for every word that he might speak. And in one hour his judgment came. Led on by his wife, the Empress Eugenie—whose name one is grieved and ashamed to read so often in connection with the Queen's--who was herself the tool of the Pope and the Roman Catholic priests, and led on by the people, whose morals the ungodly example of his own Court had done nothing to improve, he declared war against Prussia, 15th July, 1870. His army was believed to be the finest in Europe. Everything was ready, "ready," said Leboeuf, one of his marshals, "to the last button on the soldiers' gaiters." Six weeks after, on the 2nd September, after a series of terrible disasters, the Emperor, who was in such bodily agony that he had to paint his face to conceal his sufferings, surrendered with 83,000 men to the Prussians at Sedan. Thereafter, till the conclusion of peace, he was confined in Wilhelmshöhe Castle, in Germany. On 4th September, the Republic was proclaimed in Paris, the Empress had fled, the mob were ransacking her rooms and reading her letters, while in the streets men were dragging her husband's statue through the mud and chipping the N's from the buildings erected during his reign.

I must tell you one incident that is little known. One of the men murdered by Napoleon in 1850 was a deputy named Baudin. It was known that Baudin had many admirers, and in order to entrap them the chief of the Emperor's police, very cleverly as he imagined, got up a celebration in Baudin's honour. The men who attended it were seized and brought to trial, and it was in defending them that Gambetta, who was to do so much for the overthrow of the Empire, first became known.

He made a pit and digged it deep,
Another there to take;
But he is fallen into the ditch
Which he himself did make.

Upon his own head his mischief
Shall be returned home;
His violent dealing also down
On his own pate shall come.

—*Psalm* 7, 15.



65 MRS. JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE, wife of Thomas Carlyle, died during her husband's absence in Scotland, whither he had gone to be installed as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. She was descended from John Knox. There have been few more accomplished women in modern times, and there has been no more brilliant letter writer. "In her bright existence," says her epitaph in Haddington Churchyard, "she had more sorrows than are common. For forty years, by act and word, she unweariedly forwarded her husband, as none else could, in all of worthy, that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life, as if gone out."

At the age of 65

The manner of her death was somewhat remarkable. While driving in Hyde Park she put out her dog to run. A passing carriage went over its foot, and, more frightened than hurt, it lay on the road on its back crying. She sprang out, caught the dog in her arms, took it with her into the brougham; and a few minutes after was found sitting with her hands folded on her lap, *dead*. The shock had killed her.

Young people don't understand how a little thing like that can cause death, because they don't know how frail old people are. Perhaps some of you grumble a little at being told by some old friend or neighbour not to make so much noise when you play, and not to talk so loud, or slam the doors so violently; you put it down to their ill-nature. You will know the reason, if God spare you, forty years after this; and you'll be sorry.

Song of the Water Ousel.

My home is on the rivers
That run among the hills,
Through all the sloping valleys,
Down all the moorland rills.

But clear must be the waters
As they glide and rush along,
And the woodlands must be lonely
That hearken to my song.

We keep our music sounding
When other birds are still,
Singing, singing, evermore,
At our own sweet will.

And when the primrose opens
Its soft and steady eye,
We then begin our nesting,
My merry wife and I.

We choose some bank o'erhanging,
And weave a wondrous dome,
Where she can hear the waters,
And watch the sparks of foam.

And all the days of summer
We dive into its breast ;
And we rout among the pebbles
And feed the teeming nest.

And we love to see the shimmer
As it rushes overhead,
And we flutter in the noises
That gurgle from its bed ;

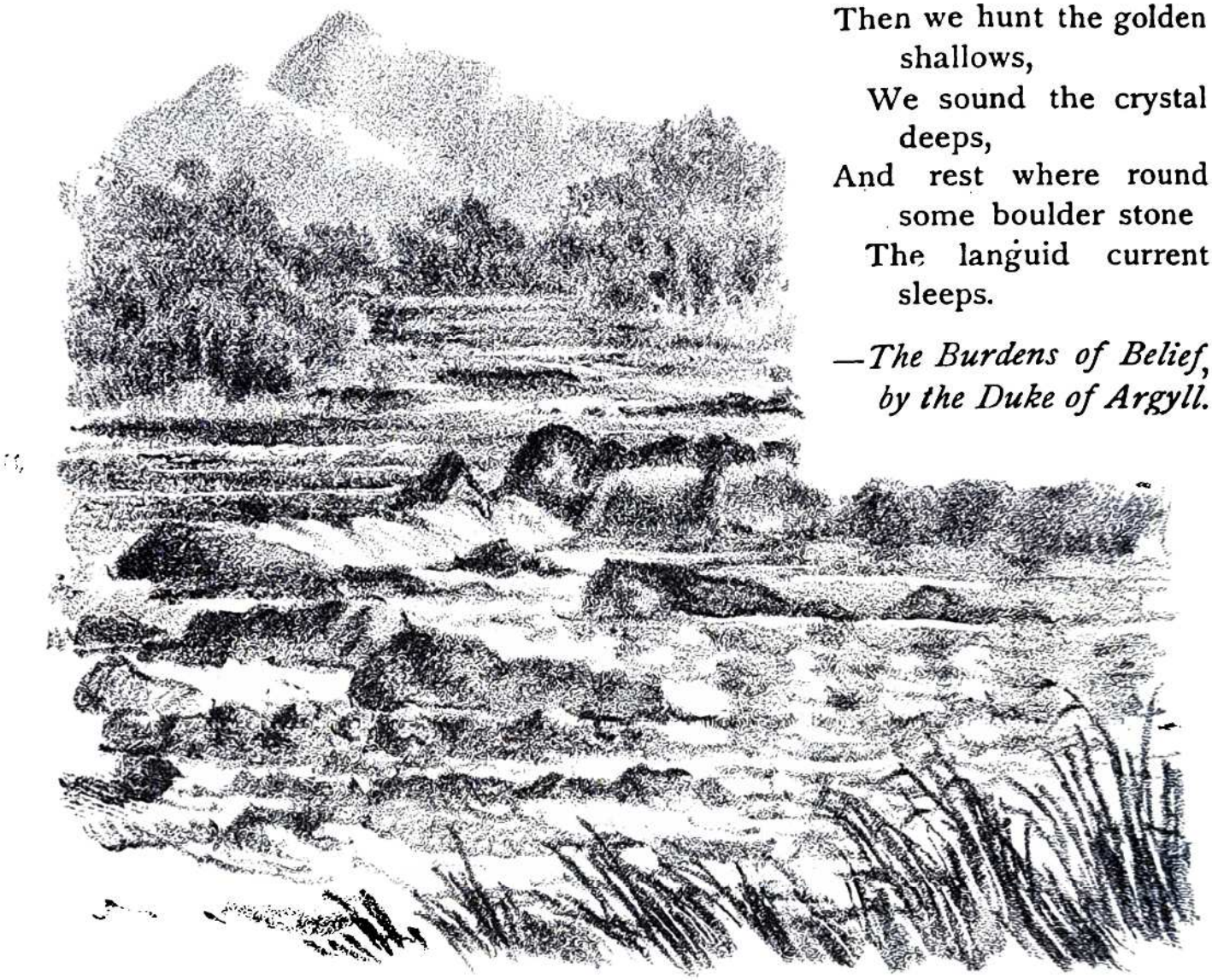
And we scatter little cataracts
That tumble through our wings,
When we shake the drops from off us
In a shower of silver rings.

And when we see the movings
Of little wings that strive,
We never need to teach them
Or how to swim or dive.

For the music of the river
Has taught them ere we know,
As came their glossy feathers,
As came their breasts of snow.

For the pleasant river loved them
Before they left the nest ;
It laves them in its ripples,
It bears them on its breast.

And from its banks of blaeberry
The tall, white stalks of grass
Bend down their plumes to watch us
And cheer us as we pass.



Then we hunt the golden shallows,
We sound the crystal deeps,
And rest where round some boulder stone
The languid current sleeps.

—*The Burdens of Belief, by the Duke of Argyll.*

Bunsen's Extinguisher.

BARON BUNSEN was Prussian Ambassador at Rome and afterwards at London. He was also a great scholar. The extinguisher which he used was a hollow metal figure of a Jesuit with his arms folded, and Bunsen's great delight was to put him on a candlestick and imagine him to say, as the smoke rose round him, "I thank God I have extinguished a light."

I BELIEVE the Reformation to have been the greatest incident in English history; the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon race over the globe, and imprinted the English genius and character on the constitution of mankind. —*Froude.*

MARGARET AITKEN, an Annandale farmer's wife, and my mother's mother, of small possessions, though of large

and faithful soul, had by strenuous industry and thrift, saved for herself twenty complete shillings—an actual £1 note, wholly her own, to do what she liked with!—and was much concerned to lay it up in some place of absolute safety against a rainy day. She tried anxiously all her boxes, drawers, a cunning hole in the wall, various places, but found none satisfactory, and was heard ejaculating, to the amusement of her young daughters, who never forgot it, "They have trouble that hae the world, and trouble that haena't!"—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—Psalm 103, 2.

Benefits in Eternity.—The Lord thinketh upon me.—*Psalm 40, 17.* While as yet He had not made the earth, I was daily His delight, and My delight was with the sons of men.—*Proverbs 8, 26-31 (R. V.)* He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world.—*Eph. 1, 4.*

In Time.—To our first parents. And God created man in His own image.—*Genesis 1, 27.* Jesus, the son of Joseph, ... the son of Adam, the son of God.—*Luke 3, 38.*

To our Unknown Ancestors.—The God of our fathers.—*Acts 3, 13.* He commanded our fathers that they should make known His wonderful works to their children, that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children.—*Psalm 78, 5.*

To the Ancestors whom we have Known.—The unfeigned faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois.—*2 Timothy, 1, 5.*

To Ourselves.

Our Parents.—The God of my father.—*Ex. 18, 4.* O Lord, I am the son of thine handmaid.—*Psalm 116, 16.* "Before I was five, my father deserted us all, mother and five children. I therefore never knew my father, but have only heard of him, and I have often, in my early days, wondered how a boy felt when talking to his father or asking him for anything. When I heard Mr Burgess's son call him 'Father,' I used to cry. It seemed to me one of the highest privileges a boy could have to be able to use that endearing word, and I had no one so to name."—*T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

Our Bodies.—Before I formed thee, I knew thee.—*Jer. 1, 5.* Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and knit me together with bones and sinews. Thou hast granted me life and favour.—*Job 10, 11.* There are two or three people in London so terribly disfigured in face that they are shut up in a hospital, and are not allowed to appear in the streets, or see anybody but the doctor.

Our Senses.

Sight.—1 person in every 1,000 is blind.

"He ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child."

—*Wordsworth's "Blind Highland Boy."*

Good Sight.—"I was never able to indulge in the luxury of a *good stare.* I never saw the expression on the face of any one I spoke to. I began life very much in the state of persons who have been operated on for cataract, with the additional disqualification that I had only one eye to rely upon."—*Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Robert Lowe).*

Hearing.—1 in every 1,700 is deaf.

Good Hearing.—"Yesterday I took my longest walk this year. But, alas! I cannot hear the birds singing round me. The deathlike silence of our walks was painful to me. But I hoped to help my dull ears by using my ear-trumpet. It was of no use to me. Not a bird could I hear though scores were singing. I was thankful, however, to hear, on my way back, the cawing of the rooks."—*Prof. Sedgwick the Geologist.*

Smell.—The poet Wordsworth had no sense of smell. Neither had Dean Stanley, except once when, passing through a pine wood in the Alps after a shower, he had what he took to be the sense of smell for half-an-hour, and, said he, "it was like Paradise."

The Use of our Limbs.—"This is Jess's window. For more than twenty years she had not been able to go as far as the door, and only once while I knew her was she ben the room. With her husband Hendry, or their daughter Leeby, to lean upon, and her hand clutching her staff, she took twice a day when she was strong the journey between her bed and the window, where stood her chair. 'The thinkin' o' Sam'l Fletcher's case,' she said to me once, 'is ane o' the things that maks me awfu' thankfu' for the lenient way the Lord has aye dealt wi' me; for Sam'l couldna move oot o' the chair, aye sleepin' in't at nicht, an' I can come and gang between mine an' my bed. What a glory it would hae been to him if he could hae gone frae one end o' the kitchen to the other.'"—*"A Window in Thrums."*

All our Senses.—There are some who are blind and deaf and dumb. There is one, a man, in Greenock. Laura Bridgman, a famous American teacher of the blind and deaf, who died 24th May, 1889, was blind and deaf and dumb, subject to fits, without sense of smell, and, therefore, also with little sense of taste.

Food.—"15th June, 1884.—I served to most of the party their part of the oil-tainted skin that covered the sleeping-bag, roasted or boiled as each wished, but we are not able to eat now."—*Greely's Arctic Diary.* "Henry told before his death that I had eaten a lot of sealskin; yet, though I am a dying man, I deny the assertion. I only ate my own boots and a pair of old pants."—*Schneider's Diary on the same Expedition.*

Reason.—There was shown to the Medical Congress at Rome three weeks ago a man who had almost no sense of touch, and was, besides, a homicidal maniac. 1 in every 400 is insane or imbecile.

Salvation.—Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—*Gal. 2, 20,*

The Future.—Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And yet this was a small thing in Thine eyes, O God; for Thou hast also spoken of Thy servant's house for a great while to come, and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God.—*1 Chron. 17, 17.* Neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Rom. 8, 38.*

Death.—Jesus Christ hath abolished death.—*2 Tim. 1, 10.*

Influence after Death. — I will make thy name great.—*Gen. 12, 2.* The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the master of assemblies.—*Eccl. 12, 11.* He opened the rock, and waters gushed out . . . . for He remembered His holy word and Abraham His servant.—*Psalm 105, 42.*

The Resurrection.—This corruptible must put on incorruption.—*1 Cor. 15, 53.* We shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.—*1 Thess. 4, 17.*

The Judgment Day.—Boldness in the day of judgment.—*1 John 4, 17.* Know ye not that we shall judge angels?—*1 Cor. 6, 3.*

Eternity to come.—Joint-heirs with Christ.—*Rom. 8, 17.* To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.—*Rev. 3, 21.* And so shall we ever be with the Lord.—*1 Thess. 4, 17.*

O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders Thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone:
In order none can reckon them
To Thee: if them declare
And speak of them I would, they more
Than can be number'd are.

—*Ps. 40, 5.*

1	Tu	To-day, if ye will hear His voice.—*Ps. 95, 7.*
2	W	While it is called to-day.—*Heb. 3, 13.*
3	Th	Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord.—*Exodus 32, 29.*
4	F	Go work to-day.—*Matt. 21, 28.* "To-day, to-day, to-day"—the motto on Mr. Ruskin's seal.
5	S	Every day will I bless Thee.—*Ps. 145, 2.*
6	S	In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—*Gen. 1, 1.*
7	M	And God said, Let us make man.—*v. 26.*
8	Tu	The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground.—*ch. 4, 10.* 100 years ago to-day, during the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution, Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, was guillotined with twenty-seven others in Paris. "And so fell in a moment," said Lagrange, the great mathematician, the next day, "a head which a hundred years may not suffice to reproduce." He was fifty years of age. A physician named Hallé pleaded for his life on account of his great discoveries. "The Republic," was the answer, "does not need learned men." Lavoisier was helped in his work by his wife. She married again in 1805, but made it a condition that she was to retain her first husband's name. Lavoisier was the first to use the words oxygen and hydrogen. A man whom he dissuaded from suicide survived to 1850.
9	W	The blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin.—*1 John 1, 7.*
10	Th	The earth is full of Thy mercy.—*Ps. 119, 64.*
11	F	He is the Governor among the nations.—*Ps. 22, 28.*
12	S	I saw a new heaven and a new earth.—*Rev. 21, 1.*
13	S	Elijah requested for himself that he might die.—*1 Kings 19, 4.*
14	M	And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way.—*v. 15.*
15	Tu	There remaineth a Sabbath rest.—*Heb. 4, 9 (R. V.)*
16	W	Many of His disciples walked no more with Him.—*John 6, 66.*
17	Th	Would ye also go away?—*v. 67 (R. V.)*
18	F	Intreat me not to leave thee.—*Ruth 1, 16.*
19	S	Strengthen me.—*Psalm 119, 28.* "Tell Dangier that I can never respect an officer who resigns in time of war."—*Napoleon.*
20	S	Though our outward man is decaying *(R. V.)*,
21	M	Yet our inward man is renewed day by day.—*2 Cor. 4, 16.*
22	Tu	They go from strength to strength.—*Ps. 84, 7.*
23	W	Transformed from glory to glory.—*2 Cor. 3, 18 (R. V.)* "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows"—a line of Michael Angelo's quoted by Lady Augusta Stanley when dying.
24	Th	The body increaseth with the increase of God.—*Col. 2, 19.*
25	F	The measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—*Eph. 4, 13.*
26	S	Death is swallowed up in victory.—*1 Cor. 15, 54.*
27	S	One sinner destroyeth much good.—*Eccl. 9, 18.*
28	M	That man perished not alone in his iniquity.—*Josh. 22, 20.*
29	Tu	Where is thy brother?—*Gen. 4, 9.*
30	W	Remember the Lord,
31	Th	And fight for your brethren.—*Neh. 4, 14.* At Maya, 1813, Col. Winchester, of the 92nd regiment, said, "If I retire, what is to become of the 50th?"

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

June, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

My obliged friend
Eliz[a] Fry

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.

"Honour thy Father and Mother."

I REMEMBER well a dear little girl many years ago, and a simple but pointed question she put on this passage of scripture—a passage that, I am sure, is familiar to every boy and girl who reads these pages. This little girl was only thirteen years old. She had been wise beyond her years, for the light of the Spirit of God had early begun to shine in that young heart. And wherever He shines there is wisdom.

She had been ill, and at the time I speak of, was on her deathbed, and she knew it. She had been turning over in her mind these comforting words, "Honour thy father and mother," and knowing that her end was at hand she asked her mother what was the meaning of these next words, "that thy days may be long in the land." "Sure, I've always honoured you and father, and why should I be called away so soon, mother?"

Her mother's only answer was a flood of tears, and an acknowledgment of her loving obedience, which, she assured her, would have its reward at God's own faithful hand.

The Apostle Paul must have seen the same difficulty as this little girl. For when he is reminding the boys and girls at Ephesus of this same old commandment, he adds these less perplexing words, "that it may be well with thee." There is a pith in that little Saxon word, 'well,' that needs no long explanation.

You remember how Elisha asked of the heart-broken Shunammite mother, "Is it well . . . with the child?" and she answered, of her boy even then lying dead at home, "It is well."

"*Honour thy father and mother, that it may be well with thee.*"

But, even in a literal sense, are not her days long in the land? It is thirty years since she died, but her words still live, and as long as they live, or the influence of them lives, she will live too, and in many other ways besides, being dead will yet speak.

I wish to tell you about another, a man, who honoured his mother, and though he was twice that little girl's age, was still young when he died this month ten years ago. He was one of the nineteen out of the twenty-five all told who perished in the famous American Arctic Expedition. When he was dying he rose half out of his sleeping-bag, holding a picture of his wife and mother. This he continually looked at and frequently kissed. His last words were, "Mother, Wife." "I believe," says his commander who tells the story, "that his intense desire to return home and see his wife and mother again made him live longer than he otherwise could have done."

His name was Serjeant Hampden S. Gardiner. I hope you will give him, too, a place in your memory. One other incident will help to show you the man he was. He and his comrades on the last of their disastrous marches were restricted by their commander to 8 lbs. each of luggage. The others took only clothing with them; Gardiner in his little bundle took a Bible.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 54.)

At the age of 65

Mrs Elizabeth Fry died 1845. "I can say one thing," she said to a friend shortly before her death: "since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

She will ever be remembered for what she did for women prisoners in England. Before she took an interest in them they were crowded together in jails, tried and untried, in rags and dirt, with no bedding, and only the floor to sleep on. They were allowed to do what they liked, and no man cared for their souls. Mrs Fry's heroism and gentleness, however, soon brought about a change.

"Two days ago," said a distinguished American, "I saw the greatest curiosity in London, aye and in England too, compared to which Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, nay, Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance. I have seen Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, and I have witnessed there the miraculous effect of true Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings."

Mrs Fry was a lady of gentle birth, and moved in the highest circles. When her young friends married she gave them invariably a Family Bible in the hope that they might observe family worship morning and evening. She had an interview once with the Queen, before she ascended the throne, and commended to her the example of King Josiah, "who began to seek after the Lord in the eighth year of his reign, while he was yet young."

65

John Hunter, one of the founders of modern scientific surgery, died in 1793. It was only in 1745 that the art of surgery was formally separated from that of the barber. The striped pole that we see suspended over a barber's shop was meant to represent a bandaged limb. Hunter grew up with little of what we call education. "When I was a boy," he tells us, "I wanted to know about the clouds and the grasses, and why the leaves changed colour in the autumn; I watched the ants, weeds, birds, tadpoles, and caddis worms. I pestered people with questions about what nobody knew or cared anything." When he was seventeen he could neither read nor write. At twenty he was merely a hand in a bankrupt joiner's shop in Glasgow. Then, at his wit's end, he wrote to his brother William in London, offering to assist him in his dissecting-room, otherwise he would become a soldier. His brother bade him come. All at once his genius began to show itself. Every moment and every penny he could spare he devoted to anatomy. He bought up all the wild beasts that died in menageries, and dissected and preserved them in various ways. We read of him borrowing five guineas to buy a dying tiger. When he was working he would stand immovable for hours as though he were nailed to the spot. It was "a delight to him to

At the age of 65

think." His death was a very touching one. Most of his colleagues disagreed with him, and regarded him only as an innovator. He was pleading with them one day for the admission of two of his country-men as students. He suffered from heart-disease. "My life," he used to say, "is in the hands of any rascal who chooses to annoy and tease me." While he was speaking he was rudely interrupted, and that happened which he had long foreseen. He had to retire to an adjoining room, and in a few moments he was dead. The specimens and preparations in his museum when he died numbered 10,563. They had cost him £70,000, and were finally bought by the Government for £15,000, though not without some demur on the part of Mr Pitt, who said—it was the time of our war with France—"I haven't money to buy gunpowder, and you ask me to buy anatomical preparations!"

1762 John Hunter

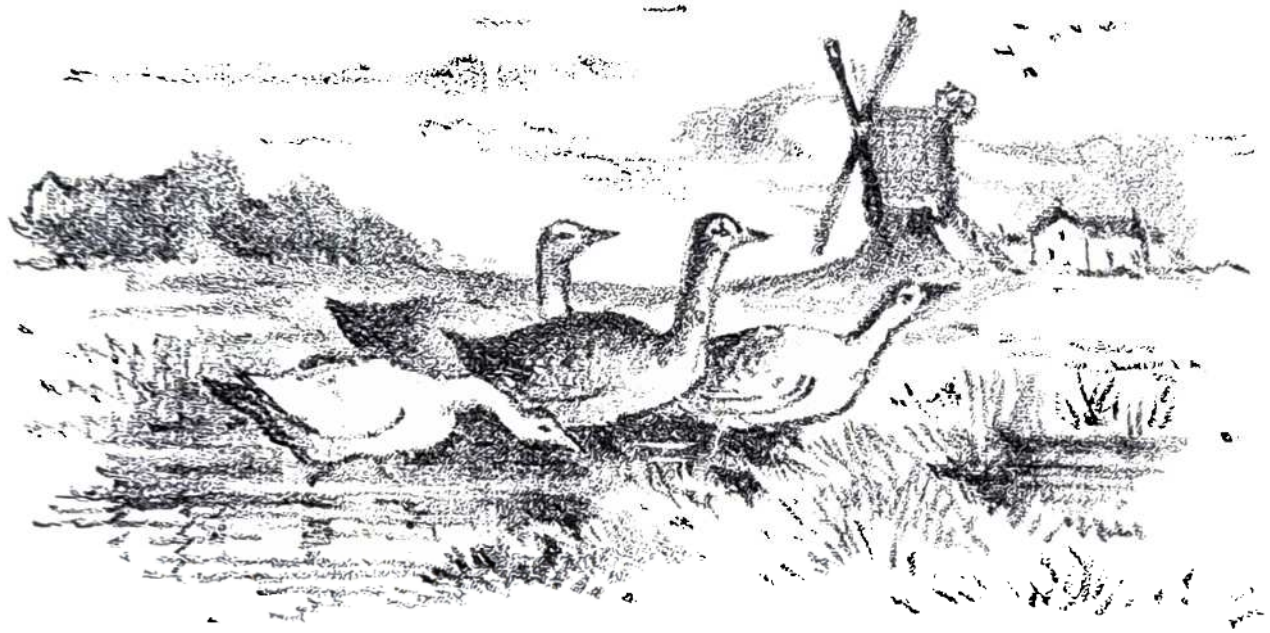
65 JOHN MILTON died, 8th Nov., 1674. The last of his descendents, a grand daughter, died in 1754.

65 MOLTKE became suddenly famous. When he died three years ago, at the age of ninety-one, he was honoured as one of the greatest warriors in history; "I have lost an army," was the exclamation of the young Emperor of Germany. Yet only eight-and-twenty years ago he was unknown. When he was thirty-one—and, as Bacon says, "one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour glass"—he wrote to his brother about his "insignificant fate in the world." Insignificant his fate seemed destined to be till he was almost "inducted into the order of old men." But he never ceased working and preparing for whatever God might ask him to do, and when the first great opportunity of his life came, he was found ready. In 1866 war broke out between Austria and Prussia, which at that time was only a second-rate European power. Your fathers and mothers and everybody else feared that Austria would win. But only a day or two had passed when the Austrian commander-in-chief, Benedek, telegraphed to the Emperor, "Make peace at any price; a disaster is inevitable." Before seven days of the campaign were gone the Prussians had won the great battle of Königgrätz, or Sadowa, as the Austrians call it, and the war was ended. Then, all at once, men began to talk of Moltke, the great general who knew seven languages, and "could be silent in them all."

65 ADMIRAL ADAM DUNCAN, lying off the Texel with his own flagship, the *Venerable*, 74 guns, and only one other vessel, the *Adamant*, 50, —the other ships of the British fleet had mutinied and refused to quit their anchorage at Yarmouth—heard that the whole Dutch fleet, fifteen sail of the line, was putting to sea. He summoned Captain

At the age of 65

Hotham of the *Adamant* on board, and told him to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel, and fight his vessel till she sank. "I have taken the depth of the water," he added, "and when the *Venerable* goes down, my flag will still fly." The Dutch, happily, were not quite ready for sea. Four months after, 11th Oct., 1797, he defeated them in the great battle of Camperdown. Duncan was of an almost gigantic size and strength, 6 ft. 4 in. in height, and so handsome in face and figure that admiring crowds often followed him when he walked through the streets.



ABOUT thirty years ago the firm of Messrs W. H. Smith & Son, then, as now, the greatest news-agents in the world—they use 17 miles of twine in tying parcels every day—received a command to supply one of the Royal Family with newspapers. One of the journals ordered was the "Observer," which was published on Sabbath morning. The command was complied with, but it was explained that, as Sabbath work was contrary to the rules of the firm, the "Observer" could not be supplied. This was followed by a visit from an indignant official, who seemed at a loss to understand how a regulation of a firm of news-agents could stand in the way of a Royal command; but even the threat of withdrawal of the whole order did not avail to cause a departure from the rules of the house. To this day, though Sabbath newspapers have greatly multiplied, those who desire them have to obtain them elsewhere than from the Messrs. Smith's agents. —*Life and Times of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P.*

"TELL your mother it is twenty-five minutes past ten."

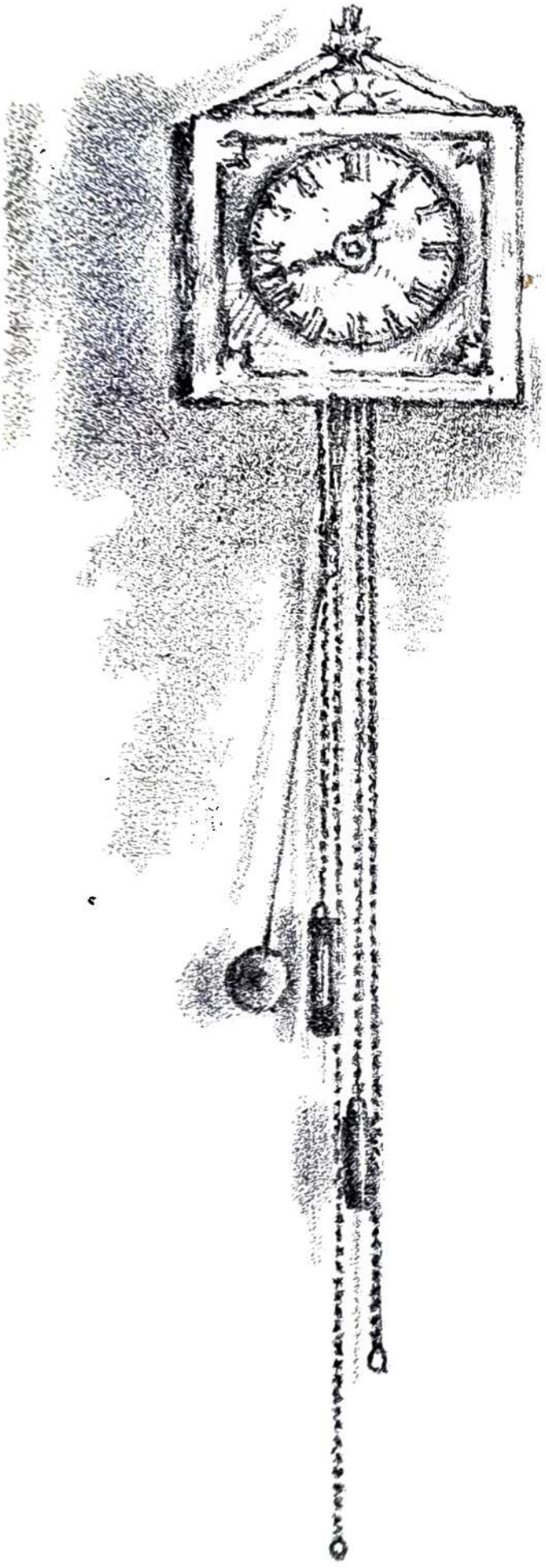
That was what Mrs Napier said to little Annie Ross the other day when she came to ask what o'clock it was. But she was so long of answering her that I naturally looked up at her face, and then at the clock, at which she was gazing with a somewhat annoyed and puzzled air. "Why!" I said, "Mrs Napier, your clock's all wrong!"

"No," she answered; "it's all right but the hands; it's my lodgers that are all wrong." And then she told me about them. There were three of them, nice, sober, obliging lads; always in by ten o'clock at night, in time for family worship, which they conducted turn about, and as willing to carry her coals and water as if she had been their mother. But they had been all so accustomed to see the clocks kept fast in their fathers' houses 'for fear they should sleep in in the morning,' that they had insisted on her altering her clock. And so one of them put it an hour fast, and the second three-quarters of an hour, and the third thirty-five minutes, so that they were in time for their work at six in the morning if they rose at a quarter to eight. "And it is like to put me out of my judgment whiles," said the poor old body; and little wonder! "I never was accustomed to that kind of thing," she added. "George prided himself all his days in keeping the clock right to a minute. I mind when the young Master of Bolton—him that's Lord Bolton now, and he had a great respect for George—was calling one day, he said, 'Mr. Napier, there are three men in the parish that speak the truth, but there's only one clock, and that's yours.'

"'Deed, Sir,' said George, 'and if a clock tells one lie, it must tell a lot, sixty every minute, and that's three thousand and six hundred, I'm thinking, every hour.' 'It's that at least,' said the Master—he was a great student, you know, and George often said he was very clever—'it must tell a lie every part of every moment, for a lie is a lie all through.' So you may imagine," added the poor woman, "that it's not with my will that the clock has to be kept two hours and twenty minutes fast. I'm sure it's a great sin."

For myself, I think old Mrs. Napier was right. A clock should be to us like the very voice of the Eternal.

I have read of a British statesman, a godly man, who kept his watch set at British time when travelling on the continent. In that way he could tell at any moment what his wife and children would likely be doing at home. One can approve of that. And I have myself known a man, a good man, who during an absence of several years from Scotland always kept Scotch time. One can almost approve of that too. "If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." At La Guayra, in Venezuela, South America, the Cathedral clock stood at 4.35 for sixty years. That was the hour of the great earthquake of 1812, by



which no less than 12,000 persons were engulfed or crushed. It was the finger of God that stopped the hands; it was a day to be remembered, "a day of the Lord to be much observed." There are times, too, when we may be pardoned for stopping the clock ourselves. In *The Little Minister* there is a story of a shepherd who was rescued with difficulty from his house in time of flood after his roof had fallen in. But presently, with the rope still tied to him, he went back at the risk of his life to stop the clock. Alike to him and to the man who saved him it seemed horrible to let a clock go on ticking in a deserted house. One can sympathize with feelings such as those. But, in all ordinary circumstances, a clock should be kept pointing to the right time.

And I hope that when the boys who read this grow up and need a watch, they will get a good one. Not a gold one, but a good silver one, that keeps time to a moment. And I hope they will not wear a gold chain! But this I say by permission, and not of commandment.

WHEN James II. asked the Duke of Somerset to bring in the Pope's Nuncio to a meeting of Council, he was reminded that that was a thing contrary to law. "But I am above the law," said the King. "That may be," answered Somerset, "but I am not."

The 1st of June.

THERE are 32,000 steamships and sailing vessels in the world of 100 tons register and upwards, and of these 12,000 carry the British flag. When you think of that, and when you read of the victories that British men-of-war have won at sea, remember what Mr. Froude the historian has said, that "Britain's sea power was the child of the Reformation. It grew directly out of Protestantism."

It is a hundred years this month since Lord Howe, the great sailor who was "silent and undaunted as a rock," won off Ushant, near Brest, the victory known in the navy ever since as that of "the glorious first of June." The French fleet consisted of twenty-six ships of the line, the British of twenty-five. The battle was decided in twenty minutes. Seven French ships were captured, and ten more dismasted.

One of Lord Howe's ships, the Marlborough, was for some time in great danger. Her captain was wounded, and the ship herself almost completely disabled. The word "surrender," it is said, had even been whispered. But at that moment, a cock, escaping from a hen-coop that had been broken by a shot, perched himself on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings, and crowed. In an instant three hearty cheers rang through the ship's company, and there was no more talk of surrender. The bird, one is pleased to know, lived to a good old age, and died at last at Plymouth in peace and honour!

The Defence was another British ship that suffered badly owing to her gallantry. Her three masts had been shot away, and when the Republicain, one of the enemy's largest three-deckers, was seen bearing down on her, one of her lieutenants, in a moment of fear, ran up to the quarter-deck and said to the captain with an oath, "Here is a whole mountain coming upon us, sir; what shall we do?" Captain Gambier, who was as much noted for his bravery as for his piety, unmoved, and looking gravely at him, said, in a solemn tone, "How dare you, sir, at this awful moment, come to me with an oath in your mouth? Go down, sir, and encourage your men to stand to their guns like brave British seamen."

One is sorry to read that in this battle, as apparently in every other, Trafalgar not excepted, there were some captains who, through negligence or cowardice or disaffection, failed to do their duty. One of them was court-martialled, and dismissed his ship. What a fearful thing to be covered with shame on the day of victory! Oh, boys and girls! ask God to keep you so that the trial of your faith may be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ, and that you may have boldness in the Day of Judgment.

There was another officer, a Mr. Larcom, the first lieutenant of the admiral's own ship, the Charlotte. After the battle Lord Howe sent for him and said:—"Mr. Larcom, your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary you should leave

this ship." Larcom, who was as brave as his admiral and a first-rate officer and seaman, was thunderstruck, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "My lord, what have I done? Why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power." "Very true, sir," was the answer, "but leave this ship you must; and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as commander, for your conduct on the late occasion!"

Cast me not away from Thy presence. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.

WHEN General Skobeleff was distributing decorations for valour during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, after the sappers and miners and artillery had paraded before him, he came to some companies of infantry that had left their work in the trenches and fled. "Tell them," he said, "that I do not wish to know them." At reviews, for some time after, he hailed all the other companies of the regiment, but would pass by them in silence, without even looking at them.

"How long will you treat them that way?" said an English officer who was visiting him.

"Until I want something specially difficult and daring to be done," he answered. "Then I will take these very companies. I feel convinced they will follow me through thick and thin, and then we shall embrace and make it up."

The Hedgehog, the Hare, and the Lamb.

"IT is not often we three meet," said the hare. "What has made you come abroad so early to-day, hedgehog? I understood you never left your nest in the old tree stump till it was dark."

"Neither I do, as a rule," was the answer. "But I think it must have been hunger that wakened me. Flies and worms and frogs were very scarce, and I got only seventeen cockroaches, all last night."

The little lamb had no idea what seventeen meant, for it could only count four, but the thought of eating cockroaches made it shudder. "How do you do for food in winter, and where do you go?" resumed the hare. "I sleep the whole winter through," the hedgehog answered, "sometimes among dead leaves, and sometimes in a hole in a dyke."

"Oh, I see," said the hare, "you are a kind of summer scavenger, and there's nothing for you to do in winter."

At the word scavenger the hedgehog's spines, or bristles, all stood out, to the great amazement of the lamb. "Why are you all covered with jags that way?" it asked.

"You won't get much older," was the reply, "without discovering that everybody in this world has got enemies, and some beasts"—and here it glanced at the hare—"are cowards, and when their enemies appear they run, but *I* don't run."

"No," said the hare, "because you can't; but I don't always run either. Many a time I have lain in my form on the bare ground while

men with guns passed within two yards of me. But even though I do run, I was made for running."

"And I was made for eating cockroaches, and I got my bristles for my defence."

"My mother," said the lamb, "has often told me that innocence is the best defence—" But at that moment a spaniel came out of the wood, the hare galloped up the hill, the hedgehog tucked its head in and turned itself into a ball, and the lamb scampered off to its mother. Then it looked round and saw a great sight. The dog was jumping furiously to this side and that of the immovable prickly ball, coming as near it as it could but never touching it, like a Highlander doing the sword dance. After a time the dog got wearied and trotted off humiliated, but regained its self-respect, ere it reached home, by snapping at a poor little bare-footed girl who was carrying a pitcher of water.

Presently the hedgehog put out its head and the lamb came up once more. "You were very brave," it said. "Were you not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid of anything; I'm not one of the cowards who run." And with that the hedgehog climbed up a broken wall that was near them, ran along the branch of a tree, made itself into a ball once more, and then let itself fall, a distance of thirteen feet to the ground. The bristles acted like a cushion, and the hedgehog, when it had stopped rolling, put out its head again.

The lamb was filled with astonishment.

"You couldn't do that," said the hedgehog.

"No," the lamb replied, "I don't think I can do anything. My mother always says that all I have to do is to be obedient and kind and gentle. I wouldn't like to be covered with jags. I like people to stroke me and fondle me and love me."

"Well, they shan't stroke me," said the hedgehog, "and I defy anybody to make me put out my head unless I choose." Then he made himself a ball once more, for he saw the shepherd's two little boys coming along. The boys picked him up gently, carried him across the field to the burn, and threw him in. Then the hedgehog put out his head and swam ashore, and was thrown in again, and so on, time after time, till the boys were tired of their sport and the hedgehog's pride was broken. Then they sat down and played with the lamb, and when their little sister joined them, she put her arms round its neck and kissed it, and made a daisy chain for it.

The hedgehog and hare forgathered again next day. "I wished to tell you," said the hedgehog, "that I'm sorry I called you a coward. I have my own weak point, I find, like the rest of you. The little lamb was right after all, innocence is the best defence. But since we can't be lambs, let us be as like them as we can. And you'll forgive me for calling you a coward." "Yes," said the hare, "provided you can forgive me for calling you a scavenger. I should have remembered that I too was long called unclean, and am still called so by many. But we have each a calling from God, and let us both abide in it."

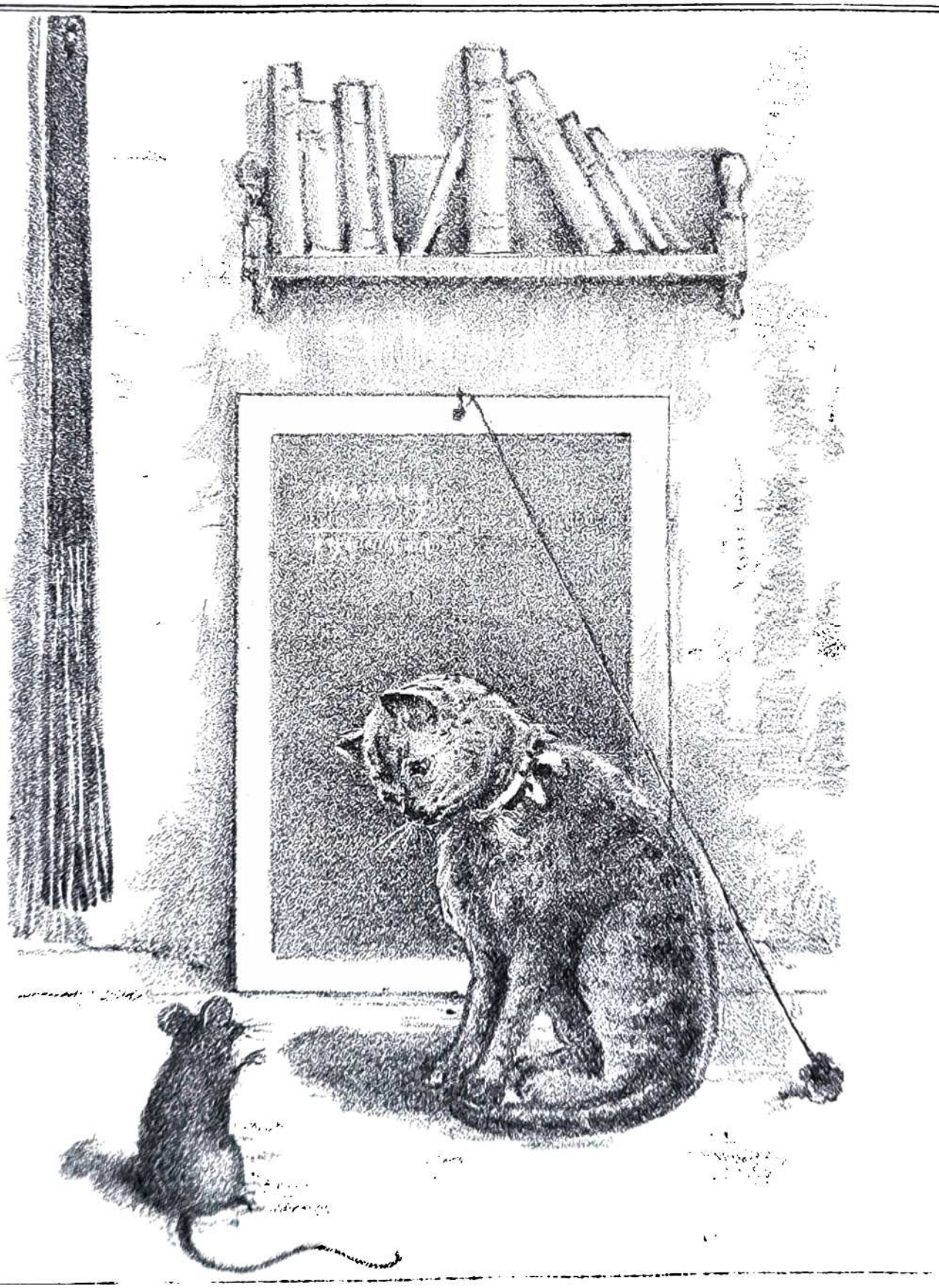
1	F	Your labour is not in vain in the Lord.—*1 Cor. 15, 58.* Better than fame is still the wish for fame, The constant training for a glorious strife : The athlete nurtured for the Olympian Game Gains strength at least for life.—*Lord Lytton.*
2	S	Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—*Gal. 6, 7.*
3	S	I am weak.—*Psalm 6, 2.*
4	M	Out of weakness were made strong.—*Heb. 11, 34.* "Twelve wounded men of the 22nd regiment concealed their wounds at Dabba, thinking there would be another fight. They were discovered by a long march which they could not complete, and when they fell had to own the truth. Two of them had been shot clean through both legs."—*Sir C. Napier.*
5	Tu	Faint, yet pursuing.—*Judges 8, 4.*
6	W	To their power, yea, and beyond their power.—*2 Cor. 8, 3.*
7	Th	God girdeth me with strength.—*Psalm 18, 32.*
8	F	My grace is sufficient for thee.
9	S	My strength is made perfect in weakness.—*2 Cor. 12, 9.*
10	S	An entrance into the everlasting Kingdom.—*2 Peter 1, 11.*
11	M	More than conquerors.—*Rom. 8, 37.*
12	Tu	He shall deliver thee in six troubles ;
13	W	Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.—*Job 5, 19.*
14	Th	Having loved his own which were in the world,—*John 13, 1.*
15	F	He loved them unto the end. When Anson anchored at Spithead after his voyage round the world, 150 years ago to-day, with £500,000 of captured Spanish treasure, he found that his ship, the *Centurion*, had sailed through a hostile fleet in the channel, concealed by fog.
16	S	He shall cover thee with his feathers.—*Ps. 91, 4.*
17	S	Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,
18	M	And quicken me in thy ways.—*Psalm 119, 37.*
19	Tu	All these things will I give thee if thou wilt worship me.—*Matt. 4, 9.*
20	W	We are not ignorant of his devices.—*2 Cor. 2, 11.*
21	Th	Lying vanities.—*Psalm 31, 6.* Uruj Barbarossa, the Turkish corsair, scattered jewels on the road, when fleeing to Algiers, to delay his enemies. But the Spanish leader, the Marquis de Comares, bade his men trample them under foot and follow on. 1518.
22	F	I count all things but dung,
23	S	That I may win Christ.—*Phil. 3, 8.*
24	S	Search me, O God.—*Psalm 139, 23.*
25	M	A very small thing to be judged of man's judgment.—*1 Cor. 4, 3.*
26	Tu	A good conscience.—*1 Peter 3, 21.*
27	W	They say, Who seeth us?—*Isaiah 29, 15.* "Be no more ashamed to hear it than ye be and are to do it." *Motto on an old book, "A Trumpet Call to Lollards."*
28	Th	Which of you convicteth Me of sin?—*John 8, 46 (R. V.)*
29	F	There is nothing hid which shall not be manifested.—*Mark 4, 22.*
30	S	Some shall awake to everlasting contempt.—*Dan. 12, 2.* Von Moltke said of his brother Fritz when he was lying dead, "He had the look of an honest man."

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

July, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



Peregrine White.

PEREGRINE WHITE, though you may scarcely believe it, was the name of a man. When he died in 1703, he had lived more than thirty thousand days—how many years is that?—but it was to the first of these days that he owed his name and fame. He was the first baby born to the "Pilgrim Fathers" after the arrival of their ship, the Mayflower, in New England. His father's name was William and his mother's Susanna, so that plainly he was not named after either of them. Why then did they call him Peregrine? It must have been, I suppose, because Peregrinus is the Latin for pilgrim, and they called their boy by that name as Moses called his boy Gershom, "a stranger there," "for, he said, I have been a sojourner in a strange land." The parents were strangers, and their child of course was doubly so. For every baby is "a little stranger," and in that way we have all been called Peregrine, though, happily, only for a time! Yet, in some parts of America a newcomer is always addressed as 'Stranger.' It is a touching name, but it becomes beautiful when we remember that it is one of Christ's names, "I was a Stranger," and that it is the basis of one of God's most glorious titles, "The Stranger's God."

Peregrinus, I have said, is the Latin form of our word pilgrim. It comes from *per*, through, and *ager*, a field, "one who goes over the lands," and thereby hangs a little tale in my own history. When I was a boy at school, and hoping soon to enter college, I went one day to the University with my teacher Dr. Hutcheson's permission, to see how a class in college was conducted. It was the English Literature Class I went to, and I took my seat in the farthest back bench, the one I was told that strangers usually sat in. The Professor was lecturing that day on Chaucer and the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales. "By the way," he asked, "does any one in bench I. know the derivation of the word pilgrim?" "bench III.?" "V.?" and so on and on he went till he came to XXI. which was the bench in front of me. All this time my heart was beating, for no one knew the derivation, and I did, our teacher at school having told us it months before—but of course I dared not answer. Then the Professor crossed over to bench XXIV. and down the other side, and at last found a student who gave the answer, amid a round of cheering from his classmates. I went home, I remember, both uplifted and cast down.

Five years afterwards I was a student in the same class and heard the same lecture from the same professor. My bench was number I., the front one on the left-hand side. "By the way," he asked, "does anyone in bench II."—which was the first on the right-hand side—"know the derivation of the word pilgrim?" "IV.?" "VI.?" And so on up that side, then down the other, till he came to bench I., and I got answering the question at last—after five years!

The story is a trifling one, per-

haps hardly worth the telling. Yet I think it illustrates, though in a small way, it is true, the great saying of Lord Beaconsfield, that "everything comes to him who waits," and it exemplifies what most people see, sooner or later, that, as we go through life, we move in circles. We come back to where we were. The same things happen to us more than once; the trials, the joys, the sins, the warnings of our youth are repeated in the mid-time of our days, and again in old age. The lessons of life, like those at school, are gone over and over till we learn them, and they need at times to be revised. Jacob must revisit Bethel, and Moses Horeb, and the cherubim Ezekiel saw by the river of Chebar he must meet and recognise again.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 65.)

At the age of	
67	Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British forces, died in the Crimea, during the war, 28th June, 1855. He lost his right arm at the battle of Waterloo, and the very next day he was seen practising writing with his left hand. After the battle of Inkerman, when he was thanking the French General Bosquet for the timely aid he had given to the British, he said he regretted he had not two hands to shake both of his. "I regret it more than you do," said Bosquet, "for it is our fault that you have only one."
67	Manasseh, King of Judah, died B.C. 643, after a reign of fifty-five years. He was born during the fifteen years that were added to his father Hezekiah's life. He was a very wicked king, "filling Jerusalem from one end to the other with innocent blood," but being taken, bound in fetters, to Babylon, he repented and was forgiven.
67	Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded, 29th Oct., 1618. As he stood on the scaffold, he asked to see the axe. Feeling its edge, he said, "This gives me no fear. It is a sharp and fair medicine to cure me of all my diseases." Some one saying to him that he ought to lay his head toward the East, he answered, "What matter how the head lie so the heart be right." Sir Lewis Stukely, his kinsman, who betrayed him to King James, was afterwards treated as traitors always are. Having asked the king to hang a man who had spoken ill of him, he got this reply, "Were I to hang every man that speaks ill of thee, there would not be trees enough in all my kingdom to hang them on."
67	Louis Agassiz, the man who said he "had no time to make money," died at Cambridge, U.S.A., 1873. He was of Huguenot descent and

At the age of 67

was born in Switzerland, where his forefathers for seven generations had been ministers of the Gospel. The greater part of his life was spent in the United States, in which he was said to be the most universally beloved man of his time. He made great discoveries in the matter of glaciers and fossil fishes. On one occasion a single fossil scale of a fish previously unknown was brought to him from Scotland. Agassiz drew a picture of what the fish must have been like both in size and shape. The discovery, later on, of a fossilized specimen of the whole fish proved he had been right to the minutest particular. He was a godly man, and as Linnaeus the great botanist printed over his study door these words, *Innocue vivito, Numen adest*, Live innocently, God is here, so Agassiz used to say that "the study of nature was direct intercourse with the Highest Mind," and that "a laboratory of natural history was a sanctuary." He began his will with the words, "I, Louis Agassiz, teacher." It was said of him that "where'er he met a stranger, there he left a friend." But it was his indifference to money that most impressed his adopted countrymen. He made it the rule of his life, as he once said to General Garfield--afterwards President —to abandon any intellectual pursuit the moment it became commercially valuable, for a thousand other hands would be only too eager to work at it then.

"His purse, his knowledge, all men's, like the sea."

Shortly before his death he asked God to spare him for four years to complete the work he had on hand. "He asked life of Thee, Thou gavest it him; even length of days for ever and ever."

WHEN my husband was Postmaster-General, I know that he formed the opinion that of all the causes leading to embezzlement, falsification of accounts, &c., on the part of men employed in the service, *betting* was by far the most important.—*Mrs. Henry Fawcett.*

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children.—Ps. 45, 16.

IN 1885, when war between Russia and Britain was threatening, the Punjab troops in India, men with white hair and bent with years, came and laid their swords at Sir C. W. Aitchison's feet, recounting the favours and honours they had received, and begging, though too old and battered to go themselves, that their sons might not be forgotten when the roll for service was called.

ON the 8th July, ten years ago, Sergeant Joseph Elison died at Godhavn in Greenland, aged 34. He was one of the seven survivors of Greely's Arctic Expedition who had been rescued only a fortnight before. He had been the botanist, carpenter, and chief sledgeman of his ship's company, but, seven months before, his hand and feet had been frozen off in a vain attempt he made to reach Cape Isabella, where an English expedition was known to have left some stores a few years previously. For a short time he was able to feed himself with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm, but during the greater part of these seven months his few surviving comrades had everything to do for him. Yet, says their commander, though they knew his case was hopeless, and they themselves were daily at the point of death through hunger and exhaustion, "*never once was there a hint that he was a burden to them.*"

WHEN the 6th Native Regiment mutinied at Allahabad, 6th June, 1857, there were eight young officers in the Fort who had only recently come from home to act as ensigns, mere boys with the roses of England on their cheeks and the kisses of their mothers still fresh upon their lips. They were leaving the mess-house, when the brutal soldiery fell upon them. Seven were slaughtered on the ground; but one, a boy of sixteen, named Arthur Cheek, escaped with his wounds, and hid himself in a ravine. Having supported himself for some days, merely, it would seem, by water from a brook, he was discovered in his hiding-place, dragged before one of the insurgent leaders, and put in prison along with a native christian catechist. The faith of the convert was giving way to the sufferings which he endured, when the young ensign, who had been scarcely a month in India, exhorted his companion to be steadfast in the faith. "Oh, my friend," he is reported to have said, "whatever may come to us, do not deny the Lord Jesus." He was rescued, but he was not saved. On the 16th of June the poor boy died in the Fort from exposure, exhaustion, and neglected wounds.—*Colonel Malleson's History of the Indian Mutiny.*

The Bridge of Orr.

Ho! ho! 'mong deserts moory,
  See here the craftsman's hand;
Vain now, bleak Orr, thy fury,
  On whinstone arch I stand.

Dull Orr, thou moorland river,
  By man's eye rarely seen,
Thou gushest on for ever,
  And wert while earth has been.

There o'er the crags and gravel
  Thou singst an unknown song;
Its tongue no clerks unravel,
  Thou sungst it loud and long.

From being's source it bounded
  The morn when time began;
Since, through this moor has sounded,
  Unheard, or heard, of man.

That day they crossed the Jordan,
  When Hebrew trumpets rang,
Thy wave no foot was fording,
  Yet here in moor it sang.

And I, while thou'st meandered,
  Was not, have come to be,
Apart so long have wandered,
  This moment meet with thee.

The whinstone bridge is builded,
  Will hang a hundred year;
When bridge to time has yielded
  The brook will still be here.

Farewell, poor moorland river,
  We parted and we met;
Thy journeyings are for ever,
  Mine are not ended yet.

1832 *Thomas Carlyle.*

Willie Banks' Mouse.

WILLIE BANKS' mouse lived in our school, and had a fine time of it. It had plenty to eat, for there were always some crumbs of bread and cheese on the floor, and sometimes a crust, and sometimes a whole "piece" that some child had been too excited to eat. The woman who swept the floor came in the morning, so that the mouse had ample leisure for its meals. It had several outlets to the playground and the surrounding country, and could have wandered to John-o-Groat's house if it had chosen. But it preferred indoors, where it could run over, on the maps on the wall, not only Britain, but Ireland and Europe and Asia, and even the unexplored parts of the Dark Continent. Then it could study the diagrams of Euclid on the blackboard, and cross the "Asses' Bridge" without a stumble or a tremor. Fractions and decimals and cube-root came as easy to it as the simplest sums in addition or subtraction. There was no book too hard for it to master; from the "threepenny" to Cæsar's Commentaries it devoured them all alike, boards and all, with equal ease. It tampered even with the register. But I think it liked the master's desk best. It got in and out through a hole in the bottom, and there was always something worth eating there. For if a boy showed an apple, or an orange, or a biscuit, or a sweetmeat, or a nut, during school hours under the master's eye,

into the desk it went; and the same with tops and peeries and marbles. No matter what it was; though it had been the lost books of Livy, or the Codex Sinaiticus, or the Koh-i-noor diamond—into the desk with it! but out of the desk, never! *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* So no wonder the mouse was happy at night. And it was happy during the day too. For our master, though strict, was a good teacher and a kind-hearted man, and no boy got a flogging unless he tried for one. The mouse kept to its own holes during the day, though sometimes some of us saw its little black glittering beads of eyes shining out of a corner, especially when we sang the opening Psalm every morning, and when we got our weekly music lesson on Friday afternoons. But of all our songs I think it liked least the one we liked most, "Three Blind Mice."

But why was it called Willie Banks' Mouse? Willie was the poorest boy in our school, but the finest and the best behaved. Maggie Young could beat him in spelling, and Agnes Gray in arithmetic, but, all round, he was the best scholar and the greatest favourite. He made friends everywhere. He knew all the cats and dogs for miles, and one winter, I remember, a crow with a broken wing followed him to the school door every morning. The mouse and he soon found each other out. Unknown to all of us—for Willie sat in the corner on the backmost seat—it played with his bare feet, biting them gently to his great delight; and even in winter-time, when he wore boots, so-called, it put its snout, and sometimes its tail, into the holes in them, and helped to warm his cold, wet toes. "There's a great deal of heat," he once astonished a distinguished professor of zoology years afterwards by saying—"there's a great deal of heat in a mouse's tail!"

In the springtime, unhappily, our master turned ill, and we got a very bad man in his place. He was a drunkard, and not content with finding out all the drunkards that were already in the village, set himself to make more. It was a time of awful trial for Mrs. Banks. For some time it had looked as if her husband had given up the evil ways that had darkened their home for eleven years. She was beginning to save a little money and make her empty house look liker what a house should be—and then this teacher came! Willie watched his father every night and saved him not once nor twice. But one Monday his father sent him on an errand, and when he reached the top of the brae on the way back he saw his teacher taking his father into the public-house. The poor child ran down the hill and followed them in. I don't know whether he struck the teacher or not, nor did Willie know himself—some say he did strike him—at any rate he called him a bad man. But he got his father out and never needed to get him out again.

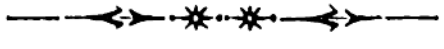
None of us ever forgot next day at school. The master looked singularly pleasant and good-natured,

but we all saw there was in his eye a look that did not agree with his smile. Now, it so happened that that very day Willie had told Maggie Young as he went to school about the mouse, and Maggie meaning no harm told another girl, and when the school went in at one o'clock after the play hour, there was not a child that did not know about it. Then some of the little ones began to whisper, and one little mite who had only been three days at school went up and asked the master when the mouse was coming out to play. "What mouse?" he asked. "Please, Willie Banks' mouse." Then Willie was made to stand out on the floor, and questioned, and then flogged, first on one hand, then on the other, then, as the master's fury increased with his sense of wrong-doing, on his back and legs and bare feet. And the poor mouse saw it all! Then Willie was hurled back into his seat, his master saying, "I'll teach you to bring mice and vermin into the school again."

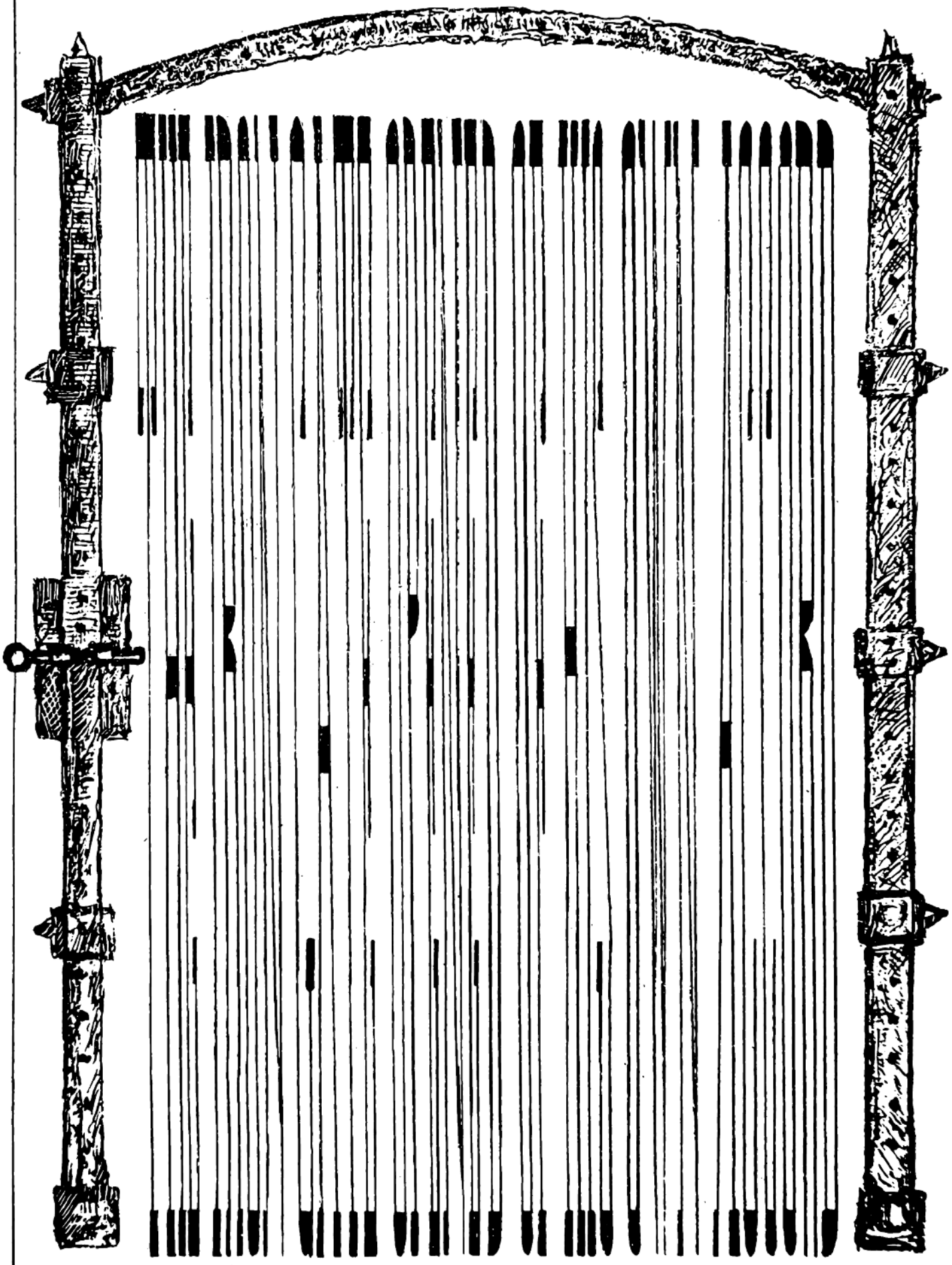
That afternoon it had been arranged that the children were to vote the prize given annually by the minister for the "best boy or girl" in the whole school. In ordinary circumstances Willie would have been asked first to vote, but the master passed him over and asked Maggie Young. Maggie was crying, but managed to sob out "Willie Banks," and Agnes Gray said "Willie Banks," and every boy and girl said "Willie Banks," and the master's cup of passion was full.

There was still the mouse to be revenged on, however, and on his way home he asked the publican to send down his cat to the school that night. Now, of course, I can't tell exactly all that happened, but certain it is that a boy who looked in at the window saw the cat and the mouse apparently talking to one another close to where the tawse were hanging from a nail. And my opinion is that the mouse was so grieved and astonished at what had happened that day that it forgot the cat was a cat, and actually told it the whole story, and then asked the cat to help it to eat the tawse, or eat as much of them as possible, that the like scene might never happen again. And then the cat smiled wickedly and said, "No, I can't eat the tawse, but as you were to blame for all that happened, I'll do the next best thing and eat *you!*"

Anyhow, poor mousey was never seen again, and Willie Banks left school. He came home from India lately on leave, with a handle to his name. One of his first visitors was a miserable broken-down creature who said, "You'll maybe not know me, sir, but I was once your teacher, and I thought you would, perhaps, for old association's sake, give me fourpence to pay for my lodging to-night."



"Then, be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the chalices of gold."



They came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord. Acts 12, 10 (R. V.)

ISN'T it great fun hiding from your father when he comes home at night? "Where can that boy be?" he says to your mother, and then he cautiously looks into the press, and under the table, and behind the curtains, and when he says, "I can't find him," you pounce out on him and give such a fright!

At other times you stand behind the door and wait till you hear his step, and just when he is going to knock you open the door. It looks as if the door had opened of its own accord. And that is what God likes to do to us.

Some of the doors through which we pass in our journey through the world have been opened and left open for us by others. Every man that has found out anything, every inventor, every discoverer, every great sailor or traveller, every astronomer

> Who lifts the bar
> That shuts the road to sun and star,

every great thinker and writer, may be said to have opened a door into one of the many mansions that are in our Father's house. And many of these men were martyrs. They laid down their lives for God and for us. That which is the king's highway for you and me was the valley of death to them. We are like the passengers who go out and in through the Cashmere gate at Delhi, none daring to make us afraid; they were the Humes and Salkelds and Carmichaels and Burgesses and Smiths, the heroic five who carried the powder to the gate and blew it down, and by their death made victory possible for those who came after them.

> They shaped our future; we but carve their names.

There are other gates in life that we must open for ourselves. Some we must put our shoulder to; some will open with a touch; at some we must stand and knock; for some we must go and get the key. But there will be others that only God can open, so strong and so forbidding-looking that we shall be tempted to turn back. Yet, when we come to them, the doors will open so readily and easily that it will seem as if they had opened "of their own accord." Happy, happy are all they who follow the Angel of His Presence and have Him with them when they come to the iron gate!

Alas! there are some gates and bars behind us and before us, trials and sorrows, obstacles and difficulties which God never meant us to face. They would never have troubled us if we had kept on the straight road. But He will bring us by His grace through them too, though it may be by terrible works, and we shall praise Him all the more,

> Because the mighty gates of brass
> In pieces He did tear,
> By Him in sunder also cut
> The bars of iron were.

1	☩	The Lamb is King of kings.—*Rev. 16, 14.*
2	M	This broken reed: so is Pharaoh to all that trust in him.—*Is. 36, 6.* "Thirteen kings have we had of the Hapsburg (Austrian) dynasty, and no man can charge me with exaggeration when I say that the rule of these thirteen kings has been a continuous perjury."—*Kossuth.*
3	Tu	The Amen, the faithful and true witness.—*Rev. 3, 14.*
4	W	. . . Me, a man that told you the truth.—*John 8, 40.*
5	Th	Pilate saith unto Him, what is truth?—*ch. 18, 38.* "Well, if my statement is not true," said Prokesch the Austrian ambassador on one occasion, "I must have lied in the name of the Imperial Government." "Quite so, your Excellency," replied Bismarck.
6	F	All things that John spake of this man were true.—*ch. 10, 41.*
7	S	If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?—*ch. 8, 46.*
8	☩	Make us glad.—*Ps. 90, 15.*
9	M	I will triumph in the works of thy hands.—*Ps. 92, 4.*
10	Tu	It is as sport to a fool to do mischief.—*Prov. 10, 23.* "The size of a man's understanding may always be justly measured by his mirth."
11	W	The end of that mirth is heaviness.—*ch. 14, 13.*
12	Th	Weeping and gnashing of teeth.—*Matt. 8, 12.*
13	F	Light is sown for the righteous,
14	S	And gladness for the upright in heart.—*Ps. 97. 11.*
15	☩	He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted.—*Luke 4, 18.*
16	M	Jesus saith, Woman, why weepest thou?—*John 20, 15.*
17	Tu	His disciples buried the body, and told Jesus.—*Matt. 14, 12.*
18	W	Where have ye laid him?—*John 11, 34.* "Tell Junot," said Napoleon, "that one should never write to a superior on mourning paper."
19	Th	Jesus wept.—*v. 35.*
20	F	He abhorred not the affliction of the afflicted.—*Ps. 22, 24.*
21	S	Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden.—*Matt. 11, 28.*
22	☩	He knoweth our frame;
23	M	He remembereth that we are dust.—*Ps. 103, 14.*
24	Tu	Go work.—*Matt. 21, 28.*
25	W	I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days.—*Ps. 102, 24.* André Chénier, a French poet, was guillotined at the age of thirty-two—100 years ago to-day. As he ascended the scaffold he cried, "To die so young!" "And there was something here!" he added, striking his forehead.
26	Th	My times are in thy hand.—*Ps. 31, 15.*
27	F	So teach us to number our days,
28	S	That we may get us an heart of wisdom.—*Ps. 90, 12 (R. V.)*
29	☩	I have surely seen the affliction of my people.—*Ex. 3, 7.*
30	M	Seeing them distressed in rowing,—*Mark 7, 48 (R. V.)*
31	Tu	He cometh unto them. When Outram relieved Lucknow in 1857, Brigadier Inglis said to him, "We hardly expected you in before to-morrow." "When I saw your battered gate," was the answer, "I determined to be in before night-fall."

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

August, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

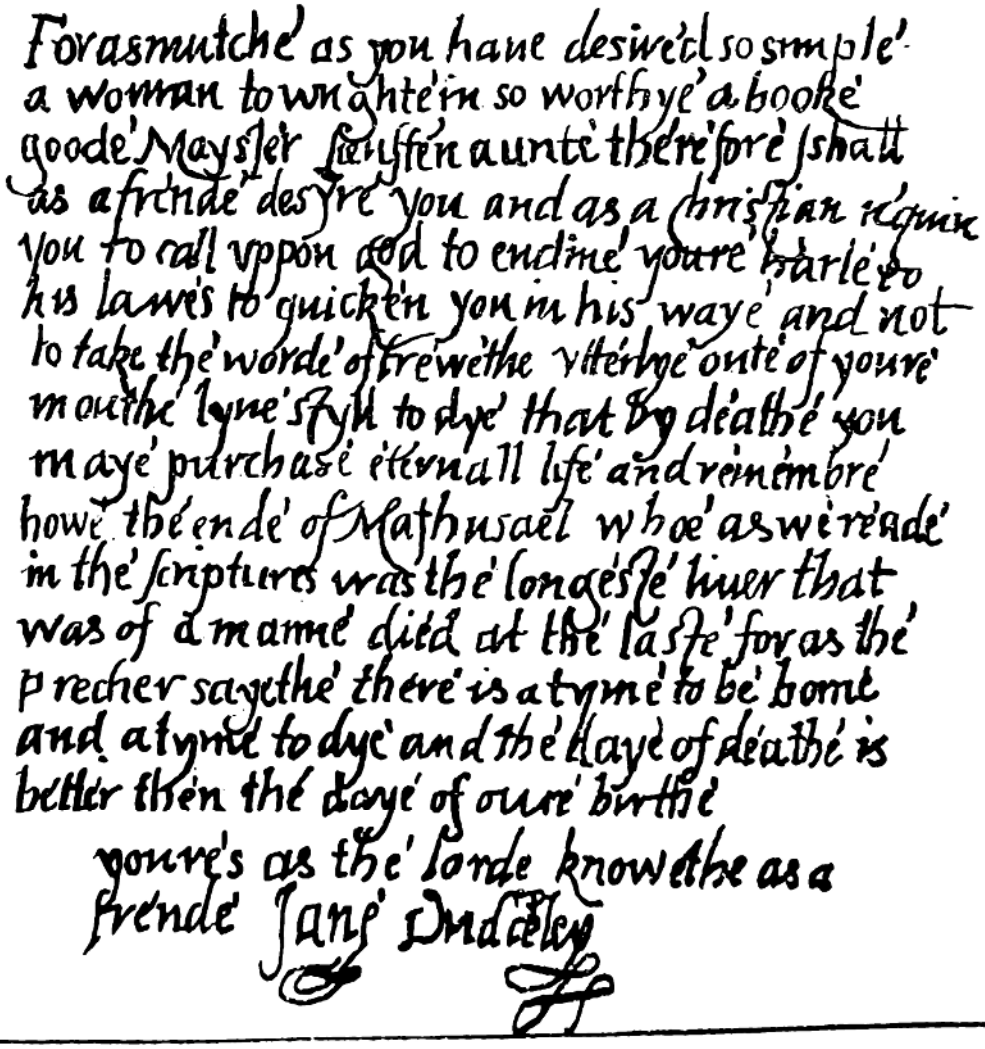
Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Archbishop Cranmer,

Suffered Martyrdom, 21st March, 1556.

Lady Jane Grey was the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII. Before she was thirteen she could read Plato in the original Greek, and had made great progress in Latin, French, and Italian. She was married on the 21st May, 1553, to Lord Guildford Dudley. On the 9th July following, she was proclaimed Queen, three days after the death of Edward VI., who had named her as his successor. On the 19th, after a reign of ten days, she was imprisoned in the Tower; and four months later she was sentenced to death for high treason. Queen Mary offered her her life if she would renounce Protestantism, but that she refused to do. On the 12th February, 1554, when she was little more than seventeen, she was beheaded on Tower Hill, her husband having been beheaded one hour before her. But she was "nothing at all abashed, neither with fear of her own death, neither with the sight of the dead carcass of her husband—a sight to her no less than death." Her last words were: "Bear me witness, my good friends, I beseech you, that I die a true Christian, and that I hope for salvation only through the blood of Christ."

On the scaffold she gave Sir John Brydges, Lieutenant of the Tower, a little book of prayers—now in the British Museum—which she had used during her imprisonment, having a short time previously written in it these words:


Forasmuche as you haue desired so simple
a woman to write in so worthye a booke
goode Mayster Feckenham therefore I shall
as a frende desyre you and as a christian require
you to call vppon god to endue youre harte to
his lawes to quicken you in his waye and not
to take the worde of trewethe vtterlye oute of youre
mouthe lyne styll to dye that by deathe you
maye purchase eternall life and remembre
howe the ende of Mathusael who as we reade
in the scriptures was the longeste liuer that
was of a mame died at the laste for as the
preacher sayethe there is a tyme to be borne
and a tyme to dye and the daye of deathe is
better then the daye of oure birthe
youre's as the' lorde knowethe as a
frende Jane Dudeley

"Forasmutche as you have desired so simple a woman to wrighte in so worthye a booke, goode Mayster Lieuftenaunte, therefore I shall as a frende desyre you, and as a Christian require you, to call uppon God to encline youre harte to his lawes, to quicken you in his waye, and not to take the worde of trewethe utterlye oute of youre mouthe; lyve styll to dye, that by deathe you may purchase eternall life, and remembre howe the ende of Mathusael, whoe as we reade in the Scriptures was the longest liver that was of a manne, died at the laste; for, as the prechер sayethe, there is a tyme to be borne, and a tyme to dye, and the daye of deathe is better then the daye of oure birthe.

Youres as the Lorde knowethe as a frende,

JANE DUDDELEY.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 76.)

At the age of 67

Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was burned as a heretic at Oxford, 21st March, 1556, in the reign of Bloody Mary. Born in troublous times, he played a great part in the history of England and of Protestantism. There are some men who become great by moulding circumstances; he was rather moulded by them, and led by a way he knew not. There was much that was weak in his character, and not a little that was sinful, yet there was also much that was very lovable. "Do my lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn," said one, "and he is your friend for ever." Or as Tennyson puts it:—

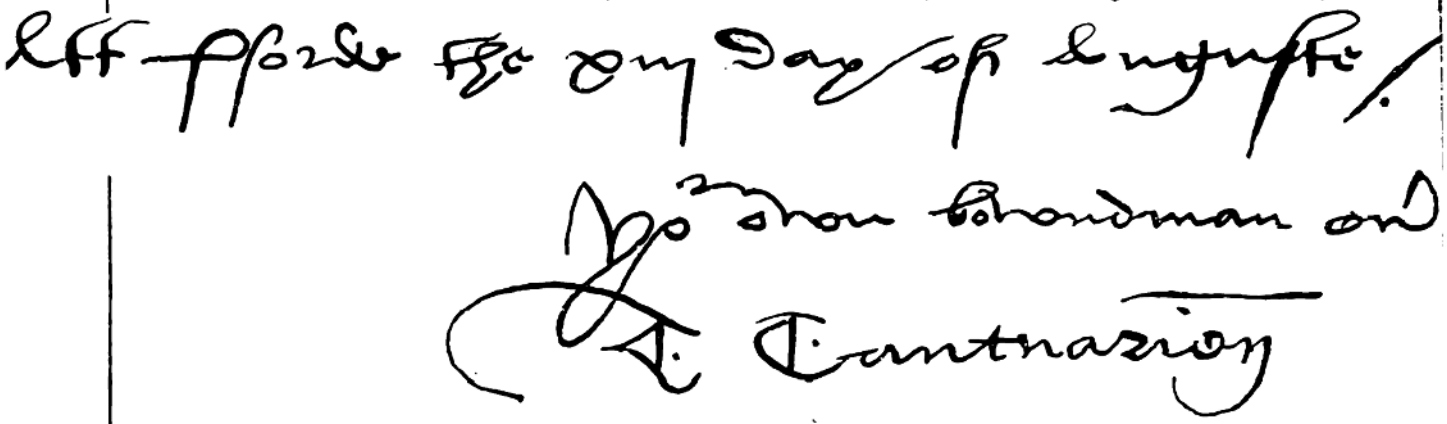
> To do him any wrong was to beget
> A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
> Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
> The seed of hate, it blossom'd charity.

In the October before his death he witnessed the execution of Latimer and Ridley from a tower on the top of his prison. In December he was himself condemned. In February he was formally degraded, the mock robes in which he had been arrayed being stripped off him one by one, the very tips of his fingers where he had been anointed being scraped by Bishop Bonner. Then came a time of weakness and fear. Seven times in all he denied his Lord, signing form after form of recantation, the last of these on the morning of his death. But God's strength was made perfect in his weakness. He was brought to St. Mary's Church dressed in garments made of canvas and old clouts, and then exhorted, after sermon by a Dr. Cole, to make a public confession of his errors. "I will do it," he said, "and that with a good will." Then rising up, he declared, to the astonishment of all, his abhorrence of Romish doctrines and his adherence to the Protestant faith. He retracted all that "through fear of death" his hand had written "contrary to

At the age of 67

the truth." With a cheerful countenance he then hastened to the place of execution, running so fast that few could keep up with him. He was chained to the stake, and when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, he put his right hand into the flame, and kept it there, crying out, "This hath offended! Oh! this unworthy hand!"

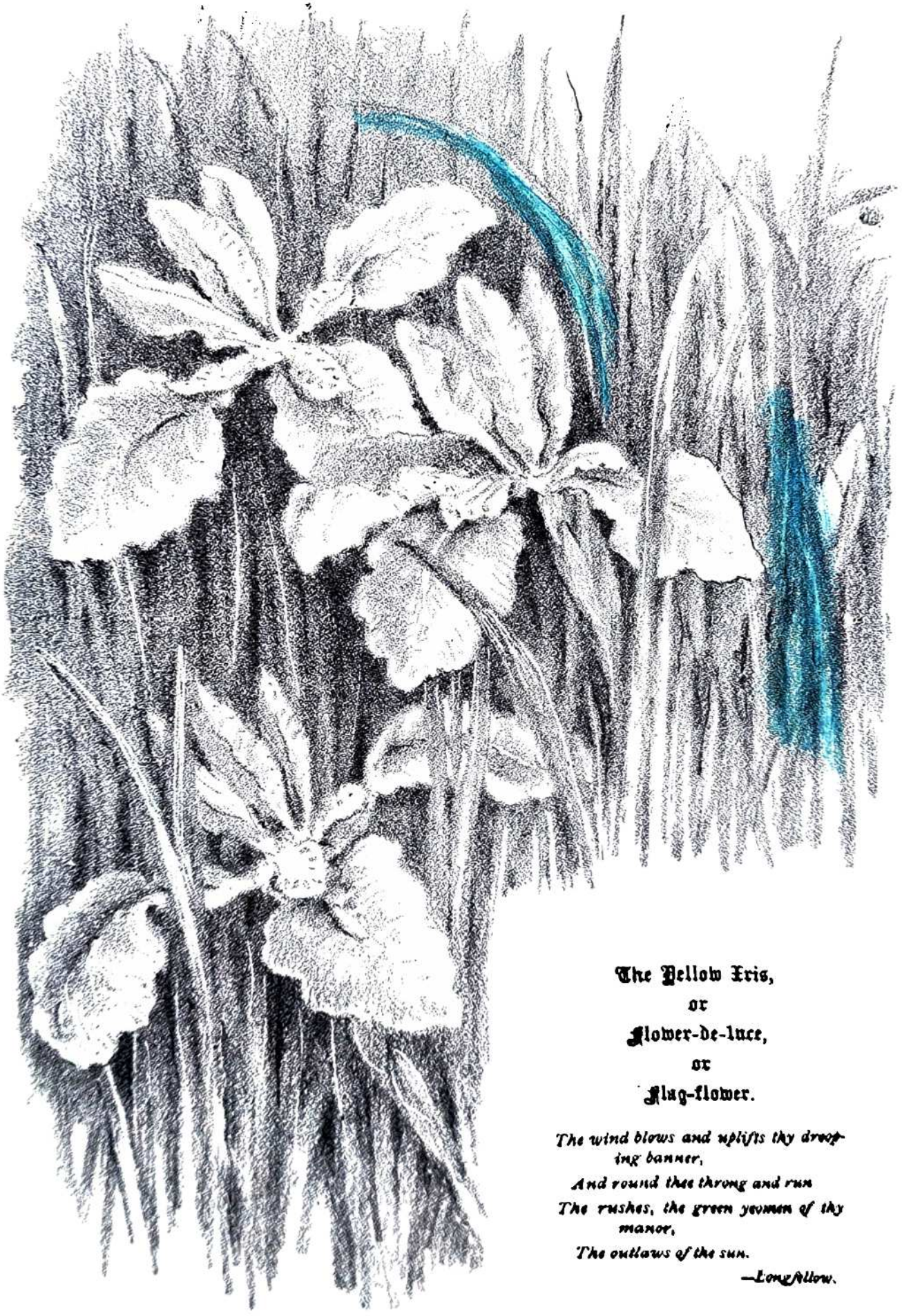
The accompanying signature is taken from a letter written by Cranmer to Thomas Cromwell, afterward Earl of Essex, thanking him for having exhibited his Bible to the King and obtained permission from him that it should be bought and read within the realm, and assuring him that in so doing he had shewed him more pleasure than if he had given him a "thowsande pownde."—*Att Fforde the xiij. (13) day of Auguste. Yor own bowndman ev' T. Cantuarien: that is, T. Cantuariensis, Thomas of Canterbury.*



67 DR. CHALMERS died suddenly, 30th May, 1847. The evening before, he was unusually cheerful. As he left the room where his family were gathered he turned round and waved his hand and said, "A general good-night." In the morning he was found dead in bed.

67 JOHN KNOX died, Monday, 24th November, 1572. About three o'clock in the afternoon his speech and sight beginning to fail, he asked his wife to read the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians. "Is not that a comfortable chapter?" he said, when it was finished. About five o'clock he said to her, "Go, read where I first cast my anchor," upon which she read to him the seventeenth of John. At ten o'clock, after family worship, he was asked if he had heard the prayers. "Would to God," he said, "that all men had heard them as I have heard them; I praise God for that heavenly sound." About eleven o'clock he gave a deep sigh, and said, "Now it is come." His servant Richard Bannatyne drew near, and desired him to think upon those comfortable promises of our Saviour Jesus Christ which he had so often declared to others; and perceiving that he was speechless, asked him to give them a sign that he heard them and died in peace. Upon this he lifted up one of his hands, and sighing twice, expired without a struggle.

68 DR. ALEXANDER ADAM, a famous schoolmaster, died at Edinburgh, 18th December, 1809, five days after being seized with apoplexy while teaching his class. His last words were: "But it grows dark, boys; you may go; we must put off the rest till to-morrow."



The Yellow Iris,
or
Flower-de-luce,
or
Flag-flower.

The wind blows and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

—*Longfellow.*

THE very word "Cattle-show" used to make the women and thoughtful men in our country-side tremble. It was the day when the publicans reaped what they called their harvest; had they only known it, it was their seed-time. For the publicans' harvest is the end of the world.

The police had orders that day to interfere with people as little as possible; so, as far as they were concerned, the publicans were safe. But there was a ploughman called John Rodgers, whose heart God had touched, who used to walk up and down the Main Street where the public-houses were thickest. He was as good as an Angel with a drawn sword standing in the way. But he did more than stand in the way, for he pursued men into the publicans' and brought them out.

I remember one of the show days long ago. Three different women after it had told me, in varying words, that they were prouder than the Queen—their husbands had never tasted drink that day, and all owing to John Rodgers. I set off at once to tell his wife, but on my way I came across himself in a corner of the meadow mowing hay. I like talking with John, for he always answers one's questions "clean and cleverly." "No," he said, "I'm doing poor work to-day. This is only my second day at the hay this year, and my back's bad. But it will be all right the day after to-morrow, and then, if all's well, I'll do at least an acre every day, and have the whole field cleared in a week. My father was a better man at it. His swath would be nine feet, with a bite each time of nine inches."

Next we talked about the marguerites or wild gowans,

> "the constellated flower that never sets."

He told me how quickly they spread, and how hard it was for the farmer to get rid of them once they got a footing in his land.

Then I had a word or two with little Maggie. She had come out with milk to her father, and was rescuing a few flowers to take home to her mother and her little sister and brother. And what flower is there that would not rather be plucked by a little girl's hand than shorn down by the mower's scythe? I liked Maggie, specially after what her father told me one night on our way home from a meeting of session. We had had a stranger minister on the Sabbath, and we were speaking about his sermon. The text had been John 5, 17, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," and he had been trying to show how *busy* God was. "It put me in mind," said Rodgers, "of what our wee Maggie said one day. Her mother had been telling her about Christ washing away our sins. 'Does He do it on the Sabbath?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'And does He do it on Monday?'

'Yes, He does it every day.'

'*Every* day, Mother?'

'Yes, Maggie, every day.'

"And then the little child, after

wondering for a moment, said, 'Oh what an *awful, awful* washing!'"

. . . . . .

Nine days afterwards John Rodgers and I passed the meadow on the way to our little churchyard to bury Maggie. When we came to the little corner where she had played the week before, he looked at it a moment, and said, with much emotion, "Do you mind, sir, that I said *if all was well* the field would be cleared in a week? Little did I think there was another Reaper coming after me. Ay, the field *is* cleared, and all *is* well."

Oh not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Beauty is vain.—Prov. 31, 30.

MARIA, Countess of Coventry, was one of two sisters who were known as the "beautiful Miss Gunnings." So much was her beauty admired that crowds mobbed her on the streets, and two sergeants and twelve soldiers had to act as guard. Yet her silliness was even greater than her beauty. One day, for example, we are told, she said to King George II. who was then an old man over seventy years of age, that she was longing to see a coronation! Her health suffered greatly from the cosmetics which she used in vain efforts to preserve her fading comeliness. She died in 1760, aged only twenty-seven, refusing, as her end drew near, to allow the curtains of her bed to be drawn, lest her friends should see the ravages disease had made.

WE have not to promote ourselves, but to do our work. It is the master of the feast who says "Go up." If a man go up himself, he will find he has mistaken the head of the table.—*George MacDonald.*

AT Harwich, my passage in the packet-boat to Holland being secured, Dr. Johnson and I dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined in so dull a place. "Sir," he replied, "don't accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be *terrible* though I were to be detained some time here."—*Boswell.*

Bring me a penny that I may see it. Mark 12, 15.

THE Penny that Christ asked to see was made of silver, and was worth more than eightpence of our money. It was called a *denarius*, and that is the reason why we use the letter d to denote a penny. If you look at an English penny you will see first of all the Queen's head on it looking to the left. The heads on William IV., her predecessor's coins, looked to the right. Up till the time of Cromwell the heads all looked the same way, to the left, but when Charles II. ascended the throne he made the engravers turn the head on his coins to the right to show

that he turned his back, as it were, on Cromwell. Ever since, each sovereign is made to look the opposite way from the one who went before him. The courtier who would "keep in" with two Kings would need, in most cases, to be a Mr. Facing-both-ways!

The letters D: G: on the penny stand for Dei Gratia, By the Grace of God. They were first stamped on the English coins in the reign of Edward III., 1327-1377, though they had appeared on the great seal since the time of William the Conqueror. When princes first used them, they did it in token of humility, to show that they owed everything to God, or as Paul says, By the grace of God I am what I am. But by-and-by the words became the symbol of pride. Kings imagined and were not ashamed to say that they were responsible to God only; that subjects were bound to do whatever a King asked; that a King had a right to issue any command, or make any law he chose; if he did wrong he was answerable to God and not to man. The present Emperor of Germany, incredible though it may seem to us, still believes that, and to show that he believed it he insisted on putting the crown on his head with his own hands at his coronation. Our own Kings centuries ago had the same notion, and that was the reason why the Jameses and the Charleses hated Presbyterianism and loved Episcopacy. They found that no other creed matched so well as Episcopacy with the doctrine of the absolute authority of Kings. The Presbyterian who leaves the church of his fathers and joins himself to the Church of England either knows nothing of history or cares nothing for liberty.

Many a different meaning, therefore, has been put on these words, "By the Grace of God," these five hundred years. Only once have they been omitted on our coins, and that in the case of an issue of ha'pence for use in Ireland in 1736. The omission naturally gave rise to much talk, and to at least one epigram:—

No Christian kings that I can find,
  However match'd or odd,
Excepting ours, have ever coined
  Without *The Grace of God.*

By this acknowledgment they shew
  The mighty King of kings
As Him from Whom their riches flow,
  From Whom their grandeur springs.

The letters F: D: stand for *Fidei Defensor*, Defender of the Faith, a title, strange to say, first given to Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X., in 1521, as a reward for his writing in defence of the Seven Sacraments of Rome against Martin Luther. The words were never put on British coins till the reign of George I., 1714-1727.

No texts of scripture have appeared on our coins for more than two centuries. But before that they were quite common. On the groats issued in Edward III.'s time we read, *Posui Dominum Meum Adjutorem*, I have made the Lord my helper. These words occur many a time afterwards on English

coins till the time of Elizabeth. In 1359 the same king, to celebrate his great naval victory over the French at Sluys in 1340, caused these words to be put on the gold "noble," value 6s. 8d., so-called from its being made of a noble metal: *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*, But Jesus passing through the midst of them went his way. These words also continued to be used till the time of Elizabeth.

"For four things our noble showeth to me—
King, ship, and sword, and power of the sea."

On the same king's half-nobles we find, *Domine, ne in furore tuo arguas me*, O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger.

In 1465 Edward IV. made coins called angels. They bore on their obverse the figure of Michael slaying the dragon, with the words for legend, *Per crucem tuam salva nos Christe Redemptor*, By Thy Cross save us, O Christ Redeemer.

In the reign of Henry VII., in 1494, Perkin Warbeck, the pretender, coined money with the words, *Domine salvum fac regem*, O Lord save the king, and on the reverse side the still more ominous text, *Mani teckel Phares*, Daniel 5, 25.

Henry VIII. put on his groats the motto, *Redde cuique quod suum est*, Restore to each one what is his own, a precept which he certainly made it impossible for himself to carry out, at least so far as some of his wives were concerned. On the shillings of 1544—the first time that a date appears on a coin—appear the words, *Timor Dei fons vitae*, The fear of the Lord is the fountain of life.

The good King Edward VI. used for his coins the words, *Inimicos ejus induam confusione*, I will clothe his enemies with shame; *Scutum fidei proteget eum*, The shield of faith will protect him; and on his half-sovereigns, *Lucerna pedibus meis verbum tuum*, Thy word is a lamp to my feet.

Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain, who are represented on their coins as looking at one another, their faces being very close, used the text, *A Domino factum est istud et est mirabile in oculis nostris*, It was the Lord's doing, and it is wondrous in our eyes, a text quoted in turn by Queen Elizabeth when Mary died and she succeeded to the throne.

James I.'s texts were, *Exsurgat Dominus, dissipentur inimici*, Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered; and the following also with reference to the union of the crowns of England and Scotland: *Quae Deus conjunxit nemo separet*, What God hath joined let no man put asunder; *Faciam eos in geniem unam*, I will make them one people.

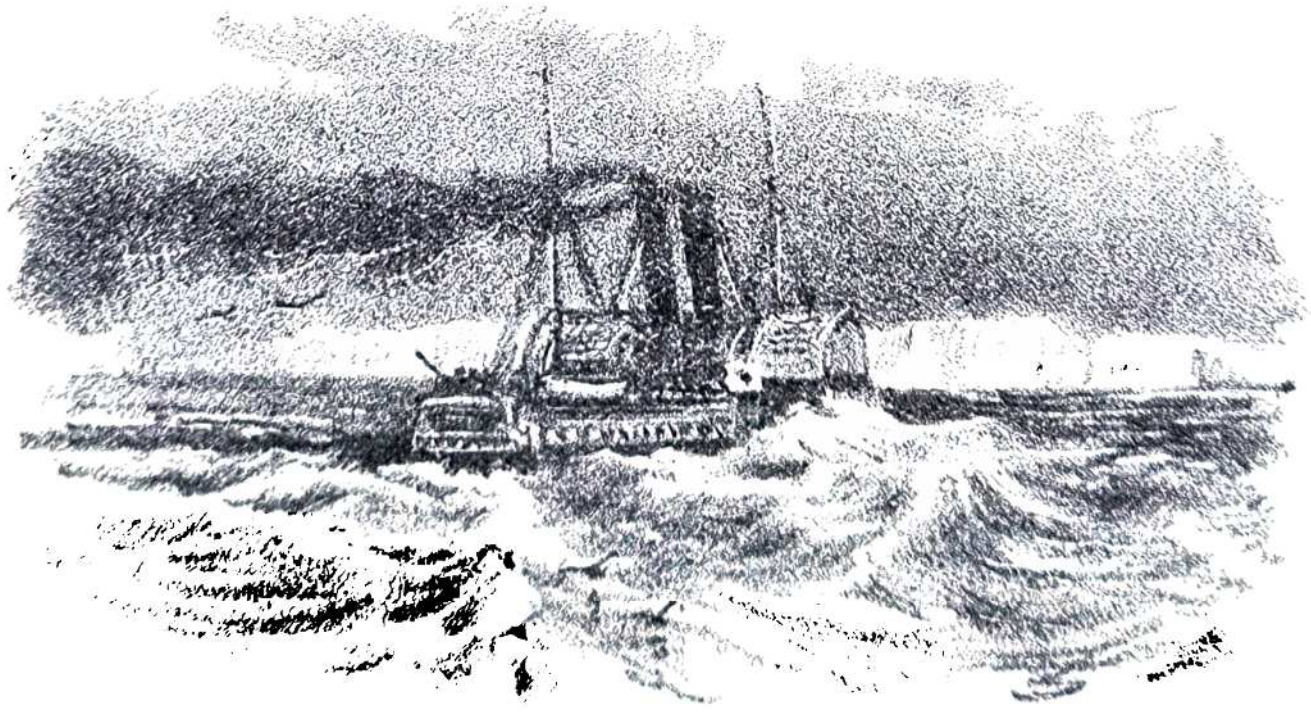
On Charles I.'s pennies we read, *Justitia thronum firmat*, Righteousness strengthens the throne; on his angels, *Amor populi praesidium regis*, The people's love is the King's defence; and on a coin struck the year before his execution, under the representation of an imperial crown, the words, *Hanc Deus dedit*, God gave me this.

In Cromwell's time we find the

only instance in our history of a motto on coins in the English language—*God with us.* In the United States of America at the present day, on their massive twenty-dollar pieces are the words—*In God we trust.* On his crown pieces Cromwell put in Latin, *Let no one take these away from me unless he is ready to perish*, as on some patterns for farthings which he caused to be prepared were written in English, *Convenient change*, and *Charity and change.* In nothing was the character of Cromwell better exemplified than in his efforts to put an end to the circulation of fraudulent money.

Copper money was not issued in bulk till the time of Charles II. The first farthings that were used bore these words, *Nummorum famulus*, The servant of money. On the larger coins issued by that monarch in 1663 appeared the text, *Reddite quae Cæsaris Cæsari*, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Well would it have been for him and his if he had chosen rather the remainder of the verse. In the choice he made he turned his back not only on Cromwell, but on all his own history and experience. But, like the Bourbons, he had forgotten nothing and learnt nothing.

In a coin of 1690, in the reign of James II., we have the last of such sayings as we have been looking at, *Christo victore triumpho*, With Christ as conqueror I triumph, and that is as true for you and me as it is for kings and queens.



The Chalk Cliffs of Dover.

1	W	Immediately He putteth in the sickle because the harvest is come.—*Mark 4, 29.* "Decide quickly, Madam; time flies, and the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death."—*Sir John Hawkins to Queen Elizabeth.*
2	TH	Fruitful in every good work.—*Col. 1, 10.*
3	F	Then appeared the tares also.—*Matt. 13, 26.*
4	S	Explain unto us the parable of the tares.—*v. 36 (R. V.)*
5	S	The Lord, whose name is Jealous.—*Ex. 34, 14.*
6	M	Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God?—*Ps. 79, 10.*
7	TU	Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?—*Song of Solomon 3, 3.*
8	W	My presence shall go with thee.—*Ex. 33, 14.* When some officers sought to dissuade Admiral Korniloff, a famous Russian hero, from visiting a part of Sebastopol during the bombardment on account of the great risk he would run, he answered, "What will the soldiers say of me if they do not see me to-day?"
9	TH	They looked unto Him, and were lightened.—*Ps. 34, 5.*
10	F	Let my life be much set by in the eyes of the Lord.—*1 Sam. 26, 24.*
11	S	I shall see God.—*Job 19, 26.*
12	S	Cease ye from man.—*Is. 2, 22.*
13	M	My familiar friends have forgotten me;
14	TU	They whom I loved are turned against me.—*Job 19, 14-19.*
15	W	Unto me men gave ear, and waited.—*ch. 29, 21.*
16	TH	And now am I their song.—*ch. 30, 9.* "Give me my popularity—*an awful postulate*—and I will yet pay all my debts."—*Sir Walter Scott.*
17	F	His favour is life.—*Ps. 30, 5.*
18	S	I have loved thee with an everlasting love.—*Jer. 31, 3.*
19	S	A virtuous woman. Her price is far above rubies.
20	M	She worketh willingly with her hands. "Queen's College, Oxford, was founded in 1340, by Robert Eaglesfield. His name is kept in mind by the quaint custom of giving, once a year, a needle *(aiguille)* to each member of the foundation, with the injunction, Take that and be thrifty."—*Goldwin Smith.*
21	TU	She stretcheth out her hand to the poor.
22	W	She openeth her mouth with wisdom.
23	TH	In her tongue is the law of kindness. Low was her voice, but won mysterious way Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one Was all but silence.—*Tennyson's Aylmer's Field.*
24	F	She eateth not the bread of idleness.
25	S	Her children call her blessed. Her husband praiseth her.—*Prov. 31.*
26	S	A God full of compassion.—*Ps. 86, 15.*
27	M	Neither hath He hid His face from the afflicted.—*Ps. 22, 24.*
28	TU	Jesus put forth His hand, and touched the leper.—*Mat. 8, 3.* When Marie Antoinette was on her way from Vienna to Paris, in 1770, to marry Louis XVI. of France, a proclamation was issued forbidding deformed persons to appear in the streets through which she passed.
29	W	Whithersoever He entered, they laid the sick in the streets.—*Mark 6, 56.*
30	TH	Himself took our infirmities.—*Matt. 8, 17.*
31	F	God said, what aileth thee, Hagar?—*Gen. 21, 17.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

September, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Queen Elizabeth.

Tattooing.

UP till 1879 deserters from the army or navy were tattooed on their backs, between their shoulders, with the letter D when they were caught, while men of bad character were marked B C when they were dismissed their regiment or their ship. I suppose the practice was given up because it was thought unjust to put a mark on a man for life, a mark that never could be obliterated, no matter how well or how bravely he might bear himself in days to come. A few days ago I saw a sailor, a man-of-war's man, who had several rings in blue and red tattooed on his fingers, and anchors and stars on the back of his hand, bracelets on his wrists, and the American flag and some other things on his forearm—all very coarsely and badly done. I have seen men in China and Japan, and men who have been there, whose bodies were covered with serpents and flowers and portraits—very well done, sometimes wonderfully done. But well done or ill done, it is always a wrong thing, and a foolish thing, to do. A foolish thing, because it can never be undone. A boy thinks it great fun to get an anchor or a star printed on his hand. It takes only a few minutes to do, but the mark remains, well drawn or ill drawn—and it is usually very badly drawn — remains till death, and though he should live for eighty years, he can never look at his hand, or let another look at it, without feeling shame, or at least annoyance. And one's hand is a thing that cannot be hid.

But tattooing is also a sinful thing to do, for God has forbidden it in His Word—Leviticus 19, 28, "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you: I am the Lord." Remember that your bodies belong to God. You are fearfully and wonderfully made. Your bodies are not your own, but His, to be temples of the Holy Ghost. Keep them beautiful and sweet and fresh, make them strong. Let your hands bear marks of honest work and brave deeds and holy thoughts. Let there be no marks on you but the marks of the Lord Jesus, marks sent in His providence or gained in His service.

THE dull world has got the wrong phrase. It is he who resents an affront who *pockets* it. He who takes no notice lets it lie in the dirt.

—*George MacDonald.*

GOD made me see with wonder how one view of forgiveness and pardoning mercy alienates the soul more from sin than twenty sights, nay tastes, of hell.—*Halyburton's Memoirs.*

AN artist once asked Rabbi Duncan if portrait-painting was not included in the commandment, "Love one another." "Yes, yes," he said; "it is right I should remember not only the sayings of my friend, but also the countenance God gave him."

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 88.)

Sixty-Eighth Birthday.

As life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new, and near the end
The *milestones* into *headstones* change,
'Neath every one a friend.

—*Lowell.*

At the age of 68

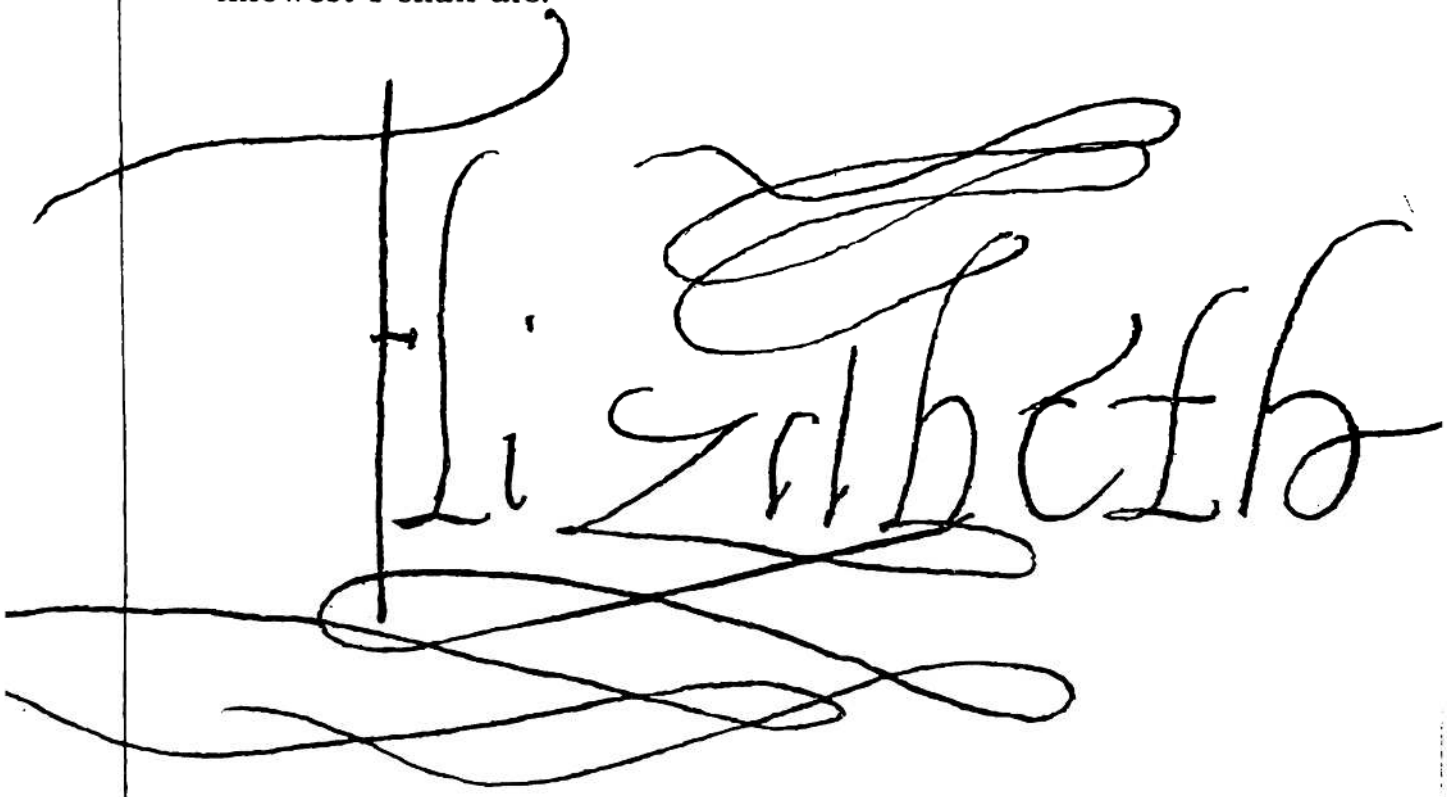
DR. JOHN OWEN, the famous Puritan divine to whom Cromwell said "Sir, you are a person I must be acquainted with," died, 24th August, 1683. His best known writings are those on *The Holy Spirit*, *The Person of Christ*, and his Commentary on Hebrews. A few days before his death he wrote to a friend, "I am going to Him whom my soul has loved, or, rather, who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but, while the great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable." And just as he was dying, when one told him that his book, *Meditations on the Glory of Christ*, had passed through the press, he said, "I am glad to hear it; but, Oh brother! the long-wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing, in this world."

69

QUEEN ELIZABETH died, 24th March, 1603. She is one of the most striking and yet least lovable of characters in English history. She was cruel, capricious, insincere in the prime of her days; so vain, that when she was told that Queen Mary of Scotland was taller than she, she said, "Then she is too tall, for I am just the proper height," and then displaying at full length her auburn tresses, demanded of Sir James Melville if the Queen of Scots could boast of such a head of hair; so passionate, that she boxed her courtiers' ears and struck her maids-of-honour and spoke loud—and a lady even when most angry will speak low; and so mean, that she grudged her bravest sailors food when they were well and refused them medicine when they were ill, and sent the ships, which her subjects had built at their own expense, to sea in time of war with powder sufficient for only one day's battle. Advancing years and failing strength wrought little change in her. She refused to "grow old gracefully." The very word "successor" roused her to fury. "Elizabeth," says Mr. J. R. Green, "had no mind to die. But death crept on. Her face became haggard, and her frame shrank almost to a skeleton. At last her taste for finery disappeared, and she refused to change her dresses for a week together. A strange melancholy settled down on her. 'She held in her hand,' says one who saw her in her last

At the age of 69

days, 'a golden cup which she often put to her lips: but in truth her heart seemed too full to need more filling.' Gradually her mind gave way. She lost her memory, the violence of her temper became unbearable, her very courage seemed to forsake her. She called for a sword to lie constantly beside her and thrust it from time to time through the arras, as if she heard murderers stirring there. Food and rest became alike distasteful. She sat day and night propped up with pillows on a stool, her finger on her lip, her eyes fixed on the floor, without a word. If she once broke the silence, it was with a flash of her old queenliness. When Robert Cecil declared that she 'must' go to bed, the word roused her like a trumpet. 'Must!' she exclaimed; 'is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word.' Then, as her anger spent itself, she sank into her old dejection. 'Thou art so presumptuous,' she said, because thou knowest I shall die.'"



67 WILLIAM COWPER the poet died, 25th April, 1800. He himself pronounced his name Cooper, but the world, in recent times at least, has not followed him in this. Few men have had a more troubled life than he. He was always doubting God's love, and even in his happiest hours was loathe to part with his fears. "If he saw the gates of heaven open," one said of him, "he would not walk straight through but wriggle in." Several times his mind so completely gave way that he tried to destroy himself. On one of these occasions, January 1773, in obedience to what he thought the command of God, he hired a post chaise, purposing to drown himself at a particular spot in a river. But the driver missed his way, and a little after, the cloud of gloom lifted from the poet's mind and He who brings light out of darkness and good out of evil taught him to write the famous

At the age of 69

hymn—"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Everybody knows the fourth verse of it, at least—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Surly John.

JOHN FAULDS was known as the "Watch-dog," and a very surly dog he was. A watch-dog does not need to bark at everybody, but that is exactly what John Faulds did. He went through school and never made a friendship that lasted longer than three days. When he became a man, he was the only one out of eight hundred that walked to and from his work alone. He was always standing up for what he called his "rights," but what others called his "pound of flesh." Yet he was honest to the backbone, and but for that strange twist in his nature might have been a man greatly beloved. The happiest moment, I think, he had for years, was on the day he caught a man collecting the letters from a pillar-box nearly the third of a minute before the time. The postman, seeing no one coming, had thought it needless to wait, and was eight yards past the pillar when Faulds, who had been lurking in the distance, rushed up with a newspaper which he had directed to himself. The postman offered to take it and put it in his bag, but Faulds refused to give it to him as being an illegal thing to do, and then walked with him in the pouring rain three-quarters of a mile to lodge a complaint at the head office. He got several station-masters and railway-guards into trouble the same way. But old Mr. Douglas, the kindest and most lovable of men, once took a sweet revenge on him. It was a day in July, when there was a cheap trip to London, and Faulds stood on the platform with his ticket in his hand, watching the clock, as was his wont. But just as he was getting ready to step in, two passengers came up who went in before him, and before he got his foot on the step Mr. Douglas had given the signal and the train began to move. Faulds was taking hold of the carriage door when three porters seized him and held him back, then led him, mad with rage, into the station-master's room, where, to comfort him, they read him the bye-laws which stated the penalties that could be enforced for entering a train in motion, or resisting the company's servants in the execution of their duty.

I hear that lately he lost a chance he had long been looking for of a berth as engineer on one of our finest ships. He got a telegram asking if he could come within two days to London, and "reply within two hours." "Yes," was all he needed to say, but as that would have only made the seventh word in the telegram, he determined to put in five other words to make up the twelve to which he was entitled by law for his sixpence, and five of the biggest words too that he could get in. Then he got into a controversy with the telegraph-girl, who in an incautious moment told him

he "wasn't to stand there all day wasting telegraph forms with his nonsense." He finished his message at last, however, to his perfect satisfaction, and having threatened to report the poor girl, who had only been ten days appointed, and was now crying, walked leisurely homewards, having first bought a trunk for his passage on the way. When he got home there was a telegram awaiting him from London—"Your answer came too late. Another has been appointed."

And she knows it not: O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it.—*Tennyson.*

The Partridges.

THERE were thirteen of them at first, but six of them had died of the "gapes," and two of them were drowned the day the burn overflowed, and one of them was killed either by a cat or a weasel. Their father too had been killed, some way or other, during the hay cutting. That left only four besides the mother. Everything seemed to go against them for a time. Young ants, on which they fed, were very scarce, the weather was wet and cold, and somehow the four birds grew so slowly that it looked as if they were to be chicks to the end of their days. It was a great trial to them, and all the greater trial because, backward though the season was, the birds in the other coveys in the neighbourhood were all plump and strong. "My boys," each of the other mothers would say, "are getting so big! they will soon be bigger than their father, but they are so restless at night, always complaining of growing pains. It is a pity your children are so small. I don't think I ever saw smaller."

And the father would say, "These girls of mine will soon be as tall and handsome as their mother, and she was the prettiest bird I ever saw, and I don't say that because she is my wife, but because it's true."

The four little birds were known at first as "the sparrows," then, after a time, as "the wrens," that name being given them by an ill-natured couple who had no chicks of their own. The wrens had many a sore heart over their littleness. "Shall we never get any bigger, mother?" they often said. And they used to measure themselves two or three times a day standing under the lowmost blade of a big turnip near the edge of the field, and trying with all their might to rub their little crowns against it. Sometimes, when other birds were near, they would stand on stones and enjoy a pretended bigness for a moment. One wet morning they all awoke happy. They had growing pains at last! "Where?" said their mother.

"In our heads," was the answer. But their poor mother only smiled. Another day their legs were stiff, and though they could scarcely stand, their joy at getting the long-looked for pains at last made them almost merry till the ill-natured couple, happening to pass along the next drill, explained to them that it was only rheumatism that they had.

"My dears," their mother said to them one night as they lay crying under one of her wings, so little bulk were they, "my dears, don't be cast down because you are little. Some birds get all their growth at once, and some remain little a long time and then sprout up like anything! My grandmother was no bigger than a mavis till she was seven months old, and yet, when she was shot the year after, she was such a pretty bird that she was stuffed and sent to a museum. And remember there is something far better than being tall; 'tis only noble to be good; and besides, it is all God's doing, and little people, if they are contented, may find a blessing even in their littleness."

And what their mother said they found to be true before four-and-twenty hours were past. For next day was the first of September, the day on which partridge shooting begins. I saw the three guns enter the turnip field myself, with their pointer and retriever. Within ten minutes the old couple were shot then, in the next half-hour, two large coveys, one of twelve birds, the other of seventeen, rose and were broken up and followed and killed one by one, till out of the twenty-nine there were but six survivors and two of these were sore

wounded. Then, last of all, as the sportsmen were leaving the field, the "wrens" and their mother rose. "Cheepers!"—that is, birds too young to shoot—"cheepers!" cried the keeper, and they were allowed to go off scot free, and their mother too!

That night, as they lay in their favourite hollow in the stubbles an unbroken family, and listened to the other birds "calling" in vain for those that should never come again, their mother said, "I'm thankful this night, and I'm sure you're thankful too, my dears, that you are little after all. For the race this day has not been to the swift nor the battle to the strong."

Five months afterwards, on the last day of the season, I heard the keeper say to his master as they turned into the avenue on their way home—"Look, sir, yonder are the five birds that have never let us near them since the end of October; are'nt they strong on the wing!"

The Fishermen.

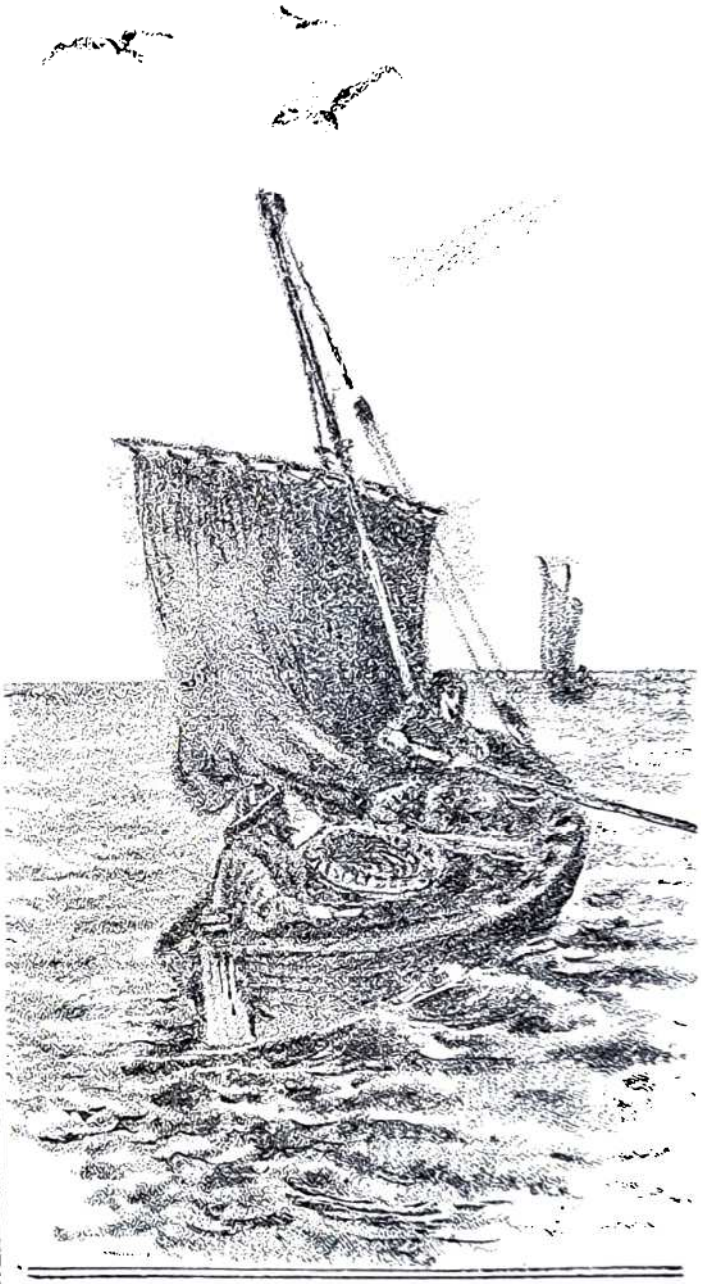
Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish as in the old time
The silver coin shall come.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals;
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reels,

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!

Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot,
And we cannot meet Him better
Than in working out our lot.

—*Whittier.*



WHEN our teacher told us one day the story of the tortoise and the hare, how the hare, after galloping for half-a-mile, lay down and slept, and found when it awoke that the tortoise had passed it and won the race, we didn't think the story had anything to do with

us; it referred simply to a hare and a tortoise that never existed.

Tom Ferguson was "dux" of the class, and had been dux the five years he had been at school. There would be thirty in our class, all about eleven years of age. Some of us managed to get to the top once in a while, but that giddy elevation was too much for us, and we preferred, and easily secured, the lower places in the class, where we could more safely play at the "nine o's," or draw steamboats, on our slates. Johnny Aitchison was usually second dux, a boy much cleverer, perhaps I should rather say less stupid, than the rest of us, but still a long way behind Tom Ferguson. He was slow in all he did, but very patient and very determined. Our last year at school found and left us much as we had been all along: Ferguson easily first, Aitchison second, the rest of us "nowhere," which means somewhere very particularly. The master foolishly, though meaning well, gave Ferguson his choice of a book or a silver medal; he as foolishly chose the medal, and that medal, or rather his choosing of it, was his undoing. His mother got a little glass-covered stand made for it, from which it hung by a tiny piece of blue ribbon. It stood always on the mantelpiece, and seemed to be the very voice of nature, by one of its own products, proclaiming that Tom Ferguson was the cleverest boy in the world, if not the cleverest boy that had ever lived. His mother might have seen that it was only a little bit of silver worth six or seven shillings, and that the flourishes that so lavishly surrounded her boy's name on it were not the testimony of nature, driven to ecstatic admiration, but only the ingenious whirls of Peter Brunton the jeweller, twopence a whirl, or the seven for a shilling. Further, she might on reflection have discovered that the medal only meant, after all, that her son was cleverer for the time being than the rest of the boys in a little class in a little village school. She forgot that there were many millions of boys of the same age with whom her son had never come into competition; she thought

> the rustic cackle of her bourg
> The murmur of the world.

When Tom left school, he continued to carry all before him for a time, that is, for a whole day or two. He was taken in as apprentice in the Bank, and so got the best opening then vacant in our neighbourhood. His fortune was now made, he thought; his days of learning lessons were all over; he had got the silver medal in the school, and at the very mention of that, when his sheaf stood up, would not all other sheaves stand round about and make obeisance?

It is seven-and-twenty years since then, and Tom Ferguson is in the Bank still and has no less, and no more, than eighty pounds a year. His master, the agent, is only fifty-four, and as he comes of a long-lived stock, Mr. Ferguson's chances of promotion are as small as they can be; indeed, though he doesn't know that, the people in the head office look on him already as

too old to be promoted! He spends most of his leisure time in the bowling-green. I met him there the other night. He and a new comer to our town were to play off the final tie for the President's medal, but it came on wet, and we all sat talking in the club-house. One of our number had got an evening paper and was telling us that Mr. John Aitchison, C.E., F.R.S., the great engineer, had invented another wonderful machine. Quite a number of us said all at once that we remembered him when he was Tom Johnstone the blacksmith's apprentice. "Yes," said the blacksmith, who was in the company, "and I never had an apprentice like him. I never saw him a minute late in coming to his work, but I've seen him often stay long after the hour before he would be beat, and he never once asked for a rise in his pay, and I have had apprentices that did little else."

When the tie was played off, for the rain didn't last long, we were all sorry that the new comer had won. He was a forward man and seemed to be getting too many things his own way, and was far too fond of playing for prizes. It was a pretty close game, 21 to 20, and we all thought Tom Ferguson had played his last shot recklessly. "I'm sorry you lost the medal," I said to him as we walked home together, "and I'm sorrier still that fellow got it, for I like him less the more I see of him."

"Man!" was his answer in a kind of half-sad, half-smiling way, "if you knew as much about medals as I do, you would know that the worst thing you could do a man was to give him one!"

He pressed me to go in with him when we came to his door, and I went. His mother was sitting at the fire and looked up at him fondly. "What's troubling you, Tom?" she said. "Nothing," he said.

"Don't say that to me," was her answer, "I could tell by your step as you passed the window there was something wrong."

"He lost the medal at the bowls," I said.

"No, no," he said, "I would be ashamed to let that affect me so much. But Johnny Aitchison's name's in the papers to-night again, and I was thinking how easily I used to beat him long ago when we were at school together."

"You see it was God's will," said him mother. "It was to be, and we mustn't fret."

"But that's just why I do fret, that I don't think it was God's will. He made me cleverer than Johnny Aitchison to start with, but I idled when I was sixteen and seventeen and eighteen, and he worked, and so I not only didn't gain any thing but God took away from me even what I had. A man hasn't won a mile race because he is ahead the first twelve yards, and that was the mistake I made; I thought, because I was first when I was a boy, I was to be first all my life."

"It's quite true," said his mother after a little, "and I am more to blame than you, but if the race was not won when you were twelve, it's maybe not altogether lost though you are thirty-nine."

1	S	Your labour of love.—*1 Thess. 1, 3.* "'A labour of love,' in current language, is a piece of work done so willingly that no payment is expected for it. But *a* labour of love is not what Paul is speaking of; it is *laboriousness* as love's characteristic."—*Dr. Denney.*
2	S	God is my witness.—*Rom. 1, 9.*
3	M	The testimony of our conscience.—*2 Cor. 1, 12.* Rowland Hill used to tell young couples to get the looking-glass of a good conscience, so that, keeping it clean, they might see themselves in it.
4	Tu	Your chaste behaviour.—*1 Peter 3, 2.*
5	W	Saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.—*Acts 6, 15.*
6	Th	Demetrius hath good report of all men.—*3 John 12.*
7	F	Hast thou considered my servant Job?—*Job 2, 3.*
8	S	Him will I confess before My Father.—*Matt. 10, 32.*
9	S	I know thy works.—*Rev. 2, 2.*
10	M	Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit.—*Matt. 7, 17.*
11	Tu	Thou whited wall.—*Acts 23, 3.*
12	W	Thou believest that there is one God? the devils also believe.
13	Th	Faith without works is dead.—*James 2, 19.* Boileau, a great French writer, said of the Jesuits that they lengthened the creed and shortened the decalogue.
14	F	Woe unto you, hypocrites!—*Matt. 23, 23.*
15	S	Wash me.—*Psalm 51, 7.*
16	S	Their cry came up unto God.—*Ex. 2, 23.*
17	M	The heart knoweth its own bitterness.—*Prov. 14, 10.*
18	Tu	None spake a word unto him.—*Job 2, 13.*
19	W	For they saw that his grief was very great. Speaking of his first day at the courts after he lost all his money, Sir W. Scott says, "The best bred just shook hands and went on."
20	Th	There is a time to keep silence.—*Eccl. 3, 7.*
21	F	Barnabas, the son of consolation.—*Acts 4, 36.*
22	S	The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.—*John 14, 26.*
23	S	The mouth of God.—*Matt. 4, 4.*
24	M	By thy words thou shalt be justified.—*Matt. 12, 37.*
25	Tu	As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.—*Prov. 27, 19.*
26	W	Puteoli, where we found brethren.—*Acts 28, 14.* That tongue is ours. How few the words We need to know a brother! As simple as the notes of birds, Yet well they know each other.
27	Th	The men said unto Ahab, Thy brother Benhadad.—*1 Kings 20, 33.*
28	F	Thy speech bewrayeth thee.—*Matt. 26, 73.*
29	S	How can ye, being evil, speak good?—*Matt. 12, 34.*
30	S	Hallow My Sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between Me and you.—*Ezek. 20, 20.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

October, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

James A. Wylie

Rev. James Allan Wylie, M.A.

Born at Hamilton, 3rd October, 1863: Murdered at Liaoyang, Northern China, August, 1894.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Sharps, Hamilton and Coatbridge.)

Text- Acts 16. 9. 28th May 1884.

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Acts 16, 9.—And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us.

THAT was the text chosen by Mr. Wylie in his twenty-first year, while still a student, from which to preach a missionary sermon, in accordance with the rule of the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member. The writing is copied from his manuscript, dated 28th May, 1884, most kindly lent by his father, Provost Wylie, Garnocklea, Hamilton.

To that heavenly vision Mr. Wylie was not disobedient, and now he sees God.

Six weeks ago he was stabbed, and hacked, and beaten to death, and was in glory almost before he had time to feel the pain.

There is no nobler life than a missionary's, and no grander death than a martyr's. To win both crowns is the highest honour God can give. Two hundred years ago God made Scotland a land of martyrs, of Camerons, Cargills, and Renwicks. The road from Hamilton led to Drumclog, Bothwell Bridge, and Lanark, and men went by it to "glorify God in the Grassmarket." But in these latter days that same road has led to Africa, Mongolia, Manchuria, and God has given Scotland and the world Livingstones, Gilmours, Wylies, martyrs and missionaries both.

And Dan, why did he remain in ships? Asher sat still at the haven of the sea, and abode by his creeks.—Judges 5, 17. R.V.

ONCE, long, long ago, in a time of great national peril, a speaker, who was addressing some settlers in the northern part of the New England States on their duty to God and their country, asked them to remember what was man's chief end. "Sir," cried a voice in the crowd, "you are making a mistake. We are not the people of Plymouth Bay. *Our chief end is to catch fish.*"

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 101.)

The age of 70

THE days of our years are threescore years and ten.—Ps. 90. 10.

Trifle not at thirty-five,
For howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
—*To Mrs. Thrale, on her completing her 35th year.*

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"AT threescore-and-ten a man is inducted into the order of old men." *From a speech of John Bright's in acknowledging an address on his seventieth birthday, 16th November, 1881.*

These are the scenes: a boy appears;
Set life's round dial in the sun,
Count the swift arc of seventy years,
His frame is dust: his task is done.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

70

"WE talked of old age. Dr. Johnson, now in his seventieth year, said, 'It is a man's own fault, it is from want of use, if his mind grows torpid in old age.' Dr. Shipley asked if an old man does not lose faster than he gets. *Johnson*: 'I think not, sir, if he exerts himself.' One of the company rashly observed that he thought it was happy for an old man that insensibility comes upon him. *Johnson*, with a noble elevation and disdain: 'No, sir, I should never be happy by being less rational.' *Dr. Shipley:* 'Your wish then, sir, is γηράσκειν διδασκόμενος (geraskein didaskomenos), to grow old and still be learning.' *Johnson:* 'Yes, sir.'"—*Boswell.*

At the age of 70

MIMNERMUS, a Greek poet who lived at Smyrna about the time of Jeremiah, B.C. 620, said that life was worthless when its best days were over, and asked "that the doom of death might overtake him, free from disease and care—at sixty." DR. CHALMERS called the seventh decade, the ten years from sixty to seventy, "the Sabbath day of life."

70

DAVID, King of Israel, died—so says Josephus.

70

LORD HOWE, the great Admiral, is thus referred to in a letter, dated March, 1794, by Lord Nelson—then Captain Nelson of the Agamemnon, and in his thirty-fifth year—"Lord Howe's zeal, his activity for the honour and benefit of his king and country, are not abated. Though upwards of seventy, he possesses the mind of forty years of age. He has not a thought separated from honour and glory."

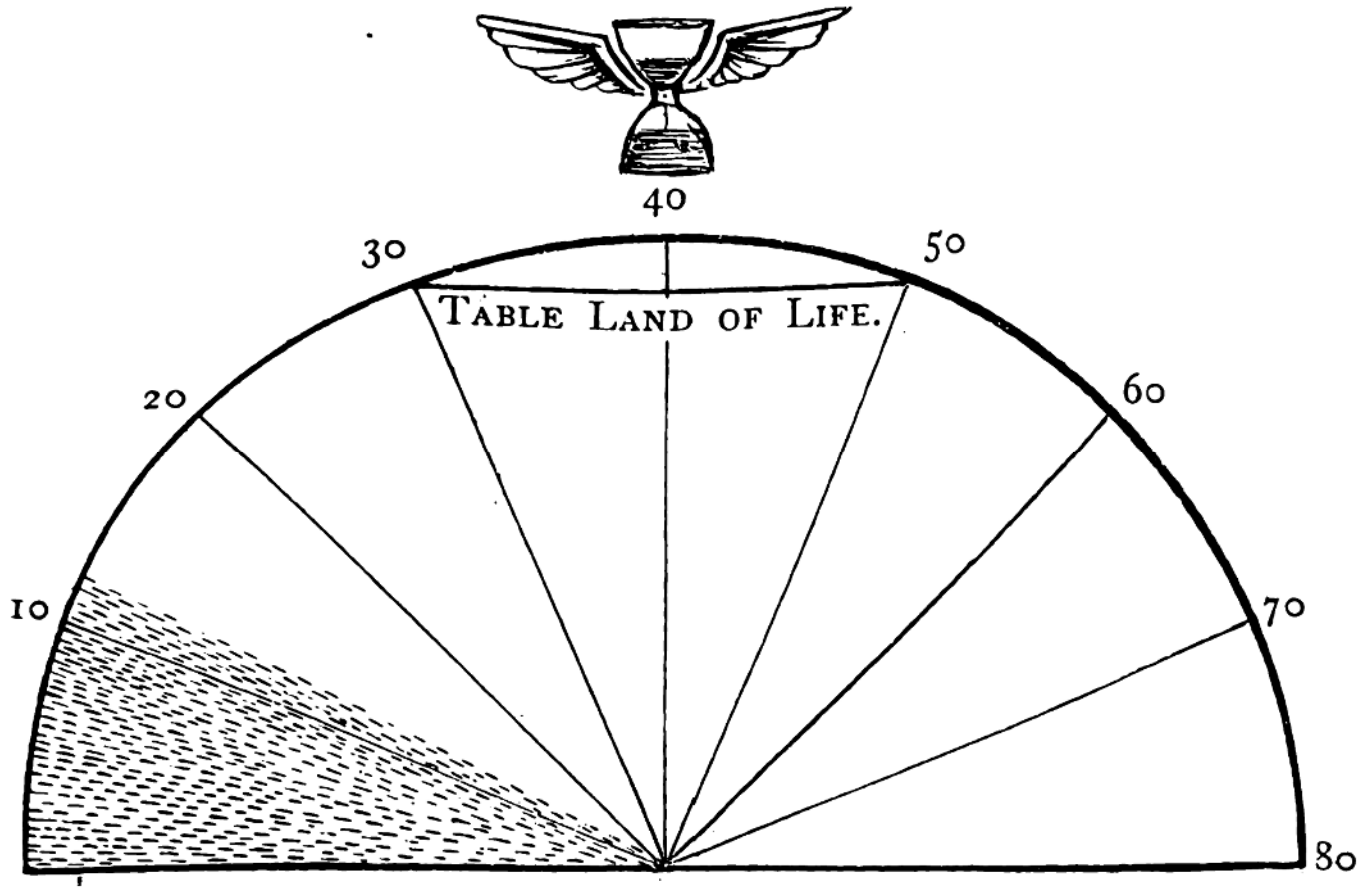
At the age of 70 | RICHARD BAXTER, the author of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," was tried before Judge Jeffreys, May, 1685, for having, in his Commentary on the New Testament, charged the Church of England with persecuting the Nonconformists. The trial is one of the most famous in English history. Jeffreys called him an old rogue, a hypocritical villain, then turning up his eyes and clasping his hands, began to sing through his nose in imitation of what he took to be Baxter's style of praying. Next, he called him a dog, and swore that he would only be doing his duty if he sentenced such a villain to be whipped through London at the cart's tail. But the Chief Justice was over-ruled by the judges who sat with him on the bench, and Baxter was only put in prison. There he remained for nearly two years.

70 | COPERNICUS, the founder of modern astronomy, died, 1543. He was the first who plainly taught that the earth and the planets go round the sun. Before his time men held the Ptolemaic system, and believed that the sun and the whole heavens went round our earth every twenty-four hours. The first printed copy of the book in which Copernicus explained his views was handed to him just as he was dying. On its title-page are written the words which Plato is said to have inscribed over the vestibule of his house in Athens—"Mathematicians only admitted." The house which Copernicus occupied at Allenstein in Prussia is still to be seen, with the holes which he made in the walls in order to observe the movements of the stars. On his grave is a Latin inscription to this effect: "I do not ask Thee to deal with me as Thou didst with Paul or Peter, but as Thou didst with the dying thief."

70 | COUNT VON MOLTKE, who thirty-nine years before had spoken of his "insignificant fate in the world," took command of the Prussian and German forces in the war with France in 1870, and began that series of victories that has given him a place amongst the greatest soldiers of all time. No man ever strove harder to be ready for whatever task the future might bring, or entered more modestly on it when the task did come. When the French were boasting as if victory were already theirs, Von Moltke wrote these words—"Berlin, July 18, 1870. God's ways are not our ways, and He attains His ends in the evolution of the world even by lost campaigns." Yet even he, with all the honours the word could give, found all to be but labour and vanity. These are his words: "When a man has outlived his three-score-and-ten years, he can only pray that the Lord will take him mercifully to Himself."

Nasmyth's Dial of Life.

The accompanying diagram was prepared in 1882, in his seventy-fourth year, by Mr. Nasmyth, inventor of the steam-hammer. It is taken from his *Life*, written by Mr. Samuel Smiles.

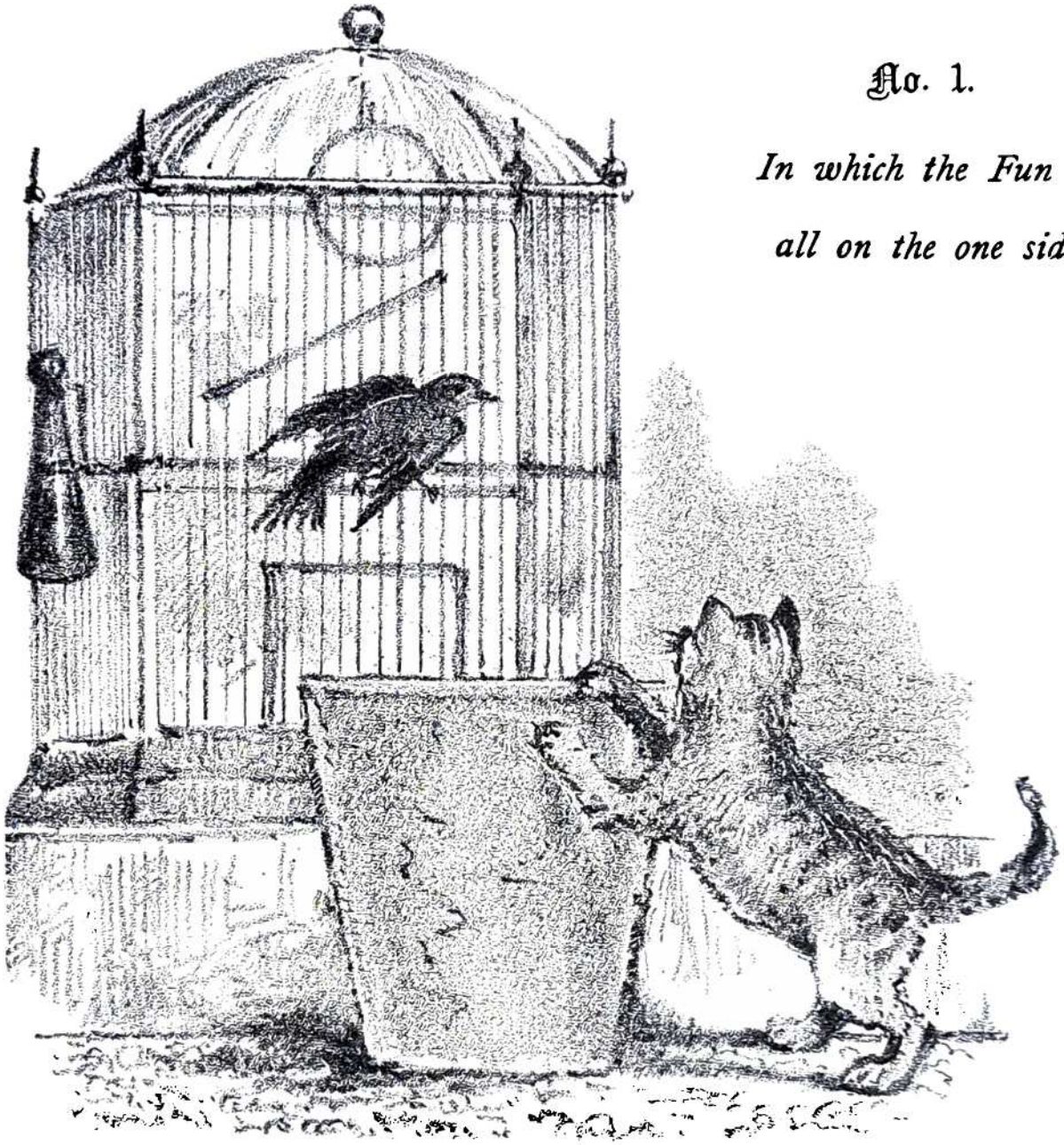


"The Dial shows the brevity of life, and indicates the tale that is soon told. The first part of the semi-circle includes the passage from infancy to boyhood and manhood. While that period lasts, time seems to pass very slowly. We long to be men and doing men's work. What I have called *The Tableland of Life* is then reached. Ordinary observation shows that between thirty and fifty the full strength of body and mind is reached; and at that period we energise our faculties to the utmost.

"Those who are blessed with good health and a sound constitution may prolong the period of energy to sixty or even seventy; but Nature's laws must be obeyed, and the period of decline begins, and goes on with accelerated rapidity. Then comes old age, and as we descend the semi-circle towards eighty, we find that the remnant of life becomes vague and cloudy.

"By shading off the portion of the area of the diagram according to the individual age, everyone may see how much of life is consumed, and what is left, if the Lord will."

THROUGH life I gave my father very little, having little to give. He needed little, and from me expected nothing. Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved ones can receive no kindness. I once bought him a pair of silver spectacles, of the receipt of which and the letter that accompanied them (my brother told me) he was very glad and nigh weeping. "What I gave I have." He read with these spectacles till his last days, and no doubt sometimes thought of me in using them. —*Thomas Carlyle.*



No. 1.

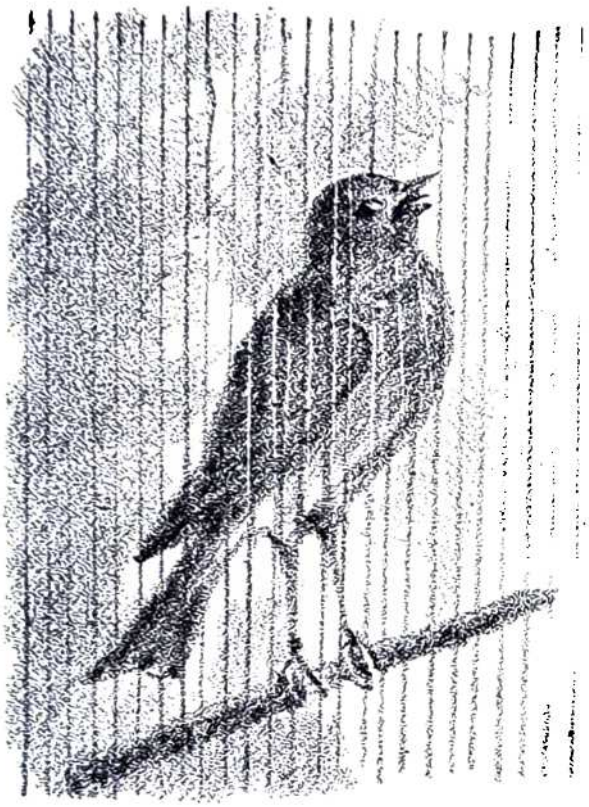
In which the Fun is all on the one side.

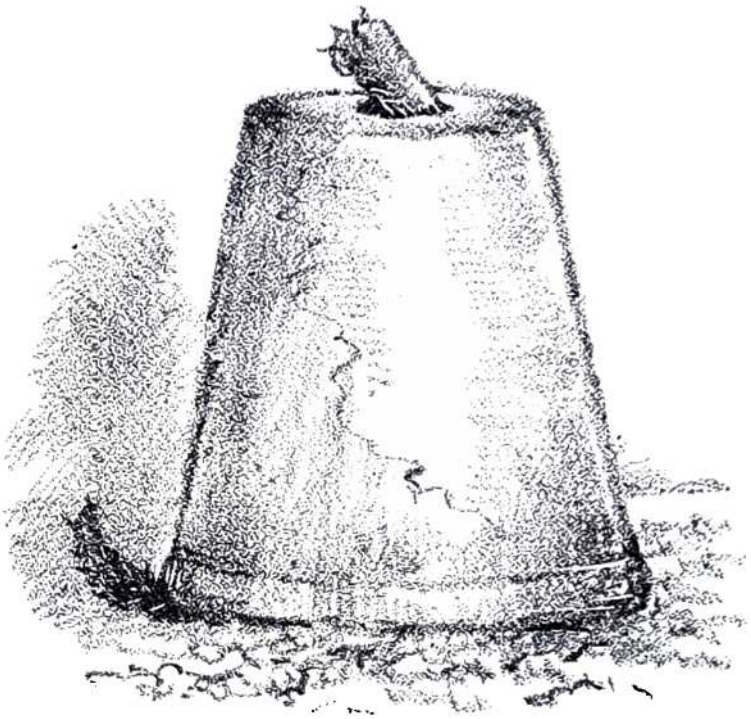
Little Roderick.

I.

DONALD M'CUE and his wife Jenny lived on the hill-side, three hundred yards from the steep road that traversed a Highland glen. They were married on the last day of a May many years ago, in the afternoon, in the little church six miles on the other side of the hill. And a great wedding it was. Only ten guests had been invited, but the whole parish came. For there was no kinder lad than Donald, and to say that Jenny was worthy of him was to say all that could be said for both. He was a shepherd, she a housemaid at the Castle. Her master and mistress were at the marriage and their seven sons and daughters. Jenny had persuaded them always to walk to church on

No. 2.—*In which the Fun is all on the other side.*





Sabbath-days, but that Friday the young folks came on horse-back—and a fine sight it was—to do her honour. And there were two carriagefuls of visitors. Our young minister—it was his first marriage, and the first, too, he had ever been at—began, I remember, with prayer, and then we sang the Twenty-third Psalm, as usual, to "Martyrdom." But we closed with "Scarborough" to the Ninety-first.

No plague shall near thy dwelling come,
No ill shall thee befal:
For thee to keep in all thy ways
His angels charge He shall.

* * * *

Because on Me he set his love,
I'll save and set him free;
Because My great name he hath known,
I will him set on high.

I never heard grander singing, and I have been told that one of the young lady visitors there that day, who had never been in a Scotch Church before, was so taken both with words and music, that they became her favourite song. They say she often sang it to her friends, and once at some party in London having sung it, accompanying herself on the harp, she so moved and stirred a great audience that it was felt that all further singing would be out of place. And long after, the night before a battle, as two officers sat writing what might have been their last letters home, one said to the other, "I wish I could hear that song again that Miss Seymour learned at the Scotch wedding."

II.

God answers our prayers sometimes by fearful works. And so it was with Donald and Jenny. They got a little son in process of time, and the sunshine in their home was brighter than ever. It was not every day the father could get to church, but whenever he could go he went, and took little Roderick, so called after his wife's father, with him. "A shepherd," he would say, "might surely easily carry his own lamb." Then trouble smote Roderick, and day by day, after the trouble seemed to pass, the parents saw that there was something the matter with their boy. Then their fears became a certainty. Their child was weak both in body and in mind. He could not walk and he never learned to speak, though he had a perfect ear and sang like a mavis.

For God took pity on the boy
And was his friend, and gave him joy,
Of which we nothing know.

A coach drawn by three horses passed up and down the glen three times a week. That, with the coming and going of his father, was the great event in Roderick's day. At other times he sat at the door looking at the pictures in the big Bible and specially at the one which represented the chariot of fire and the horses of fire that carried Elijah up to heaven. But on coach days, with his red cap which his mother made him wear that she might find him the more readily if he should at any time for a little go out of sight, he crawled down to a hillock near the road. Then, when the coach came in view, he clapped his hands and waved his arms just as he did whenever he looked at Elijah's ascension and wished to imitate the prancing steeds.

It was one August that the burn overflowed after a heavy night of rain. When Roderick, then scarcely eight, for the last time mounted his perch to await the coming of the coach, he saw a great tree lying across the road. It had fallen through the washing away of the embankment. It was in a little hollow, just past a bend in the road —a place which always afforded the driver a little chance of showing off; for we have all our weaknesses. The poor child instantly divined the danger, for God was ever very close to him, and began at once to crawl along the road to meet the coach, now almost due. And then, knowing he could give no other sign of danger, he lay down right in the middle of the way. Presently the coach came thundering on; then suddenly, and not a moment too soon, the driver and those beside him saw the child with his red cap. The horses were stopped, and little Roderick was tossed angrily by the guard into the heather beside the road, while the driver cut at him with his whip. Five minutes afterwards he carried the child with his bleeding face up to his mother, and asked both her and God to forgive him for his sin.

I sometimes think it was perhaps for that hour that little Roderick was born. From that day he sickened and pined away, till on a Sabbath afternoon, as his mother sat beside him, the little wasted

figure sat up in bed and tried to clap his hands and prance with his arms once more, as he had been wont to do aforetime. "Then he looked up so happy and so intent," his mother said, "that I was sure he saw something." It could not be the coach, for it was the Sabbath-day; it could only be the horses and the chariot of fire,

"Coming for to carry him home."

IT is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks to Christ. A bright view of Christ may minister comfort, but it is the looking which ministers safety.

Dr. Chalmers.

ALL knowledge except heraldry, says Lord Sherbrooke, has some use. Yet Dr. Sanderson, the famous divine whose resolve was that God's praise should be always in his mouth, found, so Isaac Walton says, that the study of heraldry gave a rest to his mind. Perhaps the two opinions mean pretty much the same thing. Old Cato used to order his slaves to lie down and sleep if they had no work to do—"if they were sleeping they would at least be doing no mischief." To an idle man who cannot sleep to order, the study of heraldry might not come amiss.

In 1797, Sir John Jervis with twenty-two ships defeated the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven, off Cape St. Vincent, and so gained his Earldom. In his armorial bearings the supporters, as heralds call them, on the right and left of the shield, are an eagle with a thunderbolt in its left claw, and a pegasus or winged horse. The motto, *Thus*, they further tell us, is the Latin for frankincense, and means, figuratively, religion. Now the heralds may be right in their drawings of the eagle and the pegasus—for most men have never seen in real life either a horse with wings or a bird with a thunderbolt in either of its claws—but they are wrong in what they say about the motto.

In 1782, Jervis, then captain of the Foudroyant—a word which means Thundering—a ship which had been taken from the French in 1758, chased the Pégase and captured her after an action which lasted three-quarters of an hour. During the chase the captain stood by his helmsman, and, as the custom then was, kept saying "*Thus*," "*Thus*," as he pointed to the compass and told him the direction in which to steer. When it became necessary for him to choose a coat of arms, his sister, who had often listened with delight to the story of the chase, suggested that his motto should be THUS. But the heralds didn't know that, their province being fiction and not fact.

There are some directions that all of us, I think, may still take from Captain Jervis, some things in which every wise man will still hear him saying—*Thus.*

He had a horror of debt. He was sent to sea as a midshipman when he was fourteen, with twenty pounds in his pocket. Living as all his comrades did and were expected to do, he soon spent all his money, and drew a bill on his father for twenty more. His father refused to pay it, and the bill was sent back. The rebuke so mortified the boy that there and then he vowed never to run into debt again. He changed his whole mode of life; lived on the ordinary ship's allowance; washed and mended his own clothes; made a pair of trousers for himself out of the ticking of his bed; and never rested till he had paid his debts and so redeemed his honour. All his life he never allowed a tradesman's account to remain unpaid. He told an officer who said he had been compelled to borrow money, "If a man has but a shilling a day, he should live on tenpence and lay by twopence."

Before his time sailors when they were ill had to lie in their usual hammocks. It was he who caused to be fitted up in every man-of-war the large airy room ever since called the "sick bay." Yet, though kind to his men, he kept strict discipline. The word "trouble," "troublesome," he could not endure; there ought, he said, to be no such word in a sailor's dictionary. When an officer to whom some difficult task was given wrote, saying, "I can't," Jervis told him to rub out "can't," and put in "will try."

Like all great commanders, and like all wise men, he made it a rule of his life to note things with a view to the possible future. It was said of Farragut, the great American admiral, that he never visited any harbour without observing critically its chances for defence both by sea and land. "Who knows," he said on one such occasion, "but that my services may be needed here some day?" So with Captain Jervis, excepting one opportunity which he lost and lived to regret. "Ah, Mr. Tucker," said he to his secretary, when he was planning an attack upon Brest and was in some difficulty as to its approaches, "had Captain Jervis surveyed Brest when he visited it in 1774, Lord St. Vincent would not have been in want of his information in 1800." Remember that, boys. Never lose a chance of learning anything. Knowledge, as old people will tell you, is easily carried; and "keep a thing seven years"—always excepting a grudge or a bad story—"and you will find a use for it."

Here is a *thus* for girls specially to keep in mind. In his old age, after he had left the sea, the guests at his house were desired every morning, after they had made their plans for the day, to name the hour for the carriages to be at the door. But if they were not in the hall ready to jump in when the hour came, Captain Brenton tells us, he would scold them in such good-natured but at the same time forcible language, that no one ever

erred in that way twice. Sometimes a lady would complain on being so hurried. "You make no allowance for us ladies, Lord St. Vincent; you should consider." "Consider what, madam? You named your own time, and I cannot allow my horses to take cold because you do not know how long it will take you to get ready for your drive."

1	M	We are ambassadors on behalf of Christ.—*2 Cor. 5, 20 (R. V.)*
2	Tu	Δεόμεθα, *deometha*, We beseech you. "You may now give yourself what airs you please," says Horace Walpole, writing in 1759 to Sir Horace Mann, the British representative at Florence; "an ambassador is the only man in the world whom bullying becomes." In 1878 two ambassadors refused to let General Grant, then visiting London, go before them into the Queen's presence on the ground that they "represented, respectively, an emperor and a nation." Ambassadors *demand*, not *beseech*.
3	W	We beseech you on behalf of Christ. "An incomparable commendation of the grace of Christ."—*Calvin.*
4	Th	Be ye reconciled to God.
5	F	Him who knew no sin he made to be sin on our behalf;
6	S	That we might become the righteousness of God in him.
7	S	The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all.—*2 Cor. 13, 14.*
8	M	Then wrought every man in whom the Lord put wisdom.—*Ex. 36, 1.*
9	Tu	In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit;
10	W	Serving the Lord.—*Rom. 12, 11 (R. V.)*
11	Th	We beseech you that ye study to be quiet,
12	F	And to do your own business,
13	S	And to work with your hands.—*1 Thess. 4, 11.* "The bulk of most men's strength, by an ordinance of God that we cannot interfere with, is given to the humble but inevitable task of making their daily bread. If we cannot be holy at our work, it is not worth taking any trouble to be holy at other times."
14	S	Abraham will command his children.—*Gen. 18, 19.*
15	M	The God of all the families of Israel.—*Jer. 31, 1.*
16	Tu	A family whose heart turneth away from the Lord.—*Deut. 29, 18.*
17	W	The voice of rejoicing is in the tabernacles of the righteous.—*Ps. 118, 15.*
18	Th	About midnight Paul and Silas were singing hymns unto God,
19	F	And the prisoners were listening to them.—*Acts 16, 25 (R. V.)* Sir W. Scott told Mr. Lockhart that he fixed on a certain spot for his bowling-green that he might have a smooth walk and a canny seat for himself within earshot of Peter Mathieson his godly coachman's evening Psalm at family worship.
20	S	Ye are of the household of God.—*Eph. 2, 19.*
21	S	I have called you friends.—*John 15, 15.*
22	M	I am a companion of all them that fear thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
23	Tu	He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.—*Ps. 101, 7.*
24	W	The seat of the scornful.—*Ps. 1, 1.*
25	Th	The tabernacles of the righteous.—*Ps. 118, 15.* Sir Henry Wotton, 1568-1639, used to call his friends his "living furniture."
26	F	Thy children like olive plants round about thy table.—*Ps. 128, 3.*
27	S	They constrained him, saying, Abide with us.—*Luke 24, 29.*
28	S	Christ who strengtheneth me.—*Phil. 4, 13.*
29	M	There stood by me this night an angel of God.—*Acts 27, 23.*
30	Tu	Jonathan strengthened David's hand in God.—*1 Sam. 23, 16.* "Nobody ever entered Pitt's room," said Colonel Barré, the friend of General Wolfe, "who did not come out of it a braver man."
31	W	When I am weak, then am I strong.—*2 Cor. 12, 10.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

November, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Erasmus.

Bene vale. Bruxellis. An. 1521.

Erasmus tuus

Bene vale. Bruxellis. An. 1521. Erasmus tuus.

Farewell. Brussels. In the year 1521. Erasmus thine.

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of youth.

—Psalm 127, 3, 4 (R.V.)

DURING the time of the first Napoleon, a hundred years ago, when all ships were made of wood, there were officers sent through France to look for trees that would do for building men-of-war. When they found one suitable, they made a peculiar mark on it with what was called the *marteau national*, or national hammer. From that hour the tree became in a manner sacred. No one dare touch it. The owner received a sum of money for it, and had to answer ever after for its safety. The number of the tree was entered in a book kept by the minister who had charge of the navy. The Government thus knew at any moment the amount of timber in the country that was available in case of war. I hope, boys and girls, that you do not forget that by your baptism, and by many another act before and since, you have been marked and set apart for the service of the Lord of Hosts. Your names are written in His book, and day by day your parents, and all good men and women who know you, and the holy angels, and perhaps the saints in glory, are anxiously regarding you, wondering whether you will be trees of renown or cumberers of the ground in the great days that are to be.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 113.)

At the age of 70 — Erasmus died at Basel, 12th July, 1536. He is the man of whom Luther said in an angry moment: "All you who honour Christ, I pray you hate Erasmus. He is not with us, and he is not with our foes, and I say with Joshua, Choose whom ye will serve. . . . I take Erasmus to be the worst enemy that Christ has had for a thousand years." Yet it was his exposure of the ignorance and vices of the Romish priests, and, above all, his edition of the Greek New Testament in 1516—the first ever printed—that made the Reformation what it was. It is well for us—God grant it may be well for us—that it is Christ who is to be our Judge.

71 — John James Audubon, an eminent American ornithologist, died in 1851. His father was an officer in the French Navy who had been sent out to seek his fortune at the age of twelve, after getting from his father a shirt, a suit of clothes, a blessing, and a walking-stick.

The work by which Audubon is best known is *The Birds of America*. It consists of five volumes, elephant folio, and contains coloured pictures of 1,065 species of birds, all life-size—"the most gigantic book enterprise ever undertaken, up to that time, by one man." It cost him an amount of work and hardship that he could

The age of 71

not have borne but for the help and encouragement given him by his wife. To get the birds whose likenesses he drew he had to haunt the forests of his native land and often live on roots. But to get subscribers was an even harder task. For them he had to ransack the chief cities of Britain and France. The book cannot be had now for less than £200. He had one specially bitter trial at the very beginning of his undertaking. Two hundred of his drawings that had been left in the keeping of a friend were destroyed by rats. It took three years to replace them, but it pleased him to think as he went on that the second drawings were better than the first.

For five years before he died his mind failed him. His sight, too, was so far gone that he needed to be led on his daily walks. On the morning of his death one of his sons remarked that his eyes had got back their natural brightness of expression. A little after, he reached out his arms, took his wife's and children's hands between his own, and passed peacefully away.

In his youth he was somewhat vain, being, like Absalom and many a miserable little boy's mother in our own day, particularly proud of his long hair. Amongst his papers at his death there was found a sheet painted black three-quarters of an inch all round the margin, on which were these words, written by him as he set out for London. His long ringlets, he had been told, would hinder his success in canvassing.

EDINBURGH, MARCH 19, 1827.

This day my hair was sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man.

As the Barber clipped my locks rapidly, it reminded me of the horrible times of the French Revolution when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the Guillotine.

My heart sank low.

John J. Audubon.

But I would like you to part from him with kindly thoughts. Think of him rather as the man who urged himself to work by the thought that he "had done nothing," and the fear "that he might die unknown."

71

SIMEON STYLITES, that is Simeon of the Pillar, died near Antioch, A.D. 459. In his youth he buried himself in a hole in his garden up to his neck, and remained there during a whole summer, seeking to

At the age of 71

please God by mortifying his flesh. The last thirty years of his life were spent on the top of a pillar seventy feet high. There, on a little space about three feet in diameter, protected only by a railing, he stood with an iron collar round his neck, night and day,

In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and colds,
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
Till both his thighs were rotted with the dew.

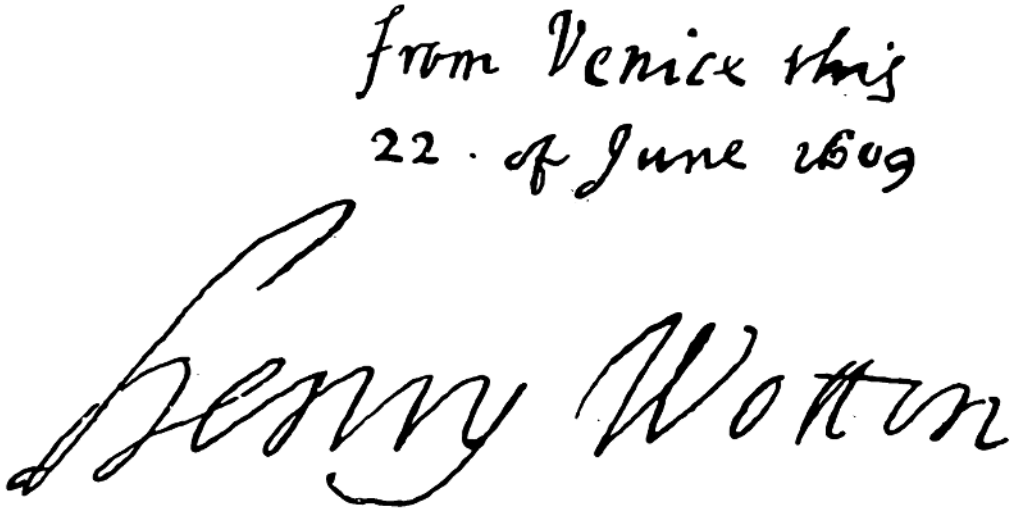
There is a poem of Tennyson's—which I hope you will read some day—in which the mingling of pride and humility in Simeon are wonderfully described.

He had a disciple named Daniel, to whom he bequeathed his cowl, who lived on a pillar for three-and-thirty years on the shores of the Bosporus and died at the age of eighty. But long afterwards a man named Alypius lived seventy years on pillars and so easily beat them both.

71 DR. DÖLLINGER, who till then had been reckoned the greatest Roman Catholic theologian of his time, was excommunicated for declining to accept the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility, 1871. "I refuse," he said, "to sully my old age with a lie. If I had been brought up to say that black is white if the Jesuits say so, I would submit, but my whole life has been a protest against such tyranny. Alike as a Christian, a theologian, a historical student, and a citizen, I cannot accept the dogma."

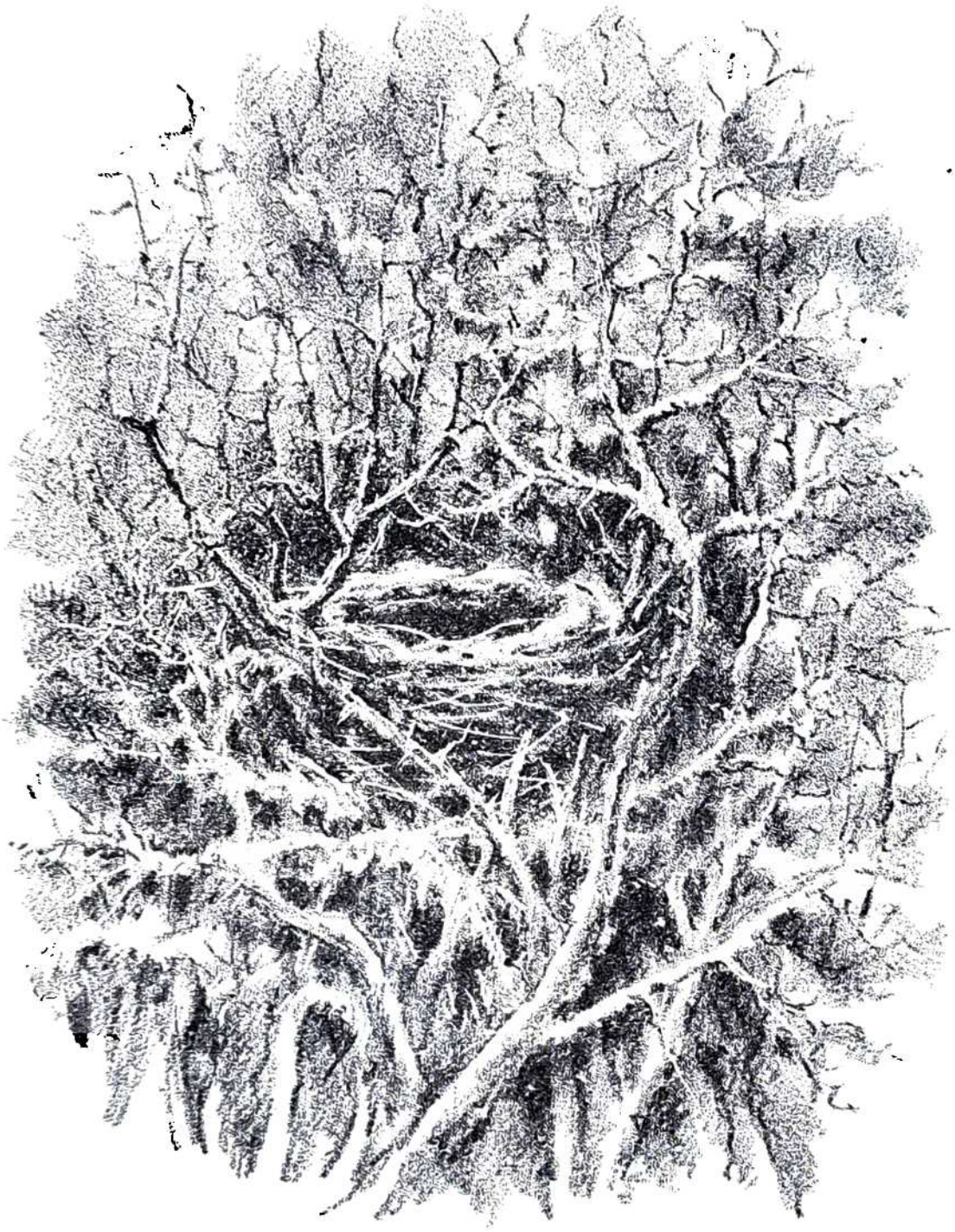
Some time before his death four years ago, the present Pope is said to have tried to win him back to Rome. "Tell him to come back to us, there is a new Pope." "Yes," was the answer, "there is a new Pope, but the old Papacy."

71 SIR HENRY WOTTON, scholar, diplomatist, died at Eton of whose college he was provost, in 1639. In his last will, after bequeathing his soul to the immortal God, Father



of our Lord Jesus Christ, his blessed Redeemer and Mediator, and his body to the earth, to be buried as near as might be to the sepulchre of his good father, he asked that these words, and these only, should be inscribed in Latin upon his tomb:

HERE LIES THE FIRST AUTHOR OF THIS SENTENCE:
THE ITCH OF DISPUTATION WILL PROVE THE SCAB
OF THE CHURCH.
INQUIRE HIS NAME ELSEWHERE.



The bird wanders careless while summer is green,
The leaf-hidden cradle that rocked him unseen;
When Autumn's rude fingers the woods have undressed,
The boughs may look bare, but they show him his nest.

—The late Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Three Keys.

STIRKPARK was the name of John Hannah's ten-acre croft. John was a godly man, but cautious and timid to a fault. He seemed to think not twice, but two hundred times at least, before he spoke. "Could you tell me the time?" Sandy Mackenzie once said to him, adding the next moment a little cruelly to make us laugh, "but you needn't hurry, it'll do if you tell me next Tuesday." John's wife was full of energy and the children happily took after her. There were eight of them, one girl and then seven boys. They walked four miles to church every Sabbath, locking the door, and four back. Old Honesty the Collie used to go with them to where the cart track joined the turnpike road. Then halting for a moment as if to say, "Why is it that I can't go with you to the church and worship God when I come to family worship twice-a-day?" he would turn back obedient but sad, and worship God in his own way by himself. On the road the children disputed as to where the minister's text would be. They carried their Bibles with them, each Bible, as was usual then, being in two halves and bound like a pocket book with leathern flaps. Their mother carried the "pieces," which were always eaten beside a boulder called the Covenanters' Stone. The father had charge of the Collection, a sixpence for himself, a penny for his wife, and the newest ha'pennies that could be got for the children. When they reached their twelfth birthday they got pennies. They were all eager to be twelve. Dick was the first of the boys to reach that age. It had been a trial to him hitherto that his birthday fell always on the Communion week, and nearly always, it seemed to him, on the fast-day, but his sorrow was turned into joy for once when he got a penny for the plate on the Thursday, Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday, all running. It was indeed a triumphant entrance into his teens and his brothers were filled with awe and admiration; they felt that Dick *was* clever.

In church the elder boys took notes, the baby and the two next slept—all to the glory of God, though they invariably blushed when the singing of the last Psalm wakened them.

The Sabbath of which I wish to speak was a lovely day far on in the autumn. Old Honesty mutely protested as usual when he bade them good bye, but this day he put his fore-paws on the top bar of the gate, and watched them till they were out of sight. Maybe he saw an Angel standing in the way! The text was Revelation 3, 7: "These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth; I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." When the sermon was done—that is, the minister's sermon, for God's was only beginning—the 118th Psalm was given out, and the last ten verses were read:

> In dwellings of the righteous
> Is heard the melody

Of joy and health : the Lord's right hand
Doth ever valiantly.

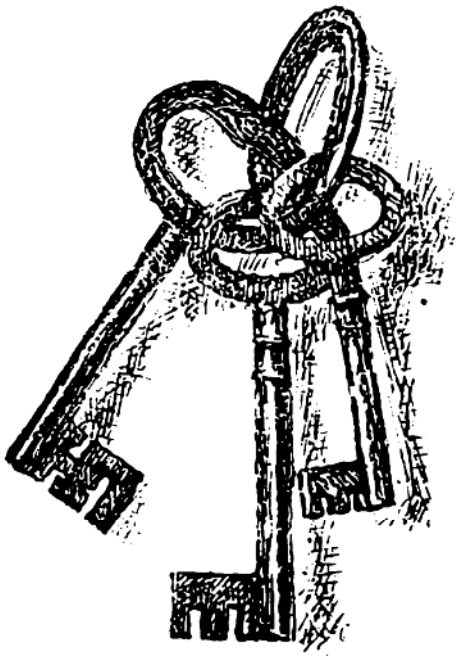
It was not often so much was sung, but the minister's heart was full that day, and he saw his people's full also. Our precentor sang like one inspired. When our minister was blamed for not having what was called an "application" at the end of his sermons, he said, "I leave that to the precentor;" and it was true, for our precentor was one who often saw heaven opened and took his key-note from the song of the redeemed. We had reached the end of the eighteenth verse—

The Lord hath me chastised sore,
But not to death given over,

when a lad rushed into the church and cried "Stirkpark's on fire." The minister rose up, touched the precentor on the head, and said, "The men will go out first," he himself leading the way.

When we reached Stirkpark, the fire was almost out, alas! because there was nothing left to burn. Mr. Ready-to-halt, the old horse in the stable, was dead, and Old Honesty had got his summons too from the Angel he had seen at the gate, by whose look or touch—for so I am persuaded—the little croft had been consumed.

I saw boys the other night playing at Anarchists. The Hannah children took all their games from Pilgrim's Progress. Doubting Castle was their favourite; Dick was Giant Despair, to the huge delight of the young Hopefuls whom he affected to beat with his grievous crab-tree cudgel. Their sister Maggie had no time for play, but she knew the book best of them all; she had read it to each of her brothers and to all of them together as they grew up. And when the sorrowing family took one last look at their little blackened home ere they left it to take shelter for the night in their nearest neighbour's barn—for they wished to be all together—it was no wonder that it was out of Pilgrim's Progress that Maggie found a word to comfort them. Her father had taken the



three keys of his house and steading out of his pocket, and as he looked at them, he said, "Ay, Mary, the minister was saying the whole world was an open door; it's all door to us now, and no roof at all."

"But you forget, John, he spoke about the door of heaven, and the many mansions in our Father's house, and we are at the gate of heaven now."

And just then Maggie noticed the Bibles in her little brothers' hands which they had unconsciously brought from church and kept hold of all the time. "And we have the

key that Christian had, father, the key called Promise, that will open any lock in Doubting Castle. And the three keys are one for you and one for mother and one for us."

After supper at their neighbour's, their host had family worship. He read the chapter in Daniel that tells about the three children in the fire and the Fourth that met them there who was like the Son of God. "Maybe you would rather we would not sing to-night?" he added, when the chapter was done.

"Oh yes, we'll sing, and we'll just begin where we left off in church—

"O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless.
This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in.
Thee will I praise, for thou me heard'st,
And hast my safety been."

. . . . . .

The destruction of Stirkpark was the making of the family. One by one they were forced out into the world. The sons served their day and generation, each in his own part of God's dominions, India, Africa, Canada, New Zealand; and now, as long ago, they sleep to the glory of God.

I would have liked to tell you at length the further story of the keys. But I have kept you too long already, and I must be brief.

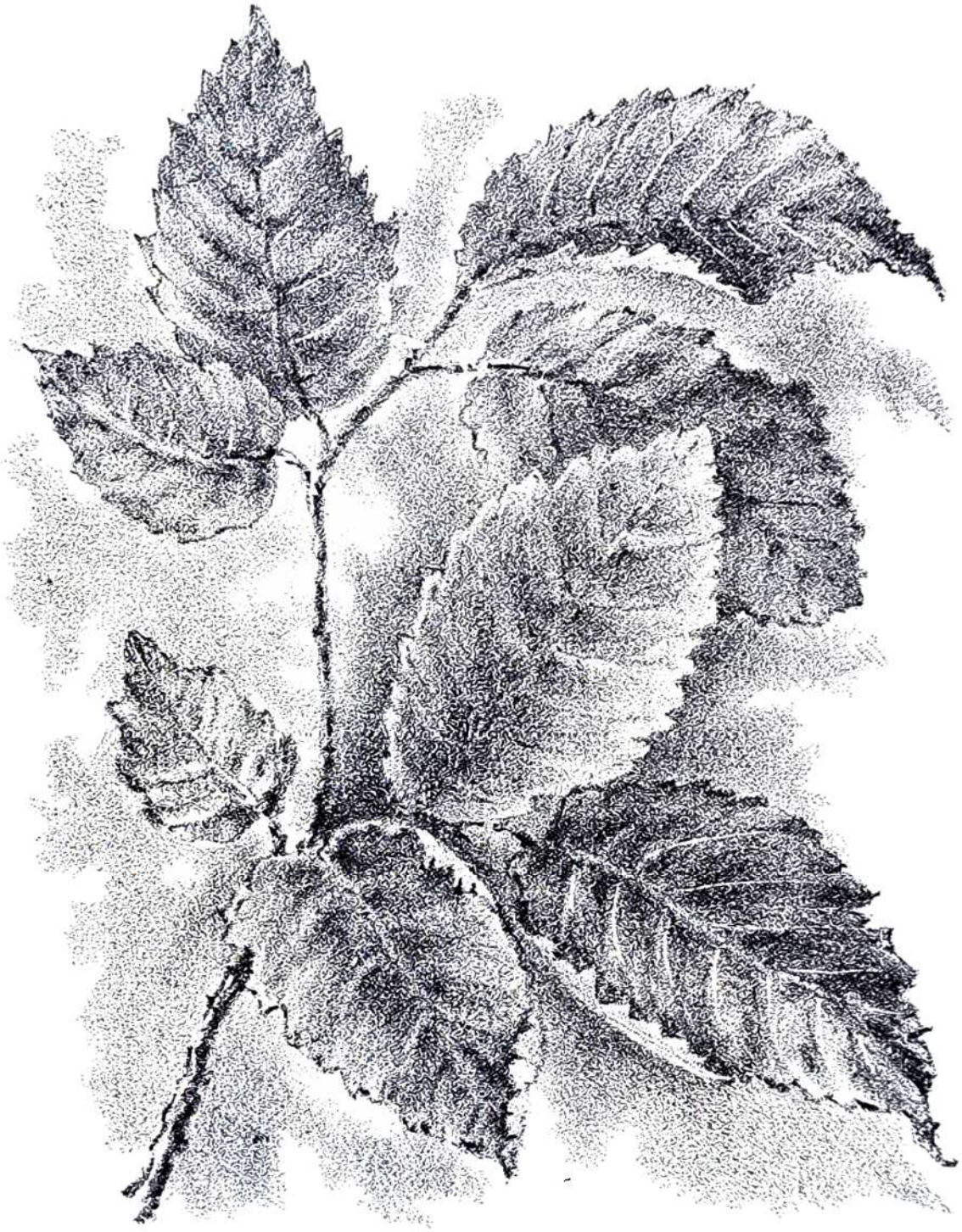
Maggie had a life of disappointment, as the world would have said, a life of such trials as only women have. She early lost her husband and their four little ones. But, as she said herself, she lived at the gate of heaven all her days. She travelled no road that was not paved with love, passing from mansion to mansion, and the last always the best, her Lord and Master being but a little way ahead of her.

In her old age she took for her little maid a little outcast called Jeanie Swan,

The common care, whom no one cared for.

Jeanie heired all she had—her kindliness, her cleverness, her patience, and her faith. Right well she knew the story of the keys that hung above her mistress' bed. She was with her when the last hour came, and they were put into her hands. "You'll keep them, Jeanie, for my sake, and for Christ's, for all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen." And then, a few moments after, she came to the iron gate that leadeth unto the City, which opened to them, to her and Christ, of its own accord.

Jeanie is what the Bible calls a great woman now. She is housekeeper in a nobleman's castle. The fortune of every girl whom she trains is made. There are no such servants to be had anywhere else—so say at least all the grand ladies who are so fortunate as to get them—"they are so modest and so gentle and so careful, a little stiff in their Presbyterian notions, but as good as gold." And the housekeeper's room is the favourite one in the castle. The three keys, which now shine like silver—their first owner would never let them be polished, she wished them to be as she saw them in her father's hand—the three keys, I say, occupy the place of honour in the room, and there are women, not a few, of gentle blood to whom they have opened the kingdom of heaven.



Leaves of British Trees: The Elm.

MR. LOWELL, the American statesman and poet, once wrote as follows to a boy: "While you are in the country you should remember that you are in the great school of the senses. Learn to know all the trees by their bark and leaves, by their general shape and manner of growth. Sometimes you can be able to say positively what a tree is *not* by simply examining the lichens on the bark, for you

will find that particular varieties of lichens love particular trees. Learn to know also all the birds by sight, by their notes, by their manner of flying.

"You would be ashamed not to know the name and use of every piece of furniture in the house, and we ought to be as familiar with every object in the world—which is only a larger kind of house. You recollect the pretty story of Pizarro the brave but uneducated conqueror of Peru and the Peruvian Inca: how the Inca or Prince asked one of the Spaniards to write the word *Dio* (God) on his thumb nail, and then showing it to the rest found only Pizarro unable to read it. Well, you will find as you grow older that this same name of God is written all over the world in little phenomena that occur under our eyes every moment, and I confess that I feel very much inclined to hang my head like Pizarro when I cannot translate these hieroglyphics into my own vernacular."

The wood of the elm does not readily split or crack and is very durable under water. It is used for the keels and bilge-planks of wooden ships, the blocks and dead-eyes of rigging, and the naves or hubs of wheels—the spokes being made of oak and the felloes of ash.

IN 1518 when Luther was at Augsburg, and remonstrances, threats, entreaties, bribes, had all been tried to make him recant, and tried in vain, the cardinal legate, who had been sent from Italy to meet him, closed with these words: "Do you think the Pope cares for the opinion of a German boor? The Pope's little finger is stronger than all Germany. Do you expect your princes to take up arms to defend *you—you*, a wretched worm like you? I tell you, No! and where will you be then—where will you be then?"

And Luther's answer was, "Then, as now, in the hands of Almighty God."

A Story of Thistledown.

When Carthage and Rome were rivals but still at peace, Cato the Censor was wont to finish every speech he made in the Senate, no matter what the subject was, with the words, *Ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam*, "For the rest, my opinion is that Carthage should be destroyed." In Greenock, they say, there are some who close every conversation with a visitor by asking, "Have you seen the Cut?" The Cut is the prosaic name for an artificial water-course that brings the drinking water to our town. It is, so to speak, a mill-lade winding six miles along the face of a hill, with a fall from end to end of thirty feet. On the further side there is heather to the very edge; on this, there is a grassy path from four to six feet wide. It is the haunt of the water-ousel and other lovers of nature. From it we look down on the basin of the Clyde, and up and over its lochs away to the Highland hills—an unrivalled view I should call it, did I not know that the whole world is full of unrivalled views.

Two boys were sitting on its margin one Autumn holiday, watching the current so smooth and yet so swift. Presently they noticed two round globes of thistledown running merrily on the surface of the water before the breeze that was blowing against the stream. The boys rose and followed them, for such antics they had never seen. Now, one of the globes would stop, while the other rushed on ahead, halting in turn till its comrade overtook it; then they would rush into each other's arms and tumble heels over head, then separate, and on again, each passing each till both were passed by other lighter bits of thistledown fresh from the banks. To one of the boys they looked like racing bicycles; to the other, whose thoughts were ever of the sea, they seemed like fairy paddle-wheels.

. . . . . .

It was sixteen years after. Two men had passed the cricket ground on their way from Baboo's Ghat to Dhurrumtollah. They had been eight years in Calcutta, and hoped before six months were gone to be once more in the old country. As they went on they changed their mind and joined the crowd of strollers in the noble Chowringhee Road. There were some officers' children on the Maidan fitfully racing on toy tricycles, now rushing, now stopping, then rushing on again. The two men looked on and laughed. "Do you know," said one, "that puts me in mind of the races I saw between bits of thistledown on the water in the Cut at Greenock when I was a boy. When you come to see me, I must take you to the Cut."

Two feet or so in front of them, also looking at the children, there stood an engineer whose steamer had come up the river that afternoon. Through some mischance or other there were no letters for him. He was as downhearted as could be, and in his grief and loneliness he had resolved to break the promise he had given to his mother and go that evening to the theatre. The struggle in his mind was ended, and it seemed as if victory were on the devil's side. But the words, "I must take you to the Cut," fell on his ear, and he stood listening with a quaking heart, while the man behind him described more fully to his comrade, who was an Englishman, the capers of the thistledown, and how as he looked at them they had seemed like bicycles.

Whereupon the engineer turned round and said—"And do you remember, Tom, I thought they looked like a steamer's paddle-wheels?"

I tell you it was a happy meeting the two comrades had, and good for both of them. There was no going to the theatre that night, nor, I am persuaded, will there ever be.

Men of science tell us that the tiny seeds of plants are carried from land to land in the particles of earth that stick to the bills and the feet of birds. Birds unwittingly carrying seeds—that is wonderful; but a seed, a thistledown, carrying, after it had ceased to be, one man from Calcutta to Greenock, and another from the path of sin to the way of holiness—is that not wonderful beyond all words?

1	TH	God delivered us.—*2 Cor. 1, 10.*
2	F	And doth deliver.
3	S	He will also still deliver us.—*(R. V.).*
4	S	Every one which heareth these words of mine, and doeth them,
5	M	Shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock :
6	TU	And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ;
7	W	And it fell not :
8	TH	For it was founded upon the rock.—*Matt. 8, 24 (R. V.)* When Sir Christopher Wren began to build St. Paul's Cathedral in 1675, he had some difficulty in getting a good foundation. His assistants proposed to drive in piles. "No, no," said Wren, "we must dig deeper. I desire to build for eternity."
9	F	The Rock of our salvation.—*Ps. 95, 1.*
10	S	Other foundation can no man lay.—*1 Cor. 3, 11.*
11	S	Pray.—*Mark 13, 33.* "Prayer, that mightiest of all instruments which created natures can wield."—*Dr. Hugh Martin.*
12	M	Hannah was in bitterness of soul and prayed.—*1 Sam. 1, 10.*
13	TU	Anna, worshipping with supplications night and day.—*Luke 2, 37 (R. V.)*
14	W	A woman of Canaan came and cried.—*Matt. 15, 22.*
15	TH	The house of Mary where many were praying.—*Acts 12, 12.*
16	F	How knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?—*1 Cor. 7, 16.*
17	S	O woman, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.—*Matt. 15, 28.*
18	S	Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.—*Jas. 1, 12.*
19	M	The fiery trial.—*1 Peter 4, 12.*
20	TU	I have learned.—*Phil. 4, 11.* "We have no reason," said the French Admiral Villeneuve in 1805, "to fear the sight of an English squadron." A month later he wrote : "Our squadron appeared very fine in the harbour, the crews well clothed, and drilling well ; but as soon as a storm came, all was changed. They were not drilled in storms." "The French fleet," said Nelson, "suffers more in a night than ours in a year. These gentlemen are not used to hurricanes, which we have braved for twenty-one months without losing mast or yard."
21	W	It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.—*Lam. 3, 17.*
22	TH	It is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord.—*Matt. 10, 25.*
23	F	The Captain . . . . perfect through sufferings.—*Heb. 2, 10.*
24	S	Also glorified with Him.—*Rom. 8, 17 (R. V.).*
25	S	The meekness and gentleness of Christ.—*2 Cor. 10, 1.*
26	M	Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again.—*1 Peter 2, 23.*
27	TU	Let every man be slow to wrath.—*James 1, 20.*
28	W	For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.
29	TH	Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth.—*Ps. 141, 3.*
30	F	Ye are not your own ; for ye were bought with a price.—*1 Cor. 6, 20 (R. V.)* Montcalm, the French commander who was killed when Wolfe took Quebec, wrote these words in his last letter home three days before he died, 11th September, 1759 : "I am overwhelmed with work, and should often lose temper if I did not remember that I am paid by Europe for not losing it."

GREENOCK : JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW : JOHN MENZIES & CO.

December, 1894. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Chattie and Robbie and Ishmael.

WHEN Mr. Gilmour, of Mongolia, the famous missionary, first went to London, he tells us in his journal that a disheartening feeling crept over him when he found himself alone in a strange city with indefinite prospects before him. He was lodged among strangers, and, as the College Committee before whom he was to appear met on Monday, he had left home on Friday to avoid Sabbath travelling. This left him all Saturday and Sabbath to ruminate in a state of inaction. The parting from friends came upon him with fresh force; his prospect as to money matters was not very bright. Would the Committee receive him or reject him? As all these things came upon him, standing on Westminster Bridge, and feeling the weight very heavy, there passed him a poor old bent woman, bowed down so that she could not lift herself up, bent down and bent round so that her face looked up again. He looked at her and thought what a fool he was to be thinking his lot hard; thought of the poor woman's state and of his own, thanked God and took courage there and then, and thanked God at every remembrance of her as long as he lived.

No doubt that poor woman sometimes wondered why Christ did not loose her from her infirmity and make her straight as He did to one like her when He was on earth. Perhaps she knows now that God kept her bowed down that she might raise another up who was himself to be the means of helping many that could in no wise lift themselves.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 124.)

At the age of	
71	John Foxe died in 1587. He is the man who wrote the *Book of Martyrs*, a book that every boy should have, and every boy would like.
71	The Poet Longfellow was thus written to by Mr. Lowell, at that time United States Minister at the Court of Spain: "My love and best wishes on your latest birthday. I won't read the milestone, *but I am sure it is on a road that leads to something better.*"
72	Mr. Lowell, thirteen years after, in 1891, wrote thus about himself: "At 71 I was far short of my age. At 72 I have overtaken and passed it."
73	King Agrippa, to whom, forty years before, Paul had so earnestly preached Christ, Acts 26, died at Rome, A.D. 100. He was the son of the Herod who was eaten up of worms, the grandnephew of the Herod who killed John the Baptist and mocked our Lord, and the great-grandson of him who slew the infants of Bethlehem. He was the last prince of the house of Herod. He took part with the Romans in the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70.

At the age of 73

CYRUS FIELD died at New York two and a half years ago. To him more than to any other man we owe our Atlantic Telegraph Cables. When he was only thirty-nine years of age he persuaded four New York gentlemen, Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall Roberts, and Chandler White, to bind themselves to an agreement to join London and New York by telegraph. They little knew the tremendous difficulties that lay before them. For thirteen years and six months they did nothing but pay out money. Their first attempt to lay a cable, in 1857, failed. Then came the famous cable of 1858 whose first message from England to America was—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill to men." It worked for 18 days, and then, after transmitting four hundred messages in all, became silent, its last word being—"forward." Seven years passed before another attempt was made, and that also failed, the cable breaking in two when more than a thousand miles had been laid. Only in 1866 did Mr. Field and his brave associates finally succeed.

So hopeless did the project seem at one time that £2,000 worth of Atlantic Cable Stock was actually sold at the Merchants' Exchange, New York, for a ten dollar bill. The man who bought it asked Mr. Field some time after, if it was worth anything. "What did you pay for it?" I asked—it is Mr. Field himself, who tells the story—"and to my mortification he showed me the auctioneer's bill for ten dollars. He would not sell it to me, but asked what he should do with it. 'Lock it up in your safe,' I said; 'do not even think about it or look at it till you get notice to collect your dividends.' And now that man receives £160 a year as interest on his £2 investment"—8,000 per cent!

74

SAMUEL CROMPTON, the inventor of the spinning-mule, died a soured and miserable man, in 1827. I wonder if any of us have ever thanked God for teaching women long ago to spin and weave. I once asked a great scholar and wit and writer of books how many of the arts and sciences he could teach the inhabitants of a savage country if he were thrown suddenly amongst them. "I think," was his answer, "I could teach them to kindle a fire and boil an egg!" I question if he could even have done that without a box of matches and a vessel to hold the water in. If a tribe of savages offered to spare our lives on condition that we made a single thread twelve inches long, how many of us would be better than dead men?

Before the spinning-mule was invented, the finest yarn made in this country weighed 200 hanks to the pound, each hank containing 840 yards. In India they wove 400 hanks to the pound, and it was to rival the fine muslin made in that country that Crompton set himself in his twenty-second year to make a new spinning machine. He succeeded after five years of labour, working chiefly at night to secure secrecy. But with success came new difficulties. He had no money to buy a patent. His invention was so simple that a skilled mechanic would only need one glance at it to be able to make one like it. His door was continually besieged. Ladders were set up against his windows. Life became almost intolerable to him, for he could not leave his house either by night or day. At last, in an evil

At the age of 74

moment, he was persuaded to sell his secret to a number of manufacturers, but all they gave him was £67. In his rage and disappointment he destroyed a carding-machine that he had made, saying, "They shall not have this at any rate." Misfortune pursued him to the last, and the man to whose genius great families owed all their wealth and whole cities their chief trade had only five-and-twenty shillings a week, and that the product of a subscription made for him by a few friends. The spinning-mule is still in daily use throughout the country, and yarn has been made from it so fine that a pound's weight would reach 4,800 miles.

In 1862, thirty-five years after he was dead, a bronze statue was raised to his memory in Bolton. On the day on which it was inaugurated, Crompton's son sat on the steps, an old man of seventy-two.

Caroline Herschel.

MISS Herschel kept a "register of sweeps." That was one of the things she did.* They were her own sweeps, for she made them, hundreds of them, and some of them were successful and brought her great honour, and some were not. Now guess what Miss Herschel was!

Women sweep floors, and men sweep chimneys, and pirates sweep the ocean, and astronomers are said to 'sweep' the heavens when they search them with the telescope, and all may be done to the glory of God, except the third. Miss Herschel was a sweeper of the heavens, and swept to some purpose, for she found eight comets, five of which she was the first to see. She kept her notes of these discoveries in a little packet of coarse paper bearing the superscription, "This is what I call the Bills and Receipts of my Comets."

She was born in Hanover in 1750. Her childhood was not too happy. Her parents disagreed about her education, the mother thinking the simplest elements enough, the father wishing to teach her all that she could learn.

In 1772 she came to England to live with her brother, afterwards Sir William. At the beginning of his career he was an organist and teacher of music, and Caroline sang at his concerts. Turning his attention to astronomy, he began to polish mirrors for telescopes by day, while he watched the sky by night, and here again his sister helped him, feeding him with a spoon when polishing—for he dared not lift his hands off the mirrors sometimes for many hours—fetching and carrying for him continually. When he discovered Uranus in 1781, he was made astronomer to George III., at a salary of £200, not always paid, though the King had £80,000 a year from Parliament for the encouragement of science. Caroline was appointed his assistant at £50, and never had man a truer helpmeet. By night she acted as his amanuensis, writing down his observations as

* Memoirs of Caroline Herschel. London: John Murray.

Caroline Herschel.

At the age of 92.

they came pouring from his lips; noting the right ascensions and polar distances of the objects observed—only you don't know what that means! "She it was who, having passed the night near the instrument, took the rough manuscript to her cottage at the dawn of day and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the following morning; she it was who planned the labour of each succeeding night; she it was who reduced every observation, made every calculation, arranged everything in systematic order, and so helped her brother to obtain his imperishable name."

It was not easy for her to make calculations, for she had no grounding in mathematics, and her brother, unless at mealtimes, could not afford to spend a moment teaching her.

But at any rate no moment was lost. When she served the pudding she had to cut it to an angle of so many degrees. Strange to say she never could learn the multiplication table but had to carry a copy about with her. "I did nothing for my brother," she often said, "but what a well-trained puppy-dog would have done: that is to say, I did what he commanded me."

Modern astronomers have roofs that open and revolve at the turning of a screw, but in those days they stood or sat in the open air though the grass was wet with dew or covered with frost, and the ink was freezing in the bottles. There was the risk of accident besides; ropes and bars to be stepped over in the dark, and philosophers have shins like other folk. Once Miss Herschel was caught in the leg by a hook and laid up for weeks.

Then after a weary night's work and a short sleep, timepieces of all kinds had to be wound up, and paper ruled, and mirrors cleaned, and machinery repaired, and when evening came again and brother and sister hoped for a glorious spell of work, a score, and sometimes scores of lords and ladies and princelings would arrive, all eager to get looking through the telescope and all needing everything to be explained.

In her old age she spoke of her whole life from the moment she had any recollection of existence as "days of sorrow, trouble, and disappointment." But her saddest days were her last. When she was seventy-two her brother died and she returned to Hanover. There she found friends whose whole aim seemed to be to get all the money from her that they could. But she had pledged her word and stayed with them till she died. She worked at astronomy, in ways you could not understand, for several years after she left England, and then came old age with its cramps and sleeplessness and failing sight. The men in the town in which she lived cared only for pipes and politics while the women gossipped and played cards. Yet few things distressed her more than the honours that were paid her. Her dead brother was all in all to her and honour given to her seemed but to detract from his.

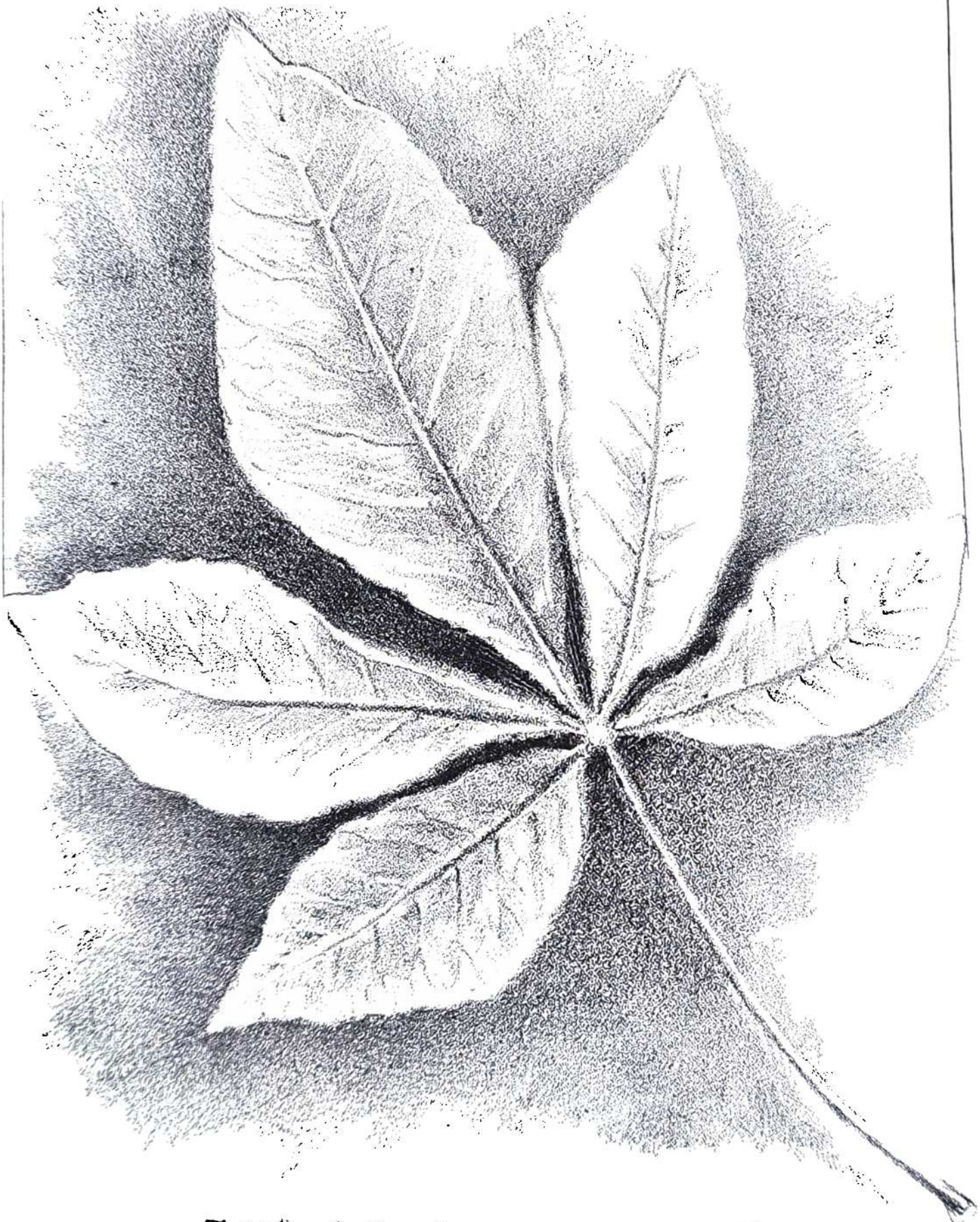
In 1846, two years before her death, when she was ninety-six, the King of Prussia sent her a gold medal! Nineteen years ago, on the 4th of this month, a number of Scotchmen, and wise men too, sent a gold medal to Carlyle, he then being eighty. The old man refused to look at it, and little wonder. Miss Herschel took her's more graciously and put it in a box, but it grieved and agitated her no less.

She died 9th January, 1848. In her coffin by her desire there was a lock of her beloved brother's hair and an old almanac that had been her father's. Her epitaph was written by herself:

"Here lies the earthly covering of

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

The eyes of her who is glorified were here below turned to the starry heavens. Her own Discoveries of Comets, and her participation in the immortal Labours of her Brother, William Herschel, bear witness of this to future ages."



Leaf of the Horse-Chestnut Tree.

"Thou God seest me."

BY an old law passed in England over three hundred years ago, it was made an offence to strike a blow or draw a weapon on another within the King's palace or its precincts, and the man who was guilty of it was fined and imprisoned and had his right hand cut off.

Perhaps it might help us, when we are tempted to be angry at our brother without a cause, if we remembered that the whole earth is the house of God, the palace of the Great King, and that the very brother with whom we are angry is himself a temple of the Holy Ghost.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life.—*Southey.*

Chattie and Robbie and Ishmael.

ISHMAEL is the little Scotch terrier in the centre, and of course I need hardly tell you that Chattie—or Charlotte—is the girl, and Robbie is the boy; and I don't know which of the three I liked best.

Mr. Anderson in those days was what men call foolish and God calls bad. He used to say himself, before his eyes were opened, that he never did anybody but himself any harm. He broke his mother's heart, and his wife's, and—by leading their sons and husbands astray — the hearts of many other wives and mothers, and he helped to sear the consciences and destroy the souls of half-a-dozen publicans.

The last morning Mrs. Anderson was able to rise, she read at family worship to her two children the story of the casting forth of Hagar, which you may read in the twenty-first of Genesis. Then they sang in the twenty-seventh Psalm:

O God of my salvation,
  Leave me not, nor forsake:
Though me my parents both should
    leave,
  The Lord will me up take.

They usually sang two verses—and many a time she had wondered at herself how she was able to sing and then go forth to look for her husband—but this morning they sang to the end of the Psalm:

Wait on the Lord, and be thou strong,
  And He shall strength afford
Unto thine heart; yea, do thou wait,
  I say, upon the Lord.

When the children came home at mid-day from the school, they found a little doggie in the house. It had come to their door, and looked up so wistfully and seemed so lonely and forsaken that Mrs. Anderson had gladly let it in. "I think we'll call it Ishmael, mother," Robbie said; so Ishmael it became, and as it was never claimed or sought for, it remained one of the family. Indeed, it had been sent to the children to take their mother's place.

Mr. Anderson took his wife's death so much to heart—that is the way his thoughtless neighbours put it; they should have said he took it

so little to heart—that he drank more heavily than ever. Ishmael seemed to divine the state of matters from the first. If Mr. Anderson was perfectly sober, there was no limit to the poor dog's joy. But if he had taken even half-a-glass, and the first half-glass put him always in good humour, Ishmael knew that the good humour was not of God, and crept under a chair. At nights when Mr. Anderson was late, the dog listened for his step, and if all was well, welcomed him home right heartily, but if the step was a drunkard's one in even the smallest measure, Ishmael ran and hid. At first he growled and barked from his hiding-place, but finding that that only made things worse, he restrained his wrath and cried in silence to the Lord God of Sabaoth.

He knew the public-house that his master frequented most. It was called "The Java Bungalow." It takes a little thing to make a drunkard laugh—I mean in any company outside his home—and the drinkers of the village thought themselves great wits when they would say, "I think, boys, we might take a trip to Java." To speak of going to the Bungalow made them feel as if they were tea-planters in Assam or the rulers of the Punjaub. Ishmael rated them truly, and I would have said rated them soundly, only 'rating' does not describe the nature of his anger or the anger, so full of pity and sorrow, that is experienced by any one who knows what drinking is. Ishmael was a favourite with all the dogs in the town. His name itself impressed them, and his manner and character still more. They joined him in his watch, for he told them the whole story about Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, from beginning to end. It was a strange sight to see the dogs all gathered at the door or round the window from which the drinkers' voices came. Their howling was unearthly. The publican tried kindness and poison, but they feared or rather hated him even bringing gifts. He set his two eldest boys to stone them, but Ishmael soon settled them. I remember the day. It had been raining eight-and-forty hours, and though the sun had broken out at last the street was full of deep and muddy puddles. The people from the country were all in marketing, and Ishmael was in high glee. His master had been doing well, and all his brother dogs were in town. Presently the publican's two boys came sneaking and sidling along, each with his half-dozen bits of broken whinstone. But Ishmael, who had seen them from the moment they came through the tinkers' close, biding his time, sprang at them just as they threw their stones, and chased them down the street. He knew the law too well to bite them, or even tear their clothes—indeed, to look at him you would have said he was only in fun! —but he chased them to where the road was most slippery and the mud and water deepest, and there he left them roaring on their faces in their velveteen suits—the only velveteen boys' suits in all our neighbourhood. Half-an-hour afterwards the publican, who had left

his wife in charge of the Bungalow, and was on his way to the police station to see to the destroying of the dog, which he said had bitten both his boys, met our two policemen coming up to tell him that one of his boys had sent a stone through the jeweller's window, and the other had cut the head, just above the eye, of the little daughter of the Chairman of the Justices of Peace, the man whose casting vote had given its license to the Java Bungalow. How much it cost the publican we never knew. Enough to say, that besides the jeweller, there were several lawyers who presented their accounts, and lawyers, even when they do their best, somehow never do things very cheaply, chiefly, I believe, owing to the dearness of the stamped paper they have to buy from Government. And the Bungalow lost its license, too, the police having at last discovered three bad cases in which its occupier had sold liquor to men who were the worse of drink. The Chairman of the Justices never sees the scar on his only daughter's brow without cursing the newspapers that had supplied him with all his arguments about teetotal fanatics and our British love of liberty. Ishmael became a hero; every man's hand and every woman's heart was for him. He walked our streets with an air of modesty becoming one whose greatest prayer was still not wholly answered, but when he passed the publican's there was a look of triumph about him as of one clothed with the divinity that doth hedge a king. And the night on which the Bungalow was closed, he and all his companions, for it is wonderful how dogs find things out, gathered at the door and barked for five minutes when eleven struck.

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I have told you almost nothing, I see, about Chattie and Robbie. But they were as clever in their way as Ishmael was in his, and as much beloved. They had bigger trials than he, but they had joys he never shared. Not least of these was the joy of forgetfulness when God kept them from remembering their sorrow and made their hearts glad. This is one of their happy moments under the old umbrella. What is it, I wonder, that pleases children so much in such a case? Is the umbrella as a little house to them? or do they feel like men and women? or is it the joy of being under shelter, the sense of mastery over the elements and the delight of victory? I do not know that they could tell themselves, and maybe it is not the least of the many proofs that God is very near us, that we are often glad we know not why. The liker little children that we are, we shall be the oftener under the shadow of His wings, partakers of the glory that is to be revealed.

Chattie and Robbie are happy watching

The frolic architecture of the snow.

They will see greater things than that. God has other treasures than those of the snow that He spoke about to Job, treasures that are hid in Christ, and Chattie and Robbie are heirs of all.

1895
1894

1	S	Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—*Gal. 6, 7.* When Rome was threatened with famine, A.D. 68, towards the close of the reign of Nero, the arrival of a deeply-laden ship from Alexandria was announced. But her cargo proved to be, not corn, but the fine sand which was used in the arena for soaking up the blood of dead and dying gladiators.
2	S	Fear not, Daniel; from the first day . . . thy words were heard.—*Dan. 10, 12.*
3	M	Thou preventest (goest before) him with the blessings of goodness.—*Psa. 21, 3.*
4	Tu	Before they call, I will answer. A Dr. Fisher having asked Lord Chancellor Eldon for some office that was in his gift received this answer: "Dear Fisher, I cannot, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend, Eldon. Turn over." Then on the other side, "I gave it to you yesterday."
5	W	And while they are yet speaking, I will hear.—*Isa. 65, 24.*
6	Th	Thou understandest my thought afar off.
7	F	Thou hast beset me behind and before.—*Psa. 139, 5.*
8	S	Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.—*Matt. 6, 8.*
9	S	The Lord of hosts, excellent in working.—*Isa. 28, 29.*
10	M	My Father worketh even until now.—*(R. V.).*
11	Tu	And I work.—*John 5, 17.*
12	W	All these worketh the one and the same Spirit.—*1 Cor. 12, 11 (R. V.).*
13	Th	God is not a God of confusion.—*1 Cor. 14, 33 (R. V.).*
14	F	Are there not twelve hours in the day?—*John 11, 9.* "The material of the manufacture of time is—method."
15	S	Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—*Eccl. 9, 10.*
16	S	Jesus said, Before Abraham was, I am.—*John 8, 58.*
17	M	Thy years shall have no end.—*Psa. 102, 27.*
18	Tu	Thou art a priest for ever.—*Psa. 110, 4.*
19	W	If we died with him, we shall also live with him.—*2 Tim. 2, 11 (R. V.).*
20	Th	For the wages of sin is death;
21	F	But the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Rom. 6, 23 (R. V.).*
22	S	Lay hold on the life eternal.—*1 Tim. 6, 12 (R. V.).* "22nd Dec., 1890. The days have begun to lengthen which always comforts me, I don't know why, for I do nothing with them, and my own are shortening all the while."—*J. R. Lowell.*
23	S	Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?—*Josh. 5, 13.*
24	M	Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—*Josh. 24, 15.*
25	Tu	Who is on the Lord's side?—*Ex. 32, 26.* Napoleon told the Swedes on one occasion that "there are no neutrals in war."
26	W	How long halt ye between two opinions?—*1 Kings 18, 21.*
27	Th	Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—*Matt. 6, 24.*
28	F	I would thou wert cold or hot.—*Rev. 3, 15.*
29	S	Barabbas, or Jesus?—*Matt. 27, 17.*
30	S	COME, FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.
31	M	YET THERE IS ROOM.—*Luke 14, 15-24.*

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